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FOREIGN

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ART. I.—*Statement of some New Principles on the Subject of Political Economy, exposing the Fallacies of the System of Free Trade; and of some other Doctrines maintained in the "Wealth of Nations."* By John Rae. Boston: Hilliard, Gray and Co. 1834. pp. 414.

MUCH as the study of political economy is cultivated in England, elsewhere it demands a much larger share of attention. In France it is pursued with zeal and enthusiasm, and the names of Christophe, Garnier, Sismondi, Say, and Dupin, are fresh in the recollection of most readers. Nor has Italy been behind; witness the names of Carli, Verri, Beccaria, d'Arco, Caracciolo, Filangieri, Palmieri, and Galiani. Statesmen disdained not to stoop from what some might deem their higher cares, and the more imposing standing occupied by them as legislators, to investigate the principles of a system. The history of the science and its professors, in fifty volumes, by Custodi, shows a willingness to labour in its mines altogether unexampled in England. Of this enormous work Chevalier Pecchio made an abridgment, in 1829. The contributions of the Spaniards are few: Campomanes, Jovellanos, Ortiz, and de Vadillo, have been lately introduced to our readers. All these writers, in some way or other, more or less remote, acknowledge their obligations to Adam Smith. It was to be expected that if America entered into the field of contention, she would despise authority. Mr. Rae's book (not the first produced by the "men of that ilk" on this high argument,) is accordingly set forth as a statement of new principles—principles subversive of the theories both of Adam Smith and his long tribe of followers.

Mr. Rae expresses himself prepared for opposition; but, as the doctrines of Adam Smith never took so much hold in America as in England, he hopes to meet with less prejudice there than he should have done here. We can assure him, that we are willing to give a fair account of his argument, and are not disposed to weaken its effect by much show of resistance. To treat the subject at full would occupy over-much space. Time, also,

in these stirring days, is not a little precious; and, after all, what our readers expect is rather an account of the author's opinions than our own. The latter are well known by the many papers already devoted by us to this subject—one daily increasing in importance.

Of the value of law Mr. Rae deems highly. According to him, "Nature gave man his peculiar faculties for the purpose that, universally, and as well here as elsewhere, he might acquire the direction of events, by discovering the laws regulating their successions." Every political system has proceeded from the operation, through long-extended time, of the things without and the things within man, acting according to certain powers and principles. Every system has many parts, but they all belong to a great whole, and from their action and reaction on each other the movements of the whole proceed. The parts of this whole cannot be properly said to act in opposition to the laws of Nature—and, least of all, statesmen, who are generally moulded after the form and character of their time and nation, and, instead of giving laws to the age, must rather be regarded by the philosopher as emanations of its genius and organs by which its voice is uttered.

This notion our author carries so far as to declare that,

"were the whole present race of politicians swept from the earth, so little essential difference would there be between them and their successors that the change hence resulting to human affairs could not, probably, be traced a century afterwards. Napoleon, when speaking on this subject to one of his generals, is somewhere reported to have expressed himself in nearly the following terms: 'We are apt to think that we have done much more than we really have. It is the march of events that has made us, and makes us, what we are. Had you and I never existed, our places would have been held by others, and, were we now to cease to exist, the blank would be so filled as not to be perceptible.' It must be allowed that this was with justice said of himself, even by such a man. Already we perceive that all the apparently mighty changes, referable to his personal agency, were rather undulations on the surface of the tide of human affairs than alterations in its course."

This mode of arguing might suit Napoleon, as an apology for being the thing he had become; but we cannot concede altogether so much to the doctrine of circumstances, as to be quite blind to the force of individual character and the influence of a strong will, as manifested in the acts of a man of great genius, on society. Indeed the purpose for which the above is brought in illustration is a proof of this—it being the restoration of law to the estimation in which it was held previously to Adam Smith.

The legislature, in Mr. Rae's opinion, in endeavouring to give an advantageous direction to the course of the national industry, promotes the production of wealth. "Man, indeed, never seeks to conquer Nature otherwise than by obeying her, but his aim, nevertheless, always is to conquer her. By observing the order of events, he acquires the power of changing that order. He does so by that which distinguishes him from other animals, the reasoning faculty, which so directed we term art, and without the aid of which so directed we scarce attain any object."

We know not how the proposition is to be disputed, that the result of a successful inquiry into the nature of wealth would terminate in affording the means of exposing the errors that legislators had committed, from not attending to all the circumstances connected with the growth of that wealth, whose progress it had been their aim to advance; and would so teach them, not that they ought to remain inactive, but how they may act safely and advantageously. The nature of stock, and the means of increasing it, are matters of importance in this inquiry. Its increase, we are told, may be advanced, 1. By whatever promotes the general intelligence and morality of society; and, consequently, the moral and intellectual education of the people makes an important element in its progress; 2. By whatever promotes invention, advancing the progress of science and art within the community, and transferring from other communities their arts and sciences; and, 3. By whatever prevents the dissipation in luxury of any portion of the funds of the communities.

Perhaps there is not any thing novel or striking in these views. They serve at any rate to show to what sect of political economists the writer belongs. It is clear that he does not exclude immaterial products from the idea of wealth. In this he decidedly differs from Adam Smith and Dr. Malthus—and agrees with M'Culloch, who considers that man is the most valuable of all instruments of labour—perfected at the cost of much labour, and destined in his turn to produce and perfect other such instruments. It seems impossible to exclude the subject of population from the inquiry—and in that subject the interests of morality are deeply involved.

Political economy is a science which ought especially to proceed by an induction of facts. How much is contained, for instance, in this simple statement!

"A farmer in the interior of North America has almost always a large mass of commodities which are nearly, or altogether, valueless to him. Great part of the timber he cuts down he is obliged to burn upon the ground, and much of the produce of his orchard, of his dairy, and of his poultry-yard and garden, is either entirely, or in a great measure,

lost. No little part of the direct produce of the farm is also lost. His working cattle are idle for weeks or months in the course of the year, and any superabundance of the more bulky articles, such as unripe turnips, potatoes, oats, or hay, lies nearly useless on his hands. When a manufacturing village is established in his neighbourhood, all such productions become valuable, and are transferred to the artizan and master manufacturer, as returns for the products of their arts. The pine of the forest goes to build their houses; the maple, the birch, and the walnut, to make furniture for them; all potatoes and other vegetables of the sort, that can be spared, are consumed by them as articles of food; the working cattle get employed at all times; and there are none of the returns of the industry of the agriculturist but find a ready market."

We repeat that the science of political economy should, in an especial manner, observe the philosophical canons of the *Novum Organon*. Speculation of all kinds should be suspended in favour of inductive evidence. The fact just mentioned is used by Mr. Rae to show the advantages resulting to the locality where a new art gains a fixed seat. The value and rent of land increases, and the neighbourhood of manufacturing towns and villages is distinguished by marked differences from places far distant.

Every useful art is connected with many, or with all, others. Whatever renders its products more easily attainable facilitates the operations of a whole circle of arts, and introduces change—the great agent in producing improvements—under the most favourable form. Improvements in the iron manufacture have conduced to others in the mechanical arts. New arts are also generated by the passing of one into another, and the ingenuity of individuals is excited by the mere existence of the arts in society.

An important lesson is involved in the fact, that the absolute loss caused to the present United States, from the interruption of their intercourse with Great Britain, at the commencement of the war of the revolution, equalled the whole expense of that war. The loss, in like manner, which many of the continental nations experienced from the sudden interruption to the supply of British manufactures, during the progress of the war against Napoleon, was excessive. Great Britain herself, on the same occasion, suffered very severely from being at once deprived of the supply of materials necessary to many branches of her industry. Thus the cutting off the trade in Baltic and Norwegian timber was for some years very severely felt by us. Yet compensation is found for the wasteful injuries occasioned by wars, in the ingenuity which is stimulated to provide substitutes for deficient commodities, and in the transfer which they frequently compel of the arts from country to country.

Whatever the benefits producible by these or other means, the

same may be produced by legislative operation, without any sacrifice. "It is the business of reason," exclaims our American enthusiast, "watching events, to separate the good from the evil, and to search for plans of obtaining the one and avoiding the other." And this view would be correct and conclusive, if legislators were always rational and laws always just—but to gain a perception of the right, and to apply principles to practice, are very different functions. In all detail there is something that "puzzles the will;" exceptions will arise to the rules that one would fain enforce, and there is a natural oppugnancy in material combinations that is at war with law and reason. From these causes arise the mistakes of statesmen, and they have sometimes been of such a nature as to make their interference any thing but beneficial. There are circumstances lying beyond the reach of the legislator, and which he cannot hope to change. Often his highest wisdom is to "let well alone."

Louis XIV. attempted to make France a maritime and commercial nation. To do so, it only required that the principle of accumulation should have existed in sufficient strength among the people of France, to induce the construction of instruments, such as were used in England and by other maritime and commercial nations. The French at that time had ships and commerce, and if their accumulative principle had been so strong as to lead them to construct instruments returning as slowly as those formed by the English and Dutch, their commerce and navy would easily have rivalled those of these nations. The attempt of the British, in some instances, to supplant the Dutch in their fishery, was liable to a similar objection. We select these examples, because they are facts admitted by Mr. Rae himself, and go to prove that, under circumstances particularly unfavourable to the practice of a certain art, and no countervailing circumstances particularly favourable to it, the first introduction thereof must always cost much, and the subsequent maintenance be a burden on the common industry and stock. Well then may Mr. Rae remark that, "while the legislator is called upon to act, he is also called on to act cautiously, and to regulate his proceedings by an attentive consideration of the progress of events." But here is implied a limitation of the legislative process—law is held in check by an opposite principle of non-interference. It is between these two that the question of "free trade" lies. The utmost power possessed by the legislator is to trim the balance, and even in making the proper adjustment he is liable to great errors. This is a point which might be amply illustrated from the chapter concerning "the operations of the legislator on luxuries," in which our author very rightly apprehends the difficulties of the case. They are, however, sufficiently

obvious, upon reflection, to render it unnecessary for us to marshal them forth in critical array.

It is a singular opinion for an American to hold, that a despotic government, other circumstances being equal, has the greatest chance of going right in its legislative measures, and the greatest facility for carrying that right into operation. A legislator of intelligence and perseverance might effect much good in any one of the islands of the South Sea, by introducing the arts of men further advanced in the career of improvement—even the unskilful efforts of a barbarous chief would not be without advantageous consequences. The like efforts lately made in Egypt had, perhaps, an overbalance of good; certainly the revolution wrought in Russia by Peter the Great was justified by the result. "In such cases," adds our author, "the power of the legislator to effect beneficial changes is so great, that even his most blundering efforts are seldom altogether successless. A fruitful soil yields large returns, even to a very unskilful husbandman."

Our author is not very clear in the language which he adopts in this part of his argument. We gather, however, that, in their actual workings, despotisms are more liable to error. It follows that the *other* circumstances are, in fact, *never equal.* Though it would be folly in a more intelligent legislature, (that of the United States, of course, is specified) to imagine itself capable of giving to the resources of the country an impulse so sudden and great as that lately attempted in Egypt and formerly effected in Russia, yet it has, in reality, the advantage of being much less open to mistakes. "Every important measure there agitated, before it can be adopted, is subjected to the scrutiny of great numbers of intelligent and well-informed individuals, stimulated alike by their regard to their country and to themselves to trace out with accuracy its future operation and effects. By this means, the greatest security, of which the nature of human affairs admits, is given against the adoption of impolitic or hurtful schemes. With such cautions, the legislature may with prudence undertake a series of measures, that, under other circumstances, were of doubtful expediency."

Legislative interference may produce an excessive revenue—a great good, if the legislator be enabled thereby, without expense to society, to carry forward projects that must otherwise have pressed heavily on its resources. On the other hand, it may have an effect similar to that which the discovery of the western continent produced on Spain. The wealth produced may, by the corruption of the court and nobles, spread wide, through the higher classes, a dissolute and yet a mercenary spirit. On this

we may remark that, as, in this world, our life is of a mingled yarn, if we were to make a principle of rejecting the good because it was capable of abuse, it would be impossible to adopt any measure of utility. Besides, as the objection has never been urged by political economists, Mr. Rae may be safely left to dispose of his own crotchet.

The fundamental error of Adam Smith, and the present prevailing school of political economists in England, lies, according to Mr. Rae, in their assuming, that what is true concerning an individual is true also concerning a community; and maintaining, consequently, that every impost is so much absolute loss to the society, and every diminution of it so much gain. Mr. Rae devotes an entire book in disproof of the identity of individual and national interests—and endeavours to show that the causes giving rise to individual and national wealth are not the same, individuals growing rich by the *acquisition* of wealth previously existing; nations, by the *creation* of wealth that did not before exist.

Individuals increase their capitals by acquiring a larger portion of the common funds. While one man is growing rich, another is becoming poor, and the change produced is only a transfer of wealth from one hand to another. One man may add house to house, and farm to farm; and another may give up one portion of property after another, till he has surrendered all. Meanwhile, the mass of wealth—of houses and lands—undergoes but little alteration.

The national capital remains but little changed in amount. It is therefore not by acquiring wealth previously in the possession of others that nations are enriched. One nation grows not rich, nor another poor, in the same relation—nor in fact. Neighbouring nations may be seen advancing at the same pace towards prosperity and affluence—and declining equally to misery and want. If they advance, it is by the *production* of wealth—if they decline, it is by ceasing to produce.

The assertion made by Adam Smith that the causes of the wealth of nations are to be found in the improvement of the productive powers of human labour is true. If we are told that a country has double the agricultural capital which it had a century ago, we cannot of course conceive that its farms are double the extent they then were; neither do we conceive that its farmers have simply double the number of farms and other buildings, of cattle, ploughs, harrows, and other farming utensils, which they then had. We conceive a change in the mode in which its fields are laid out and tilled; in the form and qualities of the stock; in the construction of all the implements of industry; in the size

and arrangement of the barns and other buildings, and that through these changes the national agricultural labour produces at least double the products it formerly did. In money value however, both the individual and national capital would be alike double in amount--it follows not, nevertheless, that the principles which have produced them are perfectly similar. "The poem of Childe Harold," says Mr. Rae, "cost the publisher a certain sum; so did the paper on which it was printed. They both, too, were works of man, and required mental and corporeal energy to produce them; but we should not, therefore, say the principles that produced them were precisely similar."

Our author luxuriates in the idea of awaking "one of the men of the olden time" from the slumber of the tomb—to tell him of the ten-fold increase of the national wealth, or capital, of Great Britain. He would ask how it could be, and, by way of answer, our American economist would "take him abroad and show him the wonders and achievements of art with which the land is overspread; the various processes carried on in our manufactories and workshops; the scientific labours of the agriculturist; the curious mechanism with which the vast bulk of our ships is put together and guided; fire and water transformed into our obedient drudges, excavating harbours and draining mines for us, carrying us over the land with the speed of the wind, bearing us through the ocean against tide and storm." Still another question would then suggest itself—How the power had been acquired that had wrought so great a change? "We can scarce suppose that any one would be found to reply: The whole process is nothing extraordinary; it is just the same as you must have seen in your own days, when, by continual parsimonious saving, an individual accumulated ten times the capital he once had; he began, perhaps, with one house and died owning ten. Such an assertion would evidently be absurd."

This is well put. Our author proceeds to show, that, not only are the ends which individuals and nations pursue different, but also the means which they employ. "Industry and parsimony increase the capitals of individuals; national wealth, understood in its largest and truest sense as the wealth of all nations, cannot be increased but through the aid also of the inventive faculty. The community adds to its wealth by creating wealth, and, if we understand by the legislator the power acting for the community, it seems not absurd or unreasonable that he should direct part of the energies of the community towards the furtherance of this power of invention, this necessary element in the production of the wealth of nations."

The progress of science and of art, the discovery of new arts,

and of improvements in the old, are the proper objects for promotion. The statesman should also encourage the discovery of methods of adapting arts already practised in other countries to the particular circumstances of the territory and community for which he legislates. These are objects in which the aid of the inventive faculty is required.

National capital is increased not by accumulation but by change. For the flail for threshing out grain has been substituted the threshing machine. Previously to the invention of the latter, a farmer might have accumulated his individual capital in flails to an indefinite extent for his own convenience. This private accumulation, however, would have made no real increase in the national wealth—this was reserved for the new invention. The nation has now, besides the flail, the threshing machine—a new instrument, *far more expensive than the former.* This extra expense marks the increase of national capital, for which the improved facility and effect in the operation of the machine constitute the appropriate return.

"A farmer," argues Mr. Rae, "could have had no motive to accumulate but a very trifling capital in the shape of flails, because half a dozen were as useful to him as half a thousand; but he had a great motive to accumulate a considerable capital in the shape of a threshing machine, because it would save him much annual expenditure of labour, and the operation so performed, separating the grain more effectually, would give him a small addition to the corn yielded by his subsequent crops. Accordingly, its invention was followed by the accumulation in this form of a large amount of capital, and so by an increase of the whole agricultural capital of the nation. But, besides this direct effect, the saving it produced in one of the main processes of agriculture augmented the profits of the farmers, and tended, therefore, to make all farmers cultivate their farms more perfectly, and some to engage in improving land not before cultivated. Both the direct and the indirect effects of this invention, therefore, must have helped, in no inconsiderable degree, to augment agricultural capital, and so the whole capital of the nation."

This certainly appears to us making a legitimate use of a fact. It follows that the increase of national capital is one and the same with the progress of invention, improvement, and discovery. Nations have remained apparently stationary for ages, in regard to their national wealth, though undisturbed by external violence and unmolested by internal tumults, and yet all the while the process of individual accumulation has been going on—men have risen from poverty to affluence, founded families, and left wealth to their descendants—or have become poor and bequeathed nothing to their children. A nation may be poor, while its subjects may be rich. An increase of the national capital, however, will facilitate that of

individuals. The invention of the steam-engine has increased both national and individual wealth.

The statement which we have just made, if carried out to its full consequences, would, we suspect, modify many of our author's conclusions. We content ourselves in this place with putting a few questions. May not the faculty and product of invention properly be considered as so much capital belonging to the inventor as well as the nation, and to the inventor in the first place? And do not the facilities experienced by individuals for private accumulation from the augmentation of the national capital constitute capital to them,—require, in fact, the investment therein of capital by them, and, even in this view, manifest "the Identity of the Interests of Nations and Individuals?" If these questions be answered in the affirmative—are not the differences between Adam Smith and Mr. Rae in some measure of a merely verbal character?

Verbal distinctions, however, in some cases are of use, and subserve the purpose of putting an object in a better light. One thing is made clear by the distinction here taken, that it is not by continual parsimonious saving out of revenue that a nation becomes rich. May it not likewise be doubted whether the rule holds respecting individuals? In the case of the inventor it certainly does not. His wealth flows from a generous expenditure of mental power; which is at the same time production. And how often is a fortune realized by generosity of mind expressed in a daring speculation—a risk of capital appearing to mere sordid intellects reckless at the time, and only justified by the well-anticipated result! Instances of this kind are perhaps more frequent in the publishing world than in any other.

But let us not forget that the principle sought to be established by Mr. Rae is that of legislative interference. Foreign wars and domestic disturbances appear to him less advantageous methods for introducing new arts and manufactures from foreign states than the restrictions and bounties of the legislator. To transfer a manufacture from one country to another must always be a very tedious and expensive operation for any individual to perform. The proprietor of such new manufacture might, indeed, sometimes not only succeed in establishing it, but in keeping secret the great profits that he made from it, for a considerable period; it is, however, more probable that his success would be exaggerated and competitors dispute the trade with him. By bribing his workmen with better wages, they would succeed in depriving him of the profits that he might otherwise have drawn from his extraordinary outlay of labour and capital. A due regard, therefore, to his own interest would not be a motive sufficient to prompt an

individual to such an undertaking. In Mr. Rae's opinion, it would be more just and judicious that the necessary first cost of a scheme like this should be borne by the whole community than that it should fall in ruin on some unfortunate projector—more just, as the burden of procuring a common benefit would be divided amongst all, instead of being sustained by one; more judicious, as society would not have to wait for the attainment of a desirable object, on so doubtful a chance as the folly of projectors.

Recollecting the vain attempts before quoted of Louis XIV. to make France a maritime and commercial nation—and of the British to supplant the Dutch in their fishery—it is our opinion that the immediate attainment predicated is not to be realized by the method proposed. It is only by the pursuit of private interest, whether successful or not in the first instance, and the excitement of competition, that the implantation can be made. By the various fortunes of individuals thus engaged, the public attention is awakened, and from being the subject of common conversation the manufacture also becomes the subject of consumption—a consummation more easily effected, as the competition will have reduced it to a price within the means of the general purchaser. This gross manifestation of the law of action and reaction may, to be sure, offend the philosophy of some political economists—so there have been some moral sophists who have looked on storms and earthquakes as impeachments of the wisdom of nature and arguments against the power or goodness of the Deity. Legislative interference would do little in the latter case, and as little we fear in the former.

Mr. Rae knew two brothers whose farms or estates lay in one of the interior districts of Canada, in the midst of its forests, and consequently at a considerable distance, perhaps twenty or thirty miles, from artificers of any description. Having each of them large families and productive farms, they had occasion for the services of various artificers and had the means of paying them. Nevertheless, they very rarely employed them; almost every article they required was made by some one of the two families. As they were prudent and sagacious men, of which they produced the best evidence in the general success of their undertakings, and the prosperity of the settlement of which they were at the head, Mr. Rae thought it likely that in this they had turned their means to the best account. In fact, as they who are familiar with the details of beginning settlements in North America will admit, by this plan they in a great measure obviated the two chief drawbacks on the prosperity of new and remote settlements, the excessive dearness of every article not produced there, from the

great expense attending the transport of the raw produce and re-transport of the manufactured goods, and the serious inconvenience arising from the difficulty, in such situations, of supplying, when necessary, unforeseen but pressing wants. Among other things which they got made on their own farms were boots, shoes, and leather. That they might get this done, they were at the pains and the expense of sending one of the young men to some distance to make himself sufficiently master of those trades for their purpose. They thought, however, that the cost they were thus put to was repaid thrice over by the saving of time and expense which it effected for them, in enabling them to make, out of leather which cost them very little, numerous articles that they must otherwise have been consequently sending for to a great distance, by roads that were almost impracticable a great part of the season.

This fact is brought in illustration of an argument opposed to an opinion of Adam Smith's, which is thus expressed in the Wealth of Nations.

"It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family, never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one nor the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbours, and to purchase with a part of its produce, or, what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it, whatever else they have occasion for. What is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom."

The fact stated by Mr. Rae shows that this rule, like most others, is liable to exceptions. Where the parties are at a great distance, they will find the expense of getting carried so far the articles they want so considerable as probably to exceed their first cost, and to render it good economy to make such themselves. In countries where the population is scattered and the internal communications are bad, many trades are practised in the farmers' houses and by their own families. These exceptions show that individuals, as well as nations, often acquire wealth from other sources than mere saving from revenue; that skill is as necessary and consequently as valuable a co-operator with the industry of both as either capital or parsimony; and that, therefore, the expenditure which either may be called on to make to attain the requisite skill is very well bestowed.

We may leave our author in calm possession of this conclusion. It turns, however, upon this, that in the excepted cases no better

employment for capital exists than that adopted. In a country where industry has full occupation already, it might even be expedient and more profitable to bring certain required commodities from a distance than to make them at home. Men have not leisure to acquire new trades who have already enough to do in their own. For the good of the unemployed population new arts might be introduced with advantage.

The following remarks are valuable:—

"But, though skill is valuable both to nations and individuals, there are many circumstances that render it more so to the former than to the latter. In the first place it is more durable. Whatever may be the perfection to which an individual may have brought his skill, dexterity, and judgment, in conducting any particular set of operations, that perfection perishes with him. Whatever expense it may have cost him to acquire this possession, and however valuable it may be to himself, he cannot transmit it to his heirs. But any addition which a society makes to the skill, dexterity, and judgment, with which its members exercise any branch of industry, is not of this fleeting nature. Instead of the benefits derived from it being bounded by the short space of time that the active life of an individual embraces, they are continuous with the national existence. If it be worth while paying a considerable apprentice-fee for the acquisition of an art, which can probably only be exercised for twenty or thirty years, it must be better worth while to pay for one, the advantages derived from the possession of which may be retained for hundreds or thousands of years.

"Again, whatever an individual may expend in acquiring any degree of skill is, to a certain extent, lost to him; though he may draw a revenue, he cannot draw a capital from it. No portion of the future skilled labour of an individual can be sold, because it can only be sold with himself, and such bargains, sanctioned in ancient, are not so in modern times. No where can one effectually make over his services for a certain time to any other person, because no where can he give that person the power of enforcing their exertion. On the contrary any portion of the future revenue, yielded by the skilled industry of a nation, may be sold, and, consequently, an addition to the national skill gives a proportional addition to the command of national resources to meet any sudden emergency. The produce of the general industry of Great Britain stands mortgaged for a sum which it would have appeared a century ago utterly impossible to conceive that industry could sustain, because a century ago it was impossible to conceive the vast increase which has since been made to the skill, dexterity, and judgment, with which it was then directed.

"Besides these and other differences between the effects resulting from the acquisition of skill in the pursuits of industry by nations and by individuals, there is one on which I have already enlarged. An increase of skill seems to be always a necessary concomitant of the increase of national wealth, whereas it is not always a concomitant of the increase of individual wealth. It is not therefore true, that nations and indivi-

duals increase their wealth in the same manner, nor, were it so, do the rules which modern political economists lay down for the increase of national wealth agree with those which individuals adopt in their endeavours to augment their private stocks."

Mr. Rae complains that we are called upon by Adam Smith to assume as axioms propositions which are capable of conveying two senses, and which are granted in the one sense and applied in the other. We are described as assenting to the propositions, that "the industry of the society can augment only in proportion as its capital augments, and its capital can augment only in proportion to what can be gradually saved out of its revenue," because we see that the augmentation of industry and capital, the saving from revenue and increase of capital, are concomitants of each other; we perceive not, that in the application of these propositions the sense in which we assented to them is abandoned, and that the augmentation of the capital of the society is assumed as the cause, and the sole cause, of the increase of its industry, and the saving from revenue, as the cause, and the sole cause, of the augmentation of its capital. Whereas, from the observation of the increase of the productiveness of national industry and of the amount of national capital going on in general together, we may at least as justly infer that it is the industry which augments the capital as the capital the industry, and rather come to the conclusion, that part of the national resources should be employed in giving perfection to the industry of the society, than that they shall be altogether devoted to attempts to increase its capital.

This view the author further seeks to inforce, on the admission of Adam Smith himself, that capital is only valuable for the addition it makes to the efficiency of the national industry; and, as that efficiency is also, according to him, mainly dependent on the skill, dexterity, and judgment, with which it is applied, an expenditure of capital or revenue, having the effect of increasing the national skill, dexterity, and judgment, would seem to be the most judicious possible, seeing it directly increases those sources of production, from the indirect addition that it makes to which, capital is said to derive its sole value.

Some of Mr. Rae's illustrations are exceedingly picturesque. The following forms a charming relief to a subject like the present.

"A North American Indian in his canoe comes to an island in some lake or river, and finds near it a good station for fishing. He therefore determines to remain there for the fishing season. Towards evening he paddles his canoe to shore, lands, kindles a fire near a large tree, wraps his blanket about him, places his feet to the fire, his head to the trunk of

the tree, and thus prepares for repose. In so doing, with the exception of kindling the fire, he takes advantage simply of his knowledge of the nature of the things around him, and seeks from them the best supply they can give him of what he wants, that is, of shelter from wind and weather.

"It rains and blows during the night; the tree shelters him somewhat, but still he gets cold and wet. In the morning, he spends some hours providing a better shelter against the inclemency of any such night in future. Of branches and bark he makes something like one-half of the roof of a house, only much smaller, the open side being towards the south and the fire, the sloping side towards the north, from whence comes cold and rain. Thus, though he cannot prevent the wind from blowing or the rain from falling, his knowledge of the manner in which the train of events forming these phenomena succeed each other, or if you will, his knowledge of the laws which regulate their motions, instructs him so to direct them, that the one shall not blow or the other fall on a particular spot, which he knows he may at some future time wish to remain calm and dry. This time may be distant, for it may not rain or blow so as to inconvenience him for a week or two, nevertheless to provide against it he gives a good many hours' present labour.

"Next evening, before going to repose, he finds the turf damp from the rain of the former night. He looks for an elm tree, cuts off a piece of its strong thick bark large enough for him to sleep on, covers it with the soft branches and leaves of the white pine, and forms a dry and soft bed for himself. Thus his knowledge of the materials around enables him to form what he wants—a dry and soft place of repose.

"In this island he discovers a small wild plum-tree, he relishes the fruit, but there is little of it. Resolving to return in succeeding seasons, he lops the branches of the surrounding trees to give this room to spread, and expects thus to find next year a more abundant crop.* Here his knowledge of the manner in which trees and fruits grow and thrive, or his knowledge of the order of the trains of events which terminate in the full development of the tree and abundance of its fruit, enables him so to work on the matters around him, as to occasion them to produce more abundantly next season than they have this what then he will desire.

"He thinks not of providing for any future want, the means to supply which will, without this, exist in sufficient abundance. Thus water in such a situation he knows he will always be surrounded with. Were the same Indian encamped in the woods by a very scanty spring, he would dam it up, and cover it with branches so as to keep cool a quantity of water for his future occasions.

"The proceedings of man are every where similar. He has always an end in view; he employs means to effect this end, and there is a

* This is a possible supposition, but it is more probable he would neglect, perhaps cut it down for the sake of reaching more easily the fruit which it carried.

manner through which he effects it. The end is a supply for future wants; the means, the bringing about of such events as may serve to supply them; the manner, a knowledge of the qualities with which nature has endowed the materials within his reach, of the series of events in consequence arising among them, and an application of this knowledge to produce, through his corporeal powers, such an arrangement of these materials as may so change the issues of events that would otherwise have place, as to bring about those which he desires."

This same principle Mr. Rae proceeds to illustrate also by the usages of civilized life. The cultivation of wheat, the separation of the grain, the production of the flour, and the manufacture of bread, form interesting episodes. To such arrangements of matter as owe their chief efficacy to what are called the mechanic powers, he would give the name of instruments—as a lever or a wedge—a spade—a tool. By the phrase instruments of husbandry are meant the articles used in that art, the properties of which may be explained on mechanical principles. He even looks on a field as an instrument, as also the wheat grown on it, the flour evolved therefrom, and the bread which it finally composes. In a word, every thing that man, for the purpose of gaining an end, brings to exist, or alters in its form, in its position, or in the arrangement of its parts, is, in our author's sense, an instrument. All instruments agree in three particulars:—1. They are all either *directly* formed by human labour, or *indirectly* through the aid of other instruments themselves formed by human labour;—"the first price, the original purchase-money, that was paid for all things." 2. All instruments bring to pass, or tend or help to bring to pass, events supplying some of the wants of man, and are then exhausted. 3. Between the formation and exhaustion of instruments a space of time intervenes. This necessarily happens because all events take place in time. Sometimes that space extends to years, sometimes to months, occasionally to shorter periods, but it always exists. Every society possesses a certain amount of materials capable of being converted into instruments; the surface of its territory, the various minerals lying below the surface, its natural forests, its waters—the command it may have of the ocean, and its consequent property in the minerals and animals contained in it—the rain that waters its soil—the elementary principles that may be extracted from the atmosphere—even, perhaps, the light and heat of the sun—are all to be regarded as materials, which, through the agency of the labour of its members, may be converted into instruments. The civilized man has, through his knowledge, more power than the savage or barbarian for constructing instruments, and forms a great number out of the same materials. The Eu-

ropean emigrant converts the soil and forests of America or New Holland into means of producing a great mass of desirable events, which it was beyond the capacity of the ignorant native to effect.

No instruments will be designedly formed but such as have a greater capacity or issue in events equivalent to more than the labour expended in their construction. There are also certain circumstances determining the amount of instruments formed. To point out these, and to distinguish the more remarkable phenomena which their operation produces, is the author's next object. The quantity and quality of the materials owned by any society—the strength of the *effective desire of accumulation*—the rate of wages—and the progress of the inventive faculty, are four causes tending to this result.

This part of the subject is thrown into a scientific form; the author has, however, not neglected to strew some flowers over his pages. In the chapter that treats of the circumstances which determine the strength of the effective desire of accumulation, Mr. Rae has very pleasingly introduced some poetical illustrations. The desire of personal and family aggrandizement, and a wish conjoined with the pursuit of both to rank high in the estimation of the world, influence individual character and conduct to the production of sober industry and frugality, and consequently to an extended provision for the wants of others. The ambition of wealth—(the only ambition of these times)—must be kept in strict check—*and especially the Cassius-like envy which it generates*—by a large surrounding mass of genuine probity. In ancient times the pursuit of wealth was held incompatible with virtue. That this is no longer the case, is owing to the different circumstances of modern society. In like manner, the passions prompting to marriage depend for their mode of operation on the feelings and morals of particular eras. The doctrines of Malthus are not novelties—they suit corrupt times. Marriage, at such periods, will seldom be sought after by men in easy circumstances, for the mere pleasures of sense. Socrates taught his son to feel peculiar obligation to him for having, in a voluptuous age, put himself to the inconvenience of giving him being.

"The indulgences," adds Mr. Rae, "to which these passions prompt when the feelings become purely selfish, will, indeed, I suspect, be found to be the great weakeners of this very principle. Out of the heart are the issues of life, and the evils to which they give rise are the worst of any, because they contaminate the sources of all healthy energy and activity at the very fountain-head. It is to them that Horace, in my opinion, truly traces the load of mischief which in his time pressed on Rome, and which finally overwhelmed her.

'Fœcunda culpæ secula nuptias
Primùm inquinavere, et genus et domos;
Hoc fonte derivata clades
Inque patres populumque fluxit.'

"Even on the supposition of legitimate offspring, it is only in countries where the general sentiment applauds that course of action, that the man actuated by mere self-interest can be supposed to pride himself on rearing up and providing for a family, in preference to enjoying, without restraint, all the pleasures he may be able to procure. Cool, calculating, self-interest would thus speak. 'Who knows whether his son shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all his labour wherein he hath laboured, and wherein he hath showed himself wise under the sun. This is also vanity. Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him: it is good and comely for one to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labour that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life, which God giveth him, for it is his portion.' We find accordingly that, in states where mere selfish enjoyment is the chief principle of action, the interests of posterity are neglected. Thus among the Roman writers the heir is always represented in an invidious light, and to save for him is represented as a folly. The writings of Horace and the contemporary poets throughout exemplify the prevalence of this feeling.

'Parcus ob hæredis curam—
Assidet insano.'

For a frightful picture of causes and effects in this particular, the epigram of Martial to Titullus beginning,

'Rape, congere, aufer, &c.'

might be quoted. But it is time to conclude a digression, on which perhaps I have somewhat prematurely entered."

This is graceful and *true*—and deserves to be extracted. But it is with our author's American Indian illustrations that we are most pleased. These mark the place of composition—they are idiosyncratic—and have a peculiar interest. He presents us with the extremes by which the hunter's existence is chequered;—shows how abundance, famine, the fierce joys of victory, the horrors of surprise and defeat, rapidly succeed each other in an order which he can neither pretend to foresee nor direct; how he deems himself the sport of a capricious supernatural agency, accusing neither his unsteady hand nor imperfect sight, but some magical influence hanging on his weapon, which only the priest or sorcerer can therefore remove; and how the direction of all distant events seems thus to be beyond his control.

We love to accompany the writer in his analysis of the Indian mind—like his subject, he has in this a character all his own, at

any rate as a political economist. The Indian neglects or refuses to adopt the arts of the new neighbours, which the discovery by Europeans of the country he inhabits brought and has kept in contact with him. He will have no more to do with them than Mr. Rae will with Adam Smith's theories. By means of these (the arts we mean, not the theories) the soil, and almost whatever grows on it, or is hid beneath it, are converted into instruments, capable of plentifully supplying every variety of future want. The Indian nevertheless declines imitation and seeks shelter in apathy, regarding life and its enjoyments, both for himself and his children, as did his forefathers, as gifts to be made the most of while they last, but which no care can secure, and to be calmly resigned when necessary. Not only are wanted motives exciting to provide for the needs of futurity, through the use of present means, but habits of perception and action, leading to a constant connexion in the mind of those distant points and of the series of events serving to unite them. The mind needs training to thought and action. This part of the subject our author illustrates by a picture of some little villages on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

"They are surrounded, in general, by a good deal of land from which the wood seems to have been long extirpated, and have besides attached to them extensive tracts of forests. The cleared land is rarely, I may almost say never, cultivated, nor are any inroads made in the forest for such a purpose. The soil is, nevertheless, fertile, and were it not, manure lies in heaps by their houses. Were every family to inclose half an acre of ground, till it, and plant in it potatoes and maize, it would yield a sufficiency to support them one half the year. They suffer too, every now and then, extreme want, insomuch that, joined to occasional intemperance, it is rapidly reducing their numbers. This, to us, so strange apathy proceeds not, in any great degree, from repugnance to labour; on the contrary, they apply very diligently to it, when its reward is immediate. Thus, besides their peculiar occupations of hunting and fishing, in which they are ever ready to engage, they are much employed in the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and may be seen labouring at the oar, or setting with the pole, in the large boats used for the purpose, and always furnish the greater part of the additional hands necessary to conduct rafts through some of the rapids. Nor is the obstacle aversion to agricultural labour. This is no doubt a prejudice of theirs; but mere prejudices always yield, principles of action cannot be created. Where the returns from agricultural labour are speedy and great, they are also agriculturists. Thus some of the little islands on Lake St. Francis, near the Indian village of St. Regis, are favourable to the growth of maize, a plant yielding a return of a hundred fold, and forming, even when half ripe, a pleasant and substantial repast. Patches of the best land on these islands are, therefore, every year, cultivated by them for this purpose. As their situation renders them inaccessible to

cattle, no fence is required; were this additional outlay necessary, I suspect they would be neglected, like the commons adjoining their village. These had apparently, at one time, been under crop. The cattle of the neighbouring settlers would, however, destroy any crop not securely fenced, and this additional necessary outlay consequently bars their culture. It removes them to an order of instruments of slower return than that which corresponds to the strength of the effective desire of accumulation in this little society.

"It is here deserving of notice that what instruments of this sort they do form are completely formed. The small spots of corn they cultivate are thoroughly weeded and hoed. A little neglect in this part would indeed reduce the crop very much; of this experience has made them perfectly aware, and they act accordingly. It is evidently not the necessary labour that is the obstacle to much more extended culture, but the distant return from that labour. I am assured, indeed, that among some of the more remote tribes, the labour thus expended much exceeds that given by the whites. The same portions of ground being cropped without remission, and manure not being used, they would scarcely yield any return, were not the soil most carefully broken and pulverized both with the hoe and the hand. In such a situation a white man would clear a fresh piece of ground. It would perhaps scarce repay his labour the first year, and he would have to look for his reward in succeeding years. On the Indian again, succeeding years are too distant to make sufficient impression, though, to obtain what labour may bring about in the course of a few months, he toils even more assiduously than the white man. The wages of labour with him are lower than with the white man, for his wants are fewer. But for this, the range of materials coming within reach of his effective desire of accumulation would be even more limited than it is, and the amount of instruments formed by him less."

We have no space to follow our author into the Chinese empire. We can bestow but little on Modern Europe, and less upon the ancient Romans. Of more use is it to investigate the principles of credit in modern times so systematically prevalent, and which is the last result and flower of the use and speedy exhaustion of instruments. An individual takes to a particular art, and to the consequent employment of the instruments belonging thereto. These he more quickly exhausts than if he were to practise several arts, as then the instruments of one art would lie by idle while he was pursuing another. By the practice of one art by one individual he more quickly realizes his profits on the tools which he employs. The division of employments is thus recommended to society by many advantages. But an exchange of commodities is rendered necessary by it, and is regulated by the amount of labour expended in their production, and the degree of improvement effected in the instruments which have aided in it. Some commodity must then be chosen as a medium

of exchange—hence money, consisting among communities of the precious metals; hence also credit, with its different modifications and the various methods on which it is conducted.

In many parts of North America, but more especially in new settlements in Upper Canada, the scarcity of cash, and perhaps other circumstances, often lead traders to adopt a peculiar plan of business. Every dealer provides himself with a general assortment of all sorts of commodities in demand in the settlement he inhabits, and reckons on being paid for them in the shape of grain, pot-ash, pork, beef, and other commodities, in the formation of which his customers are engaged. But in this sort of barter one article will generally fall short or exceed the value of the other;—a pound of tea will not exchange for a hog, nor a quarter of wheat for a dozen pounds of sugar. To obviate the difficulty, the merchant opens an account with each of his customers, charging him with the goods furnished, and giving him credit for the produce received, and in this way perhaps all the transactions between the two are managed, either by barter or credit, without the assistance of a dollar of cash. Nor is this all; a great variety of other transactions are also effected through his intervention. Any person who may have furnished him with an overplus of produce, or who has credit with him, can through his means settle most accounts or balances due on accounts. He may thus pay the labourers, and the artificers, and tradesmen, he may employ, by an order on the shop, or, as it is called, store, of the country dealer. Besides these, the transactions of the store-keeper extend to the giving out of the raw produce of the country to individuals in the settlement, tradesmen, &c., who may not themselves have enough, and to the receipt in return of various articles, such as axes, shoes, boots, made-up clothes; and in this way, through his books, a very large portion of the business of the settlement is transacted. It is not difficult to conceive that the whole might be so transacted.

Were the country dealer always to have a supply of every article in demand in the settlement, at a reasonable rate, and were all contracts for the delivery of produce to him to be regularly executed, almost all the requisite exchanges might be conveniently effected through his books. But in this sort of traffic, as the merchant always has commodities to sell, and his customers have not always produce to return, it inevitably happens that they get into his debt. As his object is to sell as many goods as possible, he is very apt to allow many to run into his debt, who do not fulfil their engagements. He suffers from the dishonesty, or the imprudence and miscalculations, of those who deal with him. Very many of his customers are much longer in paying him than they

have promised, or they do not pay at all. Aware of the risk he runs, he is obliged to balance it by charging an additional sum, over and above what he would otherwise demand, on all commodities that pass through his hands. In some cases this advance amounts to at least thirty per cent. In this way he makes, or endeavours to make, the prudent and honest persons pay for the imprudent and dishonest, who deal with him. The former class, in consequence, keep out of the circle of all such transactions as much as possible, and store pay, as it is called, is depreciated.

So much for the system of credit in North America and in the new settlements of Upper Canada. The business of banking seems to Mr. Rae to owe its foundation and extension to its capacity for giving room for the development of the benefits, and for restraining and remedying the evils, of the system of credit. It consists in these times in an artful generalization of all credit transactions, and an emission of paper-money or money of credit. Its introduction into any community, by facilitating the exchanges of instruments, quickens their exhaustion, and carries them to the more speedily returning orders. The general prevalence of credit, and of the use of money, has produced the mercantile mode of calculating the returns of instruments by profits and interest.

We regret very much our inability to pursue this important subject at greater length, as Mr. Rae has bestowed great pains upon it, both in his text, his contents, and his notes. The causes and consequences of prodigality are likewise sufficiently obvious to enable us to pass over the succeeding chapter with a slight notice. Suffice it to say, that the frugal and prudent benefit by the extravagance of others. Invention and its progress form the next theme of discourse.

Invention may be considered relatively to the inventor, and the matter which it has to modify.

Genius is the great agent in the regeneration of the world.

"From the depths of the infinity lying within and without us, it brings visibly before us forms previously hidden. These are its first works. But neither does it intend to stop, nor does it, in fact, stop here. The forms which its eye thus catches, and its 'skill bodies forth' into material shapes, pass not away; they remain. Things of power, true workers, drawing to themselves, and fashioning to their semblance, the changeable and fleeting crowd that time hurries down its stream, they are, in truth, the only permanent dwellers in the world, and rulers of it. In this, the double power of his works, the mathematician is as much a maker as the poet, and the poet as the mathematician, and genius in all its manifestations may, in so far, be considered as the same power, and as excited to action by similar causes."

In these beautiful reflections every reader of taste must concur. Experience also compels us all to acknowledge that genius is not always so beneficial to the possessor as to the world which it influences. Motives of vulgar interest can have very little weight on its action—it seems decreed to self-sacrifice. Burns recognized among his earliest aspirations a "boundless love" of his fellows. Mr. Rae attributes to his fragments of song an influence greater and more permanent than to all the sayings and doings of any of the men of his age. "It is thus that genius manifests the potency of the principle that inspires it, and that the simplest lays of the simplest bard may have a power passing far that of the triumphs of the statesman or of the warrior." The very existence of genius among a people implies at least the diffusion of a tincture of generous feelings somewhere throughout the mass. Its wanderings from the common path result not so much from its own as the imperfection of the bodies which it impels. The tendency of its pursuits is to withdraw it from the daily business of society. If compelled to mingle with the crowd, it soon shows itself as not belonging to it.

"Abstract and scientific truth," observes Mr. Rae, "can only be discovered by deep and absorbing meditation; imperfectly at first discerned, through the medium of its dull capacities, the intellect slowly and cautiously, not without much doubt and many unsuccessful essays, succeeds in lifting the veil that hides it. The procedure is altogether unlike the prompt determination and ready confidence of the man of action, and generally unfits, to a greater or less degree, for performing well the part. He again who dwells in the world of possible moral beauty and perfection moves awkwardly, rashly and painfully, through this of every day life; he is ever mistaking his own way, and jostling others in theirs. To the possessors of fortune these habits only give eccentricity; they affect those of scanty fortune, or without fortune, with most serious ills."

One cause of the "eternal war" which genius has to wage with the world may, we think, be ascribed to the difference existing between scientific and moral principles and mere conventional laws. The latter are good for certain times and places, and are mere modifications of the others, rendered suitable to certain recipients. Genius, however, prefers the absolute originals themselves, irrespective of the limits within which they have already been brought, which indeed it would enlarge to a capacity for comprehending them in their widest and most abstract form. It is therefore always negating the customs which it finds, and is negated by them. It manifests itself accordingly as inimical to existing systems, and these to it. It is on this principle that the inadequate estimation in which such men as Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Tasso, Shakspeare, Hume, Montesquieu, Bacon, Galileo,

Coleridge, and Wordsworth, are held at their first appearance is to be explained. Great Britain has been exceedingly guilty in not rewarding the promoters of the abstract sciences and the arts.

"It is enough," says Lord Bacon, "to restrain the increase of science, that energy and industry so bestowed want recompense. The ability to cultivate science, and to reward it, lies not in the same hands. Science is advanced by men of great genius alone, while it can only be rewarded by the crown, or by men high in fortune or authority, who have very rarely themselves any pretensions to it. Besides, success in their pursuits is not only unattended by reward or favour, but is destitute of popular praise. They are, for the most part, above the conceptions of the commonalty, and are easily overthrown and swept away by the wind of popular opinion."

But men of genius are not exempt from the common infirmities of human nature; accordingly, some of the inconveniencies to which they are subject doubtless proceed from within. One we have already mentioned, arising from the difference between convention and science, whether natural or moral; and it is one highly honourable to them. Mr. Rae illustrates a similar point by a pleasant enough figure.

"The eye of the rider glances over hill and dale, marks the streams, the woods, the hamlets, that diversify the prospect, and the whole configuration of the country he traverses, and so he knows the road. The animal he rides knows it too; he knows it as giving exercise to his limbs, and bringing him, by every step he makes, forward, or right or left, nearer to some stable-door. Ten to one that, practically, the latter has a more accurate knowledge of it than the former, and that, while the irrational shall sagaciously and unhesitatingly follow it out, without missing a single turning or making one blunder, the rational, especially if the fancy take him to preserve something of a straight line, shall have to pass from track to track, to leap many a hedge and many a ditch, and, having been obliged, after all, to make detours in abundance, come out at last weary, jaded, and bemired."

For the inconveniences arising from individual infirmity the same apology cannot be offered. Disjunction and isolation may not be endured with firmness—or may be preferred from indolence. Whatever evil may arise from these causes attaches however to the individual solely. Meantime, his labours become the property of society—nay, of the whole human race. Its inventions or creations *augment* the stock or capital of the community. The more selfish cares of others only *accumulate* the stock or capital of individuals. By the conjoined operation of both principles, an addition may be made, which is properly denominated *the increase* of stock or capital. Mr. Rae adds, "accumulation of stock diminishes profits; augmentation of stock increases profits; increase of stock neither increases nor diminishes profits."

Luxury, in Mr. Rae's opinion, is an evil, though not unmixed with indirect benefit. In few words, he sums up by concluding that—the labour expended in the formation of luxuries is so much direct loss to the community, one man's superiority being here equivalent to another's inferiority. The amount thus dissipated depends on the force of the social and benevolent affections and intellectual powers, as compared with that of the selfish feelings, and is, therefore, inversely as the strength of the accumulative principle. With this part of the subject is very properly connected a question concerning narcotics. It would seem that the cheapness of intoxicating liquors would render them incapable of affording any gratification to vanity, and the passion would in such a case have to turn itself to other objects. Pleasure would still arise from their intoxicating qualities, and facility be offered for its indulgence. Would these lead to long-enduring excess? or to speedy and general temperance? Over the greater part of the United States of America, whiskey has long been sold at about a shilling sterling per gallon, so that one day's wages of a common labourer will purchase a dozen bottles of that spirit.

"It is therefore," as Mr. Rae insists, "put out of the class of luxuries as completely as any intoxicating liquor can well be. The consumption of it has, notwithstanding, been very great, and in few countries have instances of injurious excess been more frequent. It is true that the evil, now exposed to view stripped of every disguise, is seen in all its hideousness, and is in a fair way of being corrected. After having endured for more than one generation, what Adam Smith terms the period of general drunkenness is probably passing away. If the cure be thus effected, it may fairly be reckoned radical."

To a remedy so violent, it must be nevertheless admitted that there are many as legitimate as obvious objections.

The few remaining topics treated in this remarkable volume must be briefly dismissed. Touching exchanges between different communities, more enters into their regulation than the quantity of labour expended on the commodities exchanged. For instance, increased facility in the exchange of utilities operates in the same manner as the progress of invention and improvement; it carries, in Mr. Rae's language, instruments to the more quickly returning orders; whereas increased facility in the exchange of luxuries has an immediate tendency, on the contrary, to carry instruments to the more slowly returning orders. In like manner of waste; the loss which, in any society, the capacity of instruments sustains by the operation of fraud and violence seems to be nearly inversely as the strength of the accumulative principle; but violence, as producing change, excites invention.

What we have already written, with the examples we have

given, is calculated, we think, to impress the English reader with a very favourable opinion of American modes of ratiocination in reference to the high argument of Political Economy. Mr. Rae's book deserves especial study, as dealing not only with the means and appliances of production, but, by estimating duly the moral constitution of man, providing for corresponding consumption. Experience has shown us that more corn may be grown than can be eaten, more clothes manufactured than can be worn, and yet, by some fault of distribution, or some want of capacity, large numbers of the population may remain unclothed and almost unfed. Man is not a machine; and it is but just that the producers should be the partakers of wealth. But it has not always been so. It is wisely said by Mr. Rae that good laws or government can neither be established nor maintained without good morals. In fine;—where purely selfish feelings prevail, laws have no power.

"Quid faciant leges ubi sola pecunia regnat?"

ART. II.—1. *Legislation des Théâtres.* Par Vivien et Blanc. 8vo. Paris, 1829.

2. *Le Drame tel qu'il est. Satire.* 8vo. Paris, 1833.

3. *Lucrèce Borgia. Drame.* Par Victor Hugo. 8vo. Paris, 1833.

4. *Lestocq. Opéra.* Par Scribe. 8vo. Paris, 1833.

THE decline of the Drama has of late offered a field for much speculation. A degree of interest attaches at present to the subject, which affords a sufficient apology for our entering into a view of the present state of theatricals, and going into the causes which have brought them to their actual drooping condition. France has been long distinguished among European nations for her partiality to, and patronage of, dramatic composition; yet, even on the French stage, by some strange coincidence, we find the same symptoms of decay visible that are but too apparent in the English. Indeed, the change which has taken place within a few years in this department of French literature is at once so extraordinary, has been brought about so rapidly, and is altogether so much in contradiction with the decrees of former taste, that our wonder and surprise are necessarily excited.

This change may at first appear an anomaly, but an easy solution may be found in the political changes which have taken place in the French metropolis. A theatrical revolution has fol-

lowed close on the heels of the political; innovations have been introduced on the stage as well as into the social and administrative institutions of the country. In both cases the French seem to have lost those characteristic features by which they were conspicuously distinguished. The proverbial gaiety of their temper, the *insouciance* of their disposition, and the sparkling vivacity of their fancy, have been completely lost in the turmoil of political excitement, and habits of deep thought and moody speculation have engrossed those minds, which seemed formerly better calculated to discuss the elegancies of life. This mental agitation must account for that extreme appeal made to the most violent and horrible feelings which characterises the productions of the modern dramatic school. Indeed nothing can be more singular than the change which the French taste has undergone in this respect. From an over-refinement, or rather squeamishness, in preserving inviolate "*les bienséances du Théâtre*," they have rushed headlong into the most horrible extravagancies that a diseased imagination can engender. The very men who bestowed on Shakspeare the appellation of *barbare* and madman, and for whose delicate nerves the supposed atrocities of our great bard were beyond the power of endurance, are now delighted with the convulsive pangs of a kind of dramatic night-mare, which sways with despotic control over the French theatre.

A rapid outline of the vicissitudes of the Drama will perhaps afford some interest to the reader.

The reign of the old French tragedy is at an end; Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, must vacate the throne in favour of the prevailing innovations. The first is now regarded merely as an eloquent declaimer in verse, often energetic and sublime, almost as frequently rugged and incorrect; the second has dwindled into an elegant elegiac poet; and the productions of the last, though possessing more real dramatic talent, are now looked upon with comparative indifference; while the works of the *barbare*, whom their countrymen ridiculed, live, and will live, in all their pristine verdure, because they are founded on the eternal basis of truth, and passion, and human nature, and can only perish when human nature itself ceases to exist. Different is the fate of the French tragedy, in which art was so glaringly predominant, and the whole fabric of which was built on a false foundation. Nothing could be more absurd than the superstitious adhesion of the French to the rules of the three unities—unities which, by the by, they were tacitly infringing in almost every one of their productions; for it signified little whether the theatrical decoration, to conform with the unity of place, was presented to guide the imagination of the spectator, when he knew that the events re-

presented could not all happen in the said locality. Can any thing be more contrary to common sense than to show us *Cinna* selecting the very apartments of Augustus to hatch a conspiracy against the life of that emperor? Can any one feel convinced of the truth of the picture represented in the "*Cid*," because events are exhibited in the same hall, and in the space of four and twenty hours, when we know that they occurred in various places and at a considerable interval of time between each other? According to our English notions, to which our Gallic neighbours have now, it appears, become such arrant converts, the illusion would be far more complete, and the judgment, as well as the imagination, rest better satisfied, if allowed the wider range of nature, instead of shackling their functions by violent efforts of art. Aristotle was pleased to frame a code of dramatic laws at a remote period of time for the convenience of the Grecian people —these answered their purpose no doubt in that age and among that people; but it is very hard upon modern nations to be compelled to amuse themselves according to the rules laid down by that philosopher. With equal propriety might we be required to wear *sandals* instead of Wellington boots, or to substitute the Olympic games for the race-course of Doncaster or Newmarket.

But these were not all the sins for which the old French tragedy had to answer, and which have brought it to its present unfortunate end. Other germs of mortality were mixed with it from the moment of its birth, adhered to it through the various stages of existence, and never forsook it till the very moment of decrepitude. What can be more false than the *Dramatis Personæ*?—Where are we to look for the originals of Greeks and Romans so decidedly French in carriage, feeling and sentiment? Where did the whole tribe of *heros* and those nuisances called *confidents* ever exist but in the imagination of the author?—these abominable *confidents* were all of the same genus; and indeed by comparing the hundreds of tragedies in which they figure, we shall find a complete resemblance in every thing, not merely in sentiment, but in the very words they are made to utter. Their business on the stage was merely to listen to the long-winded speeches of the hero or heroine, and now and then afford them a little time to breathe, by interrupting their "monotonous psalmody" with such exclamations as "*Juste Ciel!*" "*Grand Dieu!*" "*Qu'entends-je,*" and so forth. Then, again, what are we to say of the poverty in the construction of plot and incident? —the capricious taste which prefers the mere *narrative* of an event to witnessing the event itself in action—the languor and monotony in the whole conduct of the fable—and, in fine, the abominable jingling of the French rhyme, which tended to

render the monotony ten times more soporific? With such germs of mortality about it, the prolonged existence of the old French tragedy was threatened, and a fit opportunity was only wanting to bring about its dissolution.

This catastrophe, however, did not take place so soon as might have been expected. During the tempestuous times of the French republic, the old tragedy continued to flourish undisturbed. The intellectual revolution had not kept pace with the social convulsions which agitated the country; besides, the republican air of the Greek and Roman heroes was in accordance with the times, and then the admirable acting of Talma and other great tragedians contributed to prolong the reign of this sort of drama. During the republic, and afterwards, under the protection of Napoleon, the writers who supplied the stage conformed to the established rules. Chenier, Raynouard, Arnault, Jouy and others, acquired success by following the steps of the old masters, but who cares now to trouble the repose of the "*Brutus and the Gracchi*" of the first; of "*Germanicus*," "*Belisarius*," "*Hector*," and other productions of those days? Even the "*Agamemnon*" of Lemercier, which was considered the most meritorious of modern tragedies, cannot be rescued from the fate that must attend all those of its class. Since the year 1820, only one tragedy belonging to this school has been crowned with marked and signal success—the "*Sylla*" of M. Jouy; this play excited at the time an extraordinary sensation. On every night of its performance the doors of the *Théâtre Français* were thronged with an eager crowd in a state of nervous excitement to get admittance. Enthusiasm rose to its height, and the government entertained thoughts of interdicting a performance accompanied with so much suspicious interest and agitation. But we are to look for the solution of this temporary popularity to causes totally independent of the merits of the play. Political feeling was connected with its production, and the people went to the theatre, some out of spite to the existing government, and others to behold the imitation which Talma gave of the ex-emperor Napoleon. His way of dressing the part, his attitudes, and the intonation of his voice, did certainly much more for the success of the piece than the striking qualities of the piece itself, which was nothing but a prolonged declamation in five acts, redolent of all the faults of the school to which it belonged. But where is "*Sylla*" now? Alas! gone to its eternal rest, with the mighty crowd of its less gifted or less fortunate brethren! Probably "*Sylla*" will be the last tragedy of the declamatory school which will retain its place in the *répertoire* of the French theatre of the present day!

A company of English actors made their appearance in Paris at

the theatre of *La Porte St. Martin*, and were pelted off the stage by the audience; this circumstance led to considerable debate, and excited no little degree of interest. About the same time Ladvocat was publishing a translation of the leading dramatists of Europe, among which Shakspeare, of course, stood pre-eminent. The undertaking was gratefully received by the reading public, who had begun to imbibe, moreover, a decided taste for the literature of England by the perusal of the translations made of Scott and Byron. In spite of the insufficiency of a translation, however creditably performed, for conveying the strength and raciness of the original, the French discovered beauties in Shakspeare and Schiller to which they had been perfect strangers, and which, as regards the first, could be but little anticipated from the tame and emasculated imitations of Ducis. A second company of English actors, under the management of Mr. Abbott, nothing daunted by the failure and ill-usage experienced by their predecessors, made another attempt to draw the attention of the Parisians to the merits of English theatricals. This second appeal met with a fate totally different from the first—the most unbounded success crowned the hazardous experiment, and Kean and Macready, Kemble and Young, Miss Smithson, and other eminent performers, were successively applauded to the echo, and the English drama became one of the most engrossing topics of Parisian conversation. It was a fashion—a rage—and the *barbare* of former days was quickly converted into an idol for special adoration. The nerves of the French were no longer shocked, and Macbeth and Othello were repeatedly acted without throwing the spectators into hysterics. The Parisians reached from one extreme to the other, and we shall presently see by what a curious process they have passed from their former intolerant tenacity to a total subversion of established rules and prejudices, and have quietly submitted to the introduction of scenes of atrocity and barbarity upon their stage, to which certainly the pages of the "barbarian," Shakspeare, can afford nothing parallel.

A literary revolution was now actively working its way in France; this soon produced the celebrated war of the *Classiques* and *Romantiques*, carried on with such zeal and ardour on both sides, that it may not inappropriately be assimilated to the religious controversies of former days. But of this subject we shall only touch on that portion which regards our present question, the Drama; which, by the bye, has offered to the *Romantiques* the most powerful weapon, and led them to their most signal triumphs. No sooner did the symptoms of innovation become apparent, than the partizans of the old school, with a horror of innovation, denounced the new apostles as a pernicious sect, labouring to

overturn the established creed in matters of taste—a sort of literary Vandals rushing forward to destroy the dramatic glories of the nation. The *Classiques* counted in their ranks the whole of the academicians, as well as all the veterans in literature, while those of the *Romantiques* were chiefly filled by ardent young men of genius, bold and enterprising, who were not to be withheld from their purpose by the anathemas of the French Academy. The *Classiques*, prompted by their zeal, still persevered in going to doze a couple of hours at the representation of the superannuated tragedies, whilst the *Romantiques*, more actively engaged, applied their talents and energies to expel those dramas from the stage. Some of the young *Romantiques* were disposed to carry the revolution to the utmost extent, while others, whom we may term the *juste milieu* of literature, were rather inclined to adopt a more conciliatory system. Among those we may reckon Casimir de Lavigne, whose "*Marino Faliero*" is strongly imbued with the spirit of *Romanticism*, but preserves the external forms of the old French tragedy. The debate was zealously carried on, when an event took place which gave a decided blow to the dramatic *légitimists*, and obtained a triumph for the new school. This was the production of "*Henri trois.*"

Nothing could exceed the success of this drama; the French play-going people were invited to experience a curiosity, to enjoy a pleasure, and to feel emotions, to which they had been unaccustomed. Here was a drama founded on a fable of one of the most stormy periods of French history, a period pregnant with great and interesting associations!—a drama full of action—replete with passion;—written, too, in a pure energetic style, and characteristic of the times—the whole got up with singular care as regarded stage arrangements. The illusion was perfect, the effect produced by such an animated picture magical, and the public began to be converted to the new tenets propounded by the *Romantiques*. Of these, Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo became the avowed and enterprising leaders. The "*Henri trois*" of the former was followed by "*Hernani, ou l'Honneur Castilien,*" of the second. The same signal success accompanied this production, whilst the celebrity which the author had acquired in other walks of literature gave additional lustre as well as importance to his new victory. From this moment the success of the theatrical revolution was secured, whilst the death of Talma and the retirement of Duchesnois from the stage took away from the old tragedy their last support and strength. The heroic and declamatory tragedy was consequently overturned, and the *drame historique* took despotic possession of the throne.

A rage became now prevalent for the *drame historique;*

nothing could satisfy the public but the *drame historique*, and consequently, *drames historiques* descended in showers on the Parisian theatres. It would be an idle task to enter into the merits of the vast number of plays of this class which have made their appearance on the stage within half a dozen years. Alfred de Vigny produced "*Le Maréchal D'Ancre*," and Dumas, "*Christine*," with deserved success. Several competitors of acknowledged merit also entered the lists, and from these we had "*L'Homme au Masque de Fer*," "*La Tour de Nesle*," "*Perinet Leclerc*," and others, which have obtained a high degree of popularity. A mania, a rage, prevailed amongst the French dramatists of the modern school, and we find that the minor theatres, in their anxiety to emulate a glorious example, set about concocting their *drames historiques*, and thus, even the *Théâtre de la Gaité* has offered its "*Dame du Louvre*" to the prevailing fashion of the day, whilst *L'Ambigu*, equally zealous, brought out the "*Porte de Bussy*" much about the same time, not to be outdone by its next-door neighbour.*

Happy would it have been if the regenerators had confined themselves to the correction of those vices which called for reform in the old drama. But alas! the theatrical revolution followed the precise steps which are unfortunately attendant on political changes. Men are never satisfied with doing *enough*, but, when the work is once begun, they carry matters to the opposite extreme and fall into the contrary error to that which it has been their effort to correct. The *Romantiques* certainly emancipated the drama of their country from the trammels which arbitrary rules and capricious taste had arrogantly imposed. They destroyed for ever the never-to-be-quiet family of Œdipus and Atrides. They expelled from the theatre all the Grecian and Roman heroes modelled after the French fashion, and rescued the playgoing people from the annoyance of the eternal and stupid *confidents*. They laughed the servile critics out of their veneration for the Aristotelian precepts, and they gave a mortal blow to that monotonous psalmody called French rhyme. Instead of narratives, they introduced action,—instead of declamatory speeches, the brief and energetic language of passion; thus far their labours had been salutary and praiseworthy; thus far the triumphs which they had obtained were legitimate and honorific, as they were sanctioned at once by justice and sober reason. But the innovators were not satisfied with their achievements; in their anxiety to produce stronger impressions and more novel effects in every succeeding work, they allowed their heated imagination to run

* The theatres of *La Gaité* and *L'Ambigu* stood close to each other, but the former was burned down, a few months ago, since this article was written.—Editor.

riot, and they were blinded to the glaring extravagance which but too soon stained their labours and rendered their fruits unavailing.

Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo acquired immense yet due approbation for "*Henri trois*" and "*Hernani*," yet, instead of following the same course in the choice of a fable, they looked about for those subjects which from their nature were more than ordinarily atrocious and repulsive. Licence was soon carried to a most objectionable point. No event in history was deemed too monstrous for the purposes of the drama, and their downright effrontery was mistaken for boldness and resolution. The *Romantiques* scrupled not to render their dramas a kind of acted chronicle of human depravity. Victor Hugo, with that waywardness of fancy not uncommon in men of genius, delights in exercising his talents upon the most repulsive and grating subjects. *Marion Delorme* certainly is not a heroine after our taste. But what are we to say to "*Le Roi s'amuse?*" Whatever credit might be given to the author for the purity of his intentions, the good sense of the public in this instance administered a just corrective, and a failure, which would have been more signal but for the uncalled-for interference of the government, gave a salutary hint to M. Hugo for the conduct of his future productions.

The mischief soon grew to an alarming point; writers not endowed with the abilities of their leaders conceived that they might supply any deficiency in point of talent by the accumulation of a greater *quantum* of the horrible and the licentious. Dramas were accordingly brought out, than which nothing can be imagined more depraved in conception, or more objectionable in execution—dramas, indeed, which seemed composed whilst their authors were writhing under the horrors of an intellectual night-mare. Yet those pieces were acted with great applause in Paris, where, not many years since, the productions of Shakspeare were facetiously said to have been suggested by a *bourreau!* Take, for example, "*La Tour de Nesle*," one of the most successful of these *Drames historiques*. What a subject!—a female,—a queen, with whom we always love to associate ideas of gentleness and decorum, watching at her window on the look-out for gallants; she causes these to be introduced secretly into *La Tour de Nesle*, and, when she has fully satiated her passions, she calmly orders them to be hurled into the river! What purpose can be answered by the selecting of such a subject? Does Gaillardet (whose claim to the authorship, however, has lately been contested by Dumas with such acrimony as to lead to a duel between them) intend to convey a moral lesson?—the task was idle; such instances of human depravity are so rare, that society incurs no risk of corruption from their example; bold systematic atrocity,

frantic debauchery, and barefaced unredeemed vice, can excite no other feelings but those of horror and disgust. Then, perhaps, the dramatist intended only to amuse. If so, what amusement! witnessing the degradation of the human species beneath the level of the brute beast; being initiated into the mystery of crimes, for which there can be no shadow of excuse; and becoming acquainted with gratuitous horrors unredeemed by any single touch of the more kindly feelings of human nature!

But this is not the only evil for which the modern school must stand answerable. The *Romantiques*, conceiving, no doubt, that the pages of history would soon be exhausted, or that the subjects derived therefrom were not sufficiently horrible and licentious to meet the exigencies of the times, set their brains actively to work to invent new combinations of monstrous and repulsive depravity. How fully they have succeeded in their exertions is evident from the result of their labours. In the absence of the *drame historique*, the stage was sure to offer another composition of the same class, which, for want of a better term, we shall denominate the *drame horrible!* In this most reprehensible species we must place those dramas of demons which, under the title of "*Antony*" and "*Richard D'Arlington*," were suffered to outrage sober sense and common decency with the most unblushing impunity. The voice of censure cannot be too loudly raised against those productions, and the offensive imitations to which they have given birth. Dumas, no less than Hugo, takes a perverse delight in encountering those subjects which, from their repulsive nature, would deter less daring, or rather more fastidious, writers.

What a picture is offered in "*Antony!*" The whole structure of the fabric, the conduct of the scenes, and the language employed, all are redolent of an utter contempt for the sanctioned notions of society with regard to principle and morality. Among other scenes there is one in which "*Antony*" drags the heroine (formerly his lady-love, now a married woman,) into a bed-chamber; the style in which the whole affair is carried on is admirably calculated to remove any doubt from the spectator with respect to what is being transacted; but, lest there should be any among the audience afflicted with remarkably dull comprehensions, the heroine herself takes care in a subsequent scene to illumine their minds on the subject by announcing her shame! *Richard d'Arlington*, a monstrous drama, begins with what is called a prologue. The title is "*La Maison du Docteur;*" here a mysterious lady arrives just in time to be delivered of a child, which child turns out afterwards to be the offspring of the public hangman! D'Arlington, the fruit of this very interesting connection, arrives in process of time to be one of the most disgusting scoundrels that ever lived. But we will not waste time on a production which, independently of its

offences against decency and taste, possesses the additional demerit of being a most faulty composition in a literary point of view. The construction of the plot is clumsy, and the extravagance of the incidents carried to a point bordering on the absurd. Certainly the old French tragedy, with its cramping rules, was a sad shackle on genius, but, on the other hand, this boundless range, in breaking through every restraint, is very convenient to mediocrity. Another abominable piece of this description is called "*Les six Degrès de Crime*," which, by the by, has been performed in London under the title of "The *five* Degrees of Crime," from which we must infer that the process of arriving at the acme of depravity is quicker in England, since it requires *one* degree less than in France. The *drame horrible* now reigns paramount. Every theatre in the capital considers it a duty to treat the public to a mental dish of such delectable food; the author who contrives to accumulate within the limits of his piece the greatest possible quantity of atrocity and immorality is sure to carry the palm. Assassination and suicide, rape, adultery, and incest; poisoning, sacrilege, parricide;—what a beautiful prospect for the dramatist! Of course he will never be foolish enough to present *one* crime alone, but a skilful combination of several of the most hideous and repugnant. Indeed he has a *carte blanche* to shock the good sense of the men, and outrage the modesty of the women, in all those of the play-going public, who have not relinquished their claims to the possession of those qualities. There is one comfort in all this; these gratuitous monstrosities, these cold-blooded horrors, these rank emanations of a diseased imagination, which seem to imbibe the pestilential air of a charnel-house and a brothel combined, must necessarily be exhausted at last, for, really, when a writer has accumulated into one play, say, for example, a couple of murders, an adultery and incest, a parricide or a suicide, seasoned by sundry lesser beauties of the kind, we cannot see that he can push much further the limits of his interesting lucubrations!

The offences of mediocre talent offend and disgust; those of genius excite a feeling of regret and compassion. In the latter class we reckon Victor Hugo. He, like his brother dramatist, Dumas, has been guilty of the literary outrage which we have censured above. This is the more to be deplored, as his surpassing talents befit him for the successful accomplishment of splendid works for the stage. Even in his most faulty scenes we find something worthy of attention. "*Le Roi s'amuse*" was thickly studded with dramatic and poetic beauties of a high order, and one is sorry to find such riches squandered away on so unprofitable a subject, as one would regret to behold a mass of ugliness covered

over with pearls and precious stones. But the work which has raised Victor Hugo to the highest pinnacle of popularity as a dramatist is his play of "*Lucrece Borgia.*" The success of this production was almost unprecedented, and may be classed among the triumphs obtained in this country by "The Beggars' Opera" or "*Der Freyschütz.*" The Paris papers bore testimony to the enthusiasm produced by each successive representation, and, to use the expression of a French critic, we will admit that *Lucrece Borgia* has obtained *un immense succès.*

We cannot but congratulate Victor Hugo on this extraordinary drama, yet with our pleasure must be mingled somewhat of regret; we allude to the selection of the subject. All the mastery which the author has displayed in its treatment, the eloquence of its impassioned scenes, the general excellence in the conduct of the plot, the succession of incidents which alternately excite the most powerful emotions in the breast of the spectator—all this is scarcely sufficient to make the critic forget that Lucretia Borgia was one of those monstrous abortions of human nature, with the history of whose existence it would be desirable that men were never made acquainted.

The author, to be sure, has softened down the extreme asperity of this revolting subject. Among the frightful passions that storm the fiend-like existence of his heroine, he has given her *one* natural feeling, which throws a charm over the play and excites some degree of interest for the wretched being, who, without this, would have been unendurable on the stage—we allude to the skill with which Victor Hugo makes his *Lucrece Borgia* alive to the emotions of a mother, although she is insensible to any other of the better human attributes.

The revolution produced by the *Romantiques* in the drama has had a direct influence on the comic department of it no less than on the serious; still French comedy is in every respect less faulty than tragedy. The *chef-d'œuvres* of Molière and Regnard are relished even in the present day, and must continue to produce a favourable impression. But still the rage for the *drame* has inflicted a severe blow on the comic muse; no five-act comedy of any pretensions has been brought out of late years; indeed, a deplorable dearth of *vis comica* is the prevailing sin of all the French theatres. The *Théâtre Français* is engrossed by the *drame historique,* and the few attempts which it has made to patronize modern comedy have been attended with unsatisfactory results. The last production in this branch of the drama, *Le Bon Presbytère,* of Casimir Bonjour, is a wretched affair, a dull, monotonous *tirade* to inculcate the necessity of marriage among the catholic priesthood. Bishops, and priests, and curates, and

young seminarists, and curates' housekeepers, &c. &c., are not precisely what an Englishman would consider the most available *dramatis personæ* for a comedy. We cannot see the humour that can be extracted from such a subject, unless indeed we descend into the profane. Jokes about religion never tell with an audience, and then again a comedy without jokes is not very palatable. Casimir Bonjour has steered clear of the last danger—his play is perfectly innocent of humour of any kind—but we have instead a good deal of abuse of one priest, and as much praise of a *bon curé*, as the author's great favourite, and whose merits consist in having lived in a state of concubinage with his housekeeper! This, together with a marvellous profusion of stale sentiment, constitutes the staple of what the playbills announced as a "comedy."

The licentious tone which characterizes the serious drama has had a corresponding influence on the comic; nothing can exceed the effrontery exhibited in the production of *La Reine d'Espagne*. What was the subject? the impotence of Charles II., the last king of Spain of the house of Austria! Who were the personages? what the plot? the humour of the composition? Listen and be edified—a French ambassador, on one hand, watching the young queen with a jealous eye, in order to prevent the chance of her committing those indiscretions which might render her a mother; on the other side, the partisans of Austria labouring as zealously to defeat the Frenchman's plans, and to afford the queen those opportunities which the diplomatist dreaded. How was this to be accomplished under such active *surveillance?* Why, simply by the instrumentality of a young friar, whom they select for the queen's confessor: admirable contrivance! Only think, reader, of the French ambassador turned into a watching *dueña*, and a Spanish grandee converted into a pimp! But the public resented the insult offered in this instance at once, and drove the *Reine d'Espagne* from the stage. The *Romantiques* have learnt a lesson from this catastrophe; they must not be prurient and licentious in *fun*—no, they must fight under the protecting shield of the *drame*—for the *drame* is a general passport for any kind of excess and extravagance.

The drooping state of the comic muse is not limited to the higher walks of comedy, but is mournfully visible in all the lighter productions in this branch of the art. Every theatre is now tainted by the prevailing mania. The *drame*, the never-sated *drame*, stalks with oppressive step on all the boards of the Parisian theatres. The *opera comique*, once the delight and pride of the Paris public, has been in a most languishing state ever since Mr. Scribe, with his *Leocadie*, introduced the *drame* on the stage,

where *Picard et Diego, Le Nouveau Seigneur*, and other amusing productions of the sort used once to put the audience in good humour, and excite good wholesome laughter, instead of a tendency to sleep or a nervous attack. The Feydeau was demolished, and a beautiful theatre in the *Rue Ventadour* was built as a fit dwelling-place for the *opéra comique;* failure, however, attended the undertaking; the lessee was ruined; the theatre closed, and the *opéra comique*, which was *comic* only in name, remained in abeyance for a lapse of time. It again raised its head in the Parisian theatricals, and the production of a work which met with signal success enabled it to flourish at least for the present. The piece to which we allude is *Le Prè aux Clercs*, the music of which, by the late Herold, has been much extolled; but the piece itself, what is it?—a comic opera? What a question! Of course it is a *drame*—a very lugubrious and interesting *drame!*

One of the most interesting topics connected with our subject is that style of composition, so peculiarly French, which, under the title of "Vaudeville," is so admirably calculated to beguile an hour. But, alas! the ruthless *drame*, which first killed the old tragedy (no harm in that,) and then inflicted a serious blow on comedy, besides turning the *opéra comique* topsy-turvy—the ruthless, insatiable *drame* has also invaded the *vaudeville*, and exercised a most despotic influence over this branch of composition. One would have supposed that the *drame*, in its ambitious flights, would have asserted its dominion over the larger establishments, and passed by the minor theatres without notice; but no—the *drame* would spare no one. Every theatre in Paris, great or small, must submit to its influence. *Le Théâtre du Vaudeville*, that once celebrated temple of Momus, when Desangiers presided over its destinies, is now converted into a field for the exhibition of the stale sentimentality or the crimes of the *drame*. Instead of those light characters and amusing one-act satires, we have three-act and even five-act *drames*, full of as much pretension as they are destitute of real merit. The *Sans-Gènes, Nouveau Pourceaugnac, Gaspar S'Avise*, and other entertaining personages, have been obliged to make way for *Marie Mignot* and *Madame Dubarri*. Indeed the *Vaudeville* ought to efface that line of Beaulieu inscribed on the entrance:

"*Le Français né malin crea le Vaudeville.*"

The *Malin* who *created* the *vaudeville* would indeed feel much surprise and indignation were he to behold the extraordinary change introduced by the partisans of the *drame*, and more especially by M. Ancelot. M. Ancelot is a man whom we ought to hold in dread for his astonishing facility and unconquerable *pen-*

chant for the commission of *drame*. He perpetrates the offence without the least remorse. The *vaudeville* laboured for some time under the influence which the success of *Madame Dubarri* gave Ancelot a sort of right to exercise over the theatre. *Le Favori*, *Les deux Jours*, and other compositions of the same stamp, were produced. Ancelot is a decided foe to laughter. He seldom attempts a joke, or, if he does, it is invariably a serious one; yet Ancelot is a man of no ordinary talent: he began his dramatic career contemporaneously with Casimir Delavigne. They both made their *coup d'essai* in tragedy. *Louis IX.* and *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* appeared at the same time, about the end of 1819. Since that period Ancelot has written *Fiesque* and other tragedies, and *L'Homme du Monde*, a comedy, but of late his sympathies have been so exclusively enlisted in favour of the *drame historique* and the *drame namby-pamby*, that he cannot, were it to save his life, abstain from committing a couple of these offences per month.

When the subject of the French *vaudeville* is discussed, the mind naturally reverts to Scribe, who, by the successful cultivation of this branch of the drama, has acquired a reputation and a fortune to which few dramatists can aspire. Scribe has been for a long time an impersonation of the genius of French *vaudeville*, and he has perhaps contributed more than any other man alive to the amusement of the Parisian public, as far as theatrical entertainments are concerned. He has produced a vast number of pieces, of various degrees of merit certainly, but most of them remarkable for a peculiar elegance and *esprit*, and a profound knowledge of stage effect. To Scribe the immense popularity of the *Gymnase Dramatique*, once decidedly the most popular of the Parisian theatres, is mainly, if not wholly, to be ascribed. The *Gymnase* became the *théâtre de bon ton*—a new piece brought out there was almost sure of commanding success. Scribe *was* indeed a clever as well as prolific writer. Certainly there were some faults to be found with the *Gymnase Dramatique*. The personages there represented were not always in strict accordance with the realities of life; there was too much of artificial society, too much of certain conventional data, upon which the conduct of the *vaudeville* depended. The critical mind grew tired of the rich *financiers* of La Chaussée d'Antin—the young colonels, with the unavoidable *croix d'honneur*—the fascinating *jeunes veuves*—these personages were constantly at their post: then again Scribe was excessively lavish of money; he squandered millions in his *vaudevilles* as if it cost him nothing; indeed one would feel astonished if a computation were to be made of all the wealth which the heroes of the *Gymnase* have been announced to possess.

Now these eternal *financiers* and colonels, with the *croix d'hon-*

neur—and young widows—together with all these millions of money thrown about, *à tout propos*, with a most prodigal, not to say imprudent, hand, tended to give to these pieces a certain family likeness, not perhaps desirable, independently of an air of monotony injurious to the general effect of the compositions. But then by what a *quantum* of real sterling merit were those faults retrieved! One could easily forget blemishes where beauties preponderated and stood foremost in the line.

What a strange contrast between the Scribe of the *Gymnase* and the Scribe of the present day; or, to speak more plainly, what a singular change has the writer undergone since the revolution of 1830! It is indeed from that period that we may date the decline of the *Gymnase*, or *Théâtre de Madame* (as it was then called). It was from that moment that the compositions of Scribe lost their zest. Like the rest of his brother dramatists, he has paid the most assiduous courtship to the *drame*, and the fruits of this affection have been, as usual, a vast quantity of false sentiment—*ennui*—license, and extravagance. Instead of *Le Secrétaire et le Cuisinier*—*Visite à Bedlam*—*Vatel*—*L'Heritière*—and other smart and laughable satires, Scribe has been adding the power of his name and talent to the tyrannic rule of the *drame*. Then the *Gymnase* presents us with *Camille* and *Le Serrurier!* which, in spite of their success, we consider unworthy of Scribe. But this is not the worst; Scribe has written *Les dix Années de la Vie d'une Femme*, a more serious offence; not to speak of *Le Luthier de Lisbonne*, in which Don Miguel was introduced and held out to public execration, at the moment that a contest for the throne of Braganza was going on in Portugal. Indeed we know not on what grounds this license and personality can be excused, and we find that nothing stops the headlong career of the modern dramatists. Not long since, Bayard scrupled not to make a domestic catastrophe, which occasioned deep affliction in private life, the groundwork of his piece called *La Grande Dame*—and every one is aware that no sooner did the news of young Napoleon's death arrive in Paris than almost every theatre produced a piece on the subject.

Scribe is indeed sadly altered for the worse in his productions. We find him now busy on every kind of dramatic labour—nothing comes amiss to him: with the single exception of tragedy (in which he shews his sense,) he has produced every sort of theatrical composition, comedy, drame, melodrame, *drame historique*, and *drame horrible*, *grand opéra*, and *opéra comique*, *vaudeville*, farce, parody, spectacle, &c. and what not. We expect a ballet from him next. Happy had he adhered to his light, smart, and ingenious *petites comedies!* Happy for the public if he were more frequently busy in

preparing such pieces as *La Grande Aventure,* instead of employing his time in concocting a *Robert-le-Diable, Le Serment,* and *Gustave,* in conjunction with Auber, Taglioni, Daguerre, Ciceri, and half a dozen others. But Scribe, besides being a clever writer, is an excellent arithmetician. Not only is he well read in works of genius and imagination, but he possesses a profound knowledge of the science of numbers. He is equally conversant with Molière and Cocker. It is to this fortunate combination of talents, which are seldom united in one individual, that he owes an annual income of thirty thousand francs—the proceeds of the wealth acquired by his dramatic labours! Scribe studies the taste of the age; and, since his *drame* is the order of the day, he wisely says, "Well, you shall have *drame* for your money, since you prefer it." But perhaps Scribe has lost his former freshness and wit. We say perhaps, as we are always averse to making disagreeable assertions. Indeed, when a writer has produced about *two hundred dramas* of all sizes and denominations, we need not be surprised that his stock of imagination should be somewhat exhausted by such heavy demands.

But here strict justice requires us to make a remark. The reader must not suppose, that every piece to which Scribe has lent his name is from that circumstance his own composition. With many of those, in which it appears in partnership with others, he has probably had little more to do than merely softening some asperities, and suggesting some happy touch from the stores of his long experience. Did our limits not forbid us, we could amuse our readers with many curious anecdotes on the subject. The joint-stock vaudeville-manufactory has been carried to a degree of perfection of which the uninitiated can form but a very imperfect idea.

Having presented a rapid history of the changes, and present condition of the drama in France, it will not be irrelevant to examine the state of it in our own country. The inquiry will prove that errors and abuses are so thickly interwoven with this branch of literary labour, that the indifference of the public for the amusements of the stage ought, in a reflecting mind, to be no longer cause for surprise. We may lament the state of theatricals in France, as far as regards the perversion of taste in the present productions, and we must denounce the wrong bias which has converted salutary reform into license and confusion. But still, the dramatic talent, though enveloped in clouds, lives in France, emitting at intervals those vivid flashes which announce its existence. For the darksome power of storm, though it may obscure, can never extinguish, the light of the sun. Besides, though abuse has crept in, and now lords it over the drama, its laws and

regulations still exist. Those who devote themselves to the task of writing for the stage receive the same protection as before; the system of internal management of the theatre continues the same. In all these points, the French have an undoubted superiority, and afford an example which might be advantageously copied by the English.

Nothing can exceed the deplorable state of English theatricals. The two national theatres have been for a long time well known as ruinous concerns. Successive lessees have squandered away their property on this most ungrateful of speculations, without any further result than the pleasure of hearing themselves styled "spirited lessees,' "active managers," "zealous caterers for the public amusement," or the mortification of being abused, in no measured terms, as the violaters of good taste, and the criminal destroyers of the legitimate drama. Of late, the voice of complaint has become both more general and louder; the attempts to convert the classic boards of old Drury and Covent Garden into an arena for the exhibition of foreign singing and foreign dancing, not to say of wild beasts, and all sorts of monsters—the prevalence of spectacle and noise—of scenic effects and pictorial achievements, and the almost total exclusion of dramatic authorship, as far as the higher regions of intellect are concerned, are now so glaringly manifest, that the full chorus of complaint demands speedy and summary redress. At the same time, however, an impartial examination of the subject obliges us to confess, that lessees and managers have been charged with results for which they are not strictly responsible. It is indeed very hard and absurd to tax individuals with those faults and abuses which derive their origin from other and superior sources —the head of the evil is in the government of the public. By a monstrous absurdity, we find that, in a country where the industry of almost every class of producers is protected, the mental labours of the dramatist until lately have been totally overlooked. By another equally strange anomaly we perceive that, among a people famous for their adherence and attachment to established rules and regular proceedings, the management in stage matters has been entirely left to the uncontrolled power of personal caprice.

The French consider the prosperity of their theatre as a matter of importance, as connected with the literary glory of the country. A code of laws and regulations has therefore been provided, which protects the rights of authors, defines the rights, duties, and privileges of persons connected with every department of the theatres, and regulates their internal administration. There are *Inspecteurs des Théâtres* to watch and report their proceedings;

there is a *Comité de Lecture*, to decide on the merits of new pieces. A writer sends his work to the secretary, who enters it in his list; the piece is read in its turn, and accepted or rejected, as the dramatic jury may decide. In the event of the acceptance of his piece, the author troubles his head no longer about its destiny; he knows that it will be produced, and, as regards pecuniary emolument, he feels secure in the provisions made for the protection of his rights. New pieces are brought forward according to the order of priority, subject of course to certain exceptions, founded on reason and utility. For example, what are called *tours de faveur*—these cannot be matter of any great complaint to the dramatic expectants; they are granted to *parodies* and other *pièces de circonstance*, which demand immediate production, to render them at all available; they are also granted in extraordinary cases, such as a new play of surpassing merit, or the long expected work of a great and popular writer. But, even in these cases, the number of *tours de faveur* is subjected to restriction, and a writer can form a tolerably correct calculation as to the time when his piece may come out, and make his arrangements accordingly.

That there are, occasionally, abuses in this, we will not attempt to deny, and a case which occurred not long since might be adduced in point. We allude to that of M. Laverpillière, and his comedy, entitled "*Le Sophiste.*" This piece, under various pretexts, had been postponed for thirteen years, to the great annoyance and injury of the author. Tired of waiting, and no longer the dupe of theatrical professions and promises, (which by the by are not always to be considered as gospel,) the writer brought his lamentable case before the commission of dramatic authors, who immediately espoused his interests with such zeal that the *Théâtre Français* was at last compelled to produce the piece. What was the consequence? that M. Laverpillière became the victim of theatrical procrastination. His comedy described manners and satirized follies which had become quite obsolete, and in consequence it turned out an entire failure. Such exceptions, however, do not militate against the force of a general rule. In the instance we have mentioned, the author, at all events, had redress, if he was not bettered in point of profit and fame. Now let us compare this provision as regards new pieces, with what happens in English theatres in similar cases. An author is never certain of the production of his drama, until the day *after* it has been performed; for the piece may be accepted, the parts distributed, rehearsals may have taken place, nay, it may be announced in the bills, and a day fixed for its appearance, and yet, in spite of all this, it may be doomed never to

have the honour of representation. Examples of this nature are, unfortunately, frequent enough to absolve us from the task of dilating on the subject. But, even if the piece is brought out and succeeds, uncertainty, doubt and fear, continue to perplex the unfortunate dramatist. Even when paid, upon what is considered a most liberal scale, his remuneration certainly falls short of what his talent, industry, and the time he has bestowed upon it, would have procured him if they had been as successfully applied to any other branch of human industry.

The neglect and injustice evident in the case of authors, is one real cause of the decline of the drama. Literary men of high rank in the republic of letters shrink with instinctive horror from the ordeal of the stage; the difficulties which beset dramatic composition, the trials of all kinds which the candidate for theatrical honour is doomed to undergo, bear no just proportion to the end to be obtained, even when that end is most satisfactory and triumphant. How different is this from what we read of former days? Dramatic success was once esteemed the most honourable, as well as the most intoxicating—persons the most distinguished in literature and high station felt a throbbing for a theatrical ovation. It was the ambition of the great Johnson to produce a play; and the charming poems of Goldsmith—his inimitable "Vicar of Wakefield,"—his worthy historical labours, in fine, his success in the most varied walks of literature, did not excite one half of the anxiety and interest, the doubts and pleasure, which attended the production of *The Good-natured Man*, or, *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Authorship is now considered the last in the list of dramatic items; not only the actor, but the scene-painter, the singer, the musician, the dancer, the property-man, the machinist, &c. &c., are considered of far more importance; and well they may, if we look to the nature of the pieces which are now *got up*, to use the technical phrase. Some critics in the public journals have been exceedingly eloquent in their denunciations of the translations and adaptations and the other *trash* which is now offered on the stage; but what right have they, or that *patron*, the public, to expect more? Of one thing the critics may rest assured, that it is a far more easy and profitable task to supply the papers with trash than the theatres. Of the singular state to which dramatic writing, as it is called, is now arrived, some notion may be gathered from a case mentioned in the papers two or three years ago. A *celebrated* dramatist, the author of *one hundred* successful pieces, was described as begging about the streets of London! Curiosity was puzzled to find out this great unknown. The circumstance of his being a *successful* author was somewhat in

contradiction with his alms-demanding occupation. But it was soon discovered that the individual in question was a young man of some ability, who had been a victim to dramatic composition. He had supplied the Pavilion and other minor theatres with melo-dramas and other pieces at so much a head, either singly or collectively, on the most moderate charges, which, at most, if we are not mistaken, amounted to the sum of two guineas, while many were paid for at a much lower rate.

And here it will not be irrelevant to say a word concerning the "minor theatres;" concerning the hardships and persecutions of which the public compassion has been excited a great deal more than they really deserve. The stream of sympathy has indeed flowed in favour of the said oppressed Minors, and thoughtless people have espoused their cause, from looking upon them as the weaker party, without troubling themselves much about the merits or the strict justice of the case. What is the chief grievance of which their lessees and proprietors complain? Simply, that they are not allowed to represent the master-pieces of Shakspeare and our best authors with a company of actors, whose capabilities of performing those dramas are quite upon a par with those of the audiences to whom they play of understanding and relishing the beauties of those productions. All the minor theatres* in London are now under the absolute controul of an actor-manager; and, highly as we may appreciate the histrionic abilities of these gentlemen, we cannot persuade ourselves that their judgment is either a safe or infallible one in questions of literature. Their theatrical experience, certainly, may be of use in forming an opinion, but we apprehend that something more is required to entitle a man to sit in judgment on dramatic compositions. Now-a-days, however, an actor who has been fortunate enough to save a little money, feels a craving for the honours and charms of stage-management; if he succeeds in getting a theatre, from that moment, *mirabile dictu*, he becomes (as if by magical process) endowed with every sort of requisite necessary for the undertaking; and it is not long before we hear from those oracles, the journals, that such and such a theatre is conducted with great *respectability:* in what this respectability consists we cannot possibly divine. Is it in having a poor scribbler to supply the theatre with pieces at thirty shillings a-week? or in the system of shilling orders? or in the behaviour of the audience? or in the merits of the dramas produced, and the actors who perform them?

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* The Haymarket and the English Opera we do not reckon among the Minors.

The truth must out. The greater number of these interesting "minors" are nothing but a singular medley of noise and confusion—a hot-bed for prostitutes, pick-pockets, and bad characters of all descriptions—an arena for the bandying of oaths and indecent jokes—a mixture of drunkenness and the most offensive exhibitions; the whole seasoned with a compound of the most offensive smells. There are exceptions to this remark: two or three theatres are patronized by a more *respectable* audience, and are frequently visited by the higher ranks; but, in this, as in every thing else, fashion has exerted her capricious power, for, without wishing to speak against the merits of the extolled pieces acted at these theatres, we think it very problematical if the greater part of them would escape condemnation at Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

This general decline of the drama, as we have already stated, has given rise to much speculation, and various reasons have been assigned to account for it. Every one knows that the patent theatres have been ruinous concerns for a long succession of years. Every new lessee is compelled to pay an enormous price for the pleasures of management; and year after year we are told that the want of encouragement is such that nothing can prevent those tottering establishments from closing their doors. Among the reasons assigned for this neglect of the patent theatres are the following: 1st. The late hours, not only among the upper ranks, but the middling classes of society. 2d. The growing taste of the public for reading, and the establishment of clubs, which almost supersede the necessity for theatrical pastimes. 3d. The inferior quality of the dramas produced, and the unsatisfactory manner in which they are represented. 4th. The enormous size of these theatres. 5th. The high prices of admission. There can be little doubt that all these causes operate to a certain extent; but it would be an idle attempt to analyze the exact operation of each when the whole system is bad and conducive to inevitable ruin. Besides these we have already mentioned, there are other reasons to which this melancholy state of things is to be ascribed, and among them none exercises greater weight than the discredit into which the theatres have fallen among a vast number of families, who are kept away simply from motives of self-respect and the dread of contamination of their younger members from the scenes which are nightly exhibited there among the audience portion.

It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that the upper parts of the patent theatres are admirably adapted—it would perhaps be more correct to say that they are expressly calculated—to answer the purposes of a market for prostitution.

Connected with this is the half-price admission, which is the signal for a number of drunken clerks and dissipated characters rushing into the theatre for a very different object than witnessing the play. These half-price gentry are become an intolerable nuisance. It is quite useless to pay any attention to the performance if you unfortunately chance to be near them. We put it fairly to the managers, if the money derived from this sort of play-goers and from the pitiable, unfortunate creatures who come nightly to exhibit their marketable charms, can in any way compensate for the loss of that profit which would necessarily accrue from the attendance of the numerous families who are now kept away by this disgraceful abuse? With what face can they presume to call the stage a "school for morals," with such exhibitions staring one in the face? "Necessity" has been always pleaded by ruined or bankrupt managers for the continuance of a system which their better sense condemns. We say it advisedly, that, unless this monstrous nuisance is fairly abolished, the long toleration of which in this "most moral and christian country" fully sanctions the charge of hypocrisy which it has brought upon us from our less straight-laced continental neighbours, among whom no such abuse prevails, the theatre will never become the habitual resort of the respectable middle classes. The half-price ought also to be abolished there, and another and more equitable scale in the prices of admission adopted. Nothing can be more absurd than to demand the same price for the second tier of boxes as for the dress-circle. The profuse distribution of orders ought also to be stopped, or at least restricted within reasonable bounds. Reduce your prices, but still preserve certain localities sufficiently high, for the accommodation of those with whom cheapness is synonymous with vulgarity.

But perhaps, were all these reforms made in the patent theatres they would never become profitable, unless they were relieved from the enormous weight of their *personal* establishments, which are generally twice too expensive both in the number of, and the scale of remuneration to, their actors. To effect this, a system of rigid retrenchment ought to be adopted, the very opposite to that of profusion, which it has been the fashion of late years to incur. Managers have been playing the desperate game of almost ruined gamesters, who double their stakes and hazard their all, with a view to recover their losses. Actors must lower their pretensions; high as their talents may be, there is no earthly reason why, at a time that every other class of the community is compelled to make sacrifices, they alone should be exempted from the general rule. It is a fact, not less curious than true, that they are far better paid now when nothing but ruin hangs over

the stage, than they were in the most prosperous days of the drama. These remarks are not prompted by any feelings of hostility towards the actors, with several of whom we have been long connected by ties of personal friendship,—but, on the contrary, by zeal for the prosperity of the drama, with which their interests are necessarily connected. Without theatres they cannot live, and theatres cannot be supported much longer on the present system.

With regard to the pretended growing distaste of the public for the most rational and intellectual of all amusements, we cannot be made converts to the belief of its existence. At all events, we cannot affront the taste and good sense of our countrymen so far as to suppose that this vast metropolis does not contain a sufficient number of men and women competent and willing to enjoy the beauties of a good tragedy, comedy, or farce, or that a theatre *properly conducted* for such purpose would fail in obtaining success. What may be the result of the present crisis in theatrical affairs we are not presumptuous enough to foretell; but there is one ray of comfort and hope in the midst of the gloom which it inspires—matters cannot possibly be worse; they must either end in dissolution or lead to improvement.

ART. III.—*Reise zum Ararat.* Von Dr. Friedrich Parrot. (Journey to Mount Ararat. By Dr. F. Parrot.) 8vo.

THOUGH this visit to Mount Ararat was undertaken nearly six years ago, and some particulars of the results have at different times transpired, the full account of it, contained in the work before us, was published but a few months since at Berlin.

Twenty years ago Professor Parrot, being on the summit of the mountain Kasbeg, in the Caucasus, beheld in the distant horizon a lofty, isolated, snow-capped summit, which he presumed to be the silvery head of Ararat. From that time he had constantly cherished the wish to undertake a scientific expedition to this mountain, and if possible to reach its summit, which had from time immemorial been deemed inaccessible. But the difficulties of such an undertaking might be considered as nearly insuperable, so long as Ararat was on the frontiers of two great powers, both inimical to Christianity. An important and unexpected change had, however, taken place. The peace of Turkmanschai, between Russia and Persia, was concluded in 1828, the dominion of Christianity extended beyond the Araxes, and Ararat became the boundary of Russia towards Persia and

Turkey; but the predatory Koords still infested the country towards the north and south, when war broke out between Russia and the Porte. The Russian troops crossed the Araxes, and occupied the pashalik of Bayazeed, by which the roving tribes of banditti were driven away; and this favourable opportunity revived the Professor's desire to realize his long-cherished plan. Passing over all the preliminary details, we merely premise that it was arranged that the Professor should be accompanied by Mr. Behagel, a pupil of Professor Engelhardt's, as mineralogist; Messrs. Hehn and Schiemann, two medical students of the University of Moscow; and a young astronomer, Mr. Federow, who was studying in the Imperial School at St. Petersburg. The Emperor not only granted his consent, but highly approved the plan, and ordered one of the class called feld-jägers, often employed as couriers, to accompany the party on the whole journey. The expedition was recommended to the special protection of Count Paskewitsch.

They set out on the 20th of March, 1829, which was later in the season than might have been wished. As our chief object is the ascent of Mount Ararat, we shall not dwell much on the particulars of the journey. The Professor had intended to go to the Caspian Sea, in order to obtain by actual survey a confirmation of his opinion that the Caspian and Euxine were once united; but in this plan he was disappointed.

We shall make a few detached extracts from the Journal previous to the attempt to ascend the mountain.

"At Wladikaukas we met with the Persian prince Chosref-Mirza, one of the 380 male children and grand-children of the Kadschar Feth Ali, the reigning Shah of Persia, who already in the year 1826 had eighty-one sons and fifty-three daughters, and who is not the first who has had twenty members added to his family in the course of one week. Wladikaukas still continues as heretofore the most important military central station, whither all those flee for refuge, who after dangerous journeys have escaped the pursuit of the Tscherkessians and Kabardinians; and in the environs of this place the old rude mode of life still prevails, so that even the shortest excursion, unless under military escort, is attended with danger, and for this reason strictly prohibited. A short time ago, ninety-five horses were carried off close to the fortress, and, during our stay of only two days, we saw, quite unexpectedly from the walls of the fortress, a large body of Ossetes settled here under Russian protection, who, without any assistance from the military, were driving home before them, with music and loud acclamations, amid the waving of caps and the firing of musquetry, a flock of 600 sheep, which they had taken from their neighbours, the Tschetschenzes, by way of retaliation for their having carried off 400 of their oxen."

On the arrival of the travellers at Tiflis, on the 6th of June,

Count Paskewitsch was engaged in the campaign against the Turks, but had recommended the expedition to the military governor-general Stekalow, who did his utmost to promote their object. Professor Parrot, however, instead of being able to proceed to Mount Ararat, was obliged to remain many weeks at Tiflis, because the plague had broken out in Armenia. The time, nevertheless, was well employed in various scientific occupations. The latitude of Tiflis was ascertained with the utmost precision, and the tower of the cathedral found to be 41° 41′ north; the longitude, according to Birdin, 62° 34′ east of Ferro. The greatest degree of heat during their stay at Tiflis was 30° 4′ R. on the afternoon of the 28th July.

It was not till the 1st of September that they were able to leave Tiflis. The distance to Mount Ararat, reckoning all the windings of the road, is about 280 wersts, namely, 230 to the convent of Etschmiadsin, and 50 more to the village of Arguri, which is situated on the northern declivity of the mountain. The road from Tiflis runs through a plain about 600 feet above the level of the Kur, into the valley of the Chram, a shallow but broad stream that runs into the Kur, with a bridge built over it at some ancient but uncertain period. The celebrated convent of Etschmiadsin is the seat of the Armenian Patriarch, of the Synod, and of all the superior clergy of that religion; the central point, to which flows the tribute of gratitude and veneration, from all parts of the world to which it has spread, in such abundance that, for wealth and splendour, this see might well bear comparison with the papal see of Rome, if the sovereigns of Persia had not turned its wealth into a source of revenue. To this burden the Armenians submit, because they thereby obtain toleration for their religion, and a much better lot than that of their brethren in the Turkish provinces of Asia Minor. The present Persian Sardar, Hussim Chan, is said to have taken great pleasure in seeing the Christian churches in good order, and even to have attended divine service with great devotion.

"About thirty-five wersts from Etschmiadsin, I separated myself from the rest of our party, and, attended by only a single Cossack, traversed a district which was formerly infested by swarms of predatory Koords, and had recently been the theatre of those great military movements in which the armies of the Crescent and the Cross contended for the possession of the Fort of Erivan, in sight of the ancient Ararat. Villages and convents were visible in the distance, but there were no traces of agriculture; and an approaching thunder-storm, which had already enveloped Mount Ararat, and was hanging like a heavy canopy over me, had impelled both man and beast to seek shelter. A solitary monk, who, wrapped in his ample talare, endeavoured to escape the coming rain on his Persian horse, surveyed me with a look of curiosity,

but gave a friendly nod, and pointed to the south, when I called to him in Russian, 'Etschmiadsin Convent, Father Joseph.' The rolling of the thunder did not disturb me; I enthusiastically indulged now in the contemplation of the country spread before me, the longed-for goal of my undertaking; now in deep reflections on an ancient period, replete with the most interesting historical events. How could it be otherwise? I was at the foot of Mount Ararat, the mountain of the patriarch Noah, whose barren and thirsty soil even now shows indisputable traces of the flood. I was in the valley of the Araxes, on whose banks Hannibal took refuge."

Passing over our author's account of the convent of Etschmiadsin, of his reception there, and his sketch of the modern history of Armenia, we come to his departure for the object of his journey. A young deacon belonging to the convent was allowed, at his own earnest entreaty, to join the company.

"Ararat has borne this name for three thousand three hundred years: we find it mentioned in the most ancient of books, the History of the Creation, by Moses, who says, 'the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat.' In other passages of the Old Testament, written several centuries later, in Isaiah, xxxvii. 38, 2 Kings, xix. 37, we find mention of a Land of Ararat, but in Jeremiah, li. 27, of a Kingdom of Ararat; and the very credible Armenian writer, Moses of Chorene, states that this name was borne by a whole country, and that it was so called after an old Armenian king, Arai the Fair, who lived about 1750 years before Christ, and fell in a bloody battle against the Babylonians on a plain of Armenia, which is hence called Arai-Arat, *i. e.* the ruin of Arai. It was formerly called Amasia, after the ruler Amassis, the sixth descendant from Japhet, and from him Mount Massis also derives its name. This is the only name by which it is now called among the Armenians, for though the Armenian translation of the Old Testament always calls it Mount Ararat, yet the people (to whom the Bible can be no authority, since they do not read it,) have retained the name of Massis, and do not know it by the other; so that if we were to ask an Armenian, even if he came from the Holy Mountain itself, respecting Mount Ararat, he would be as ignorant as if we were to ask a European respecting Mount Massis as a place of note. To the Turks and Persians the name of Ararat is of course unknown. By the first it is called by the Arabic name Agridagh, *i. e.* Steep Mountain, and as the Arabic is almost a universal language in those parts, it is known to the Koords, Persians, and even the Armenians, by this name. It is said that some of the Persians call it Kuhi-Nuh, *i. e.* Noah's Mountain, but on this I am not competent to decide, as I spoke to only a few Persians, and these invariably called it Agridagh.

"The mountains of Ararat rise at the southern extremity of a plain, which the Araxes traverses in a considerable bend, and which is about 50 wersts in breadth, and more than 100 in length. Ararat consists of two mountains, namely, the Great Ararat, and its immediate neighbour the Little Ararat, the former lying to the northwest, the latter to the southeast,

their summits ten wersts and a half apart from each other in a right line, and the base of both mountains united by a broad level valley. This is occupied by the herdsmen for the pasturage of their flocks, and was formerly used as a safe retreat by the predatory Koords, by which they were enabled to keep up an easy and safe communication between the northern and southern provinces:

"The summit of the Great Ararat is situated in 39° 42′ north latitude and 61° 55′ east longitude from Ferro; its perpendicular height is 16,254 Paris feet, or nearly 5 wersts, above the level of the sea, and 13,530 Paris feet, or rather more than 4 wersts, above the plain of the Araxes. The northeastern declivity of the mountain may be estimated at twenty, its northwestern at thirty, wersts in length. In the former we recognise at some distance the deep black chasm, which many have compared to an extinct crater, but which has always appeared to me to resemble a cleft, as if the mountain had once been split from above. From the summit, for about one werst in a perpendicular or four wersts in an oblique direction, it is covered with a mantle of eternal snow and ice, the lower edge of which is indented according to the elevation or depression of the ground. On the whole of the north side of the mountains, however, from about 13,300 Paris feet, or rather more than 4 wersts, above the level of the sea, it runs along in one rigid crust, broken but by few projections of rock, up to the summit, over which it extends down to the southern side to a less considerable depth. This is the hoary head of Ararat. The Little Ararat lies in 39° 39′ north latitude, 62° 2′ east longitude from Ferro. Its summit is elevated 12,284 Paris feet, rather above $3\frac{3}{4}$ wersts perpendicular above the level of the sea, and 9561 Paris feet above the plain of the Araxes. Notwithstanding this considerable elevation, it is not covered with perpetual snow, but in September and October, and probably in August or even earlier, it is quite free from it. Its declivities are considerably steeper than those of the Great Ararat; in shape it is almost a perfect cone. Numerous small furrows which radiate from the summit give this mountain a peculiar and very interesting character.

"Although the two Ararats have no appearance whatever of forming a part of any chain, but stand independent, they are not wholly unconnected with other mountains. While the south-western declivity is lost in the Mounts Bayazeed and Diadina, which contain the sources of the Euphrates, the north-western declivity of the Great Ararat is connected with a long chain of hills which runs along the whole of the right bank of the Araxes, and in which some very steep cones strike the eye. The western extremity of this chain winds round the sources of the Araxes, touches Erzerum, and crowns the left bank, in the same manner as the right, with a chain of mountains, some of which, especially in the direction of Kars, must be of a very considerable height, as I saw their summits in October, a time when in general the Great Ararat alone is mantled in its eternal snow, covered to a great depth, and to an extent of about twenty wersts, with a thick layer of snow. These mountains are probably the Saganlúg and a part of the Taurus.

"The impression which the sight of Ararat makes on every one whose mind is capable of comprehending the stupendous works of the Creator

is awful and mysterious, and many a sensitive and intelligent traveller has endeavoured, with glowing pen and skilful pencil, to describe this impression; and in the feeling that no description, no delineation, can come up to the sublime object before him, every one who has made such an attempt must certainly have experienced how difficult it is to avoid, both in language and in sketching, everything that is poetical in expression or exaggerated in form, and to keep strictly within the bounds of truth.

"I find the first views of Ararat in Chardin; that taken from Erivan is a complete failure, while the one from Etschmiadsin is not bad in the outline, and more faithful than many more recent drawings. Tournefort has entered into the subject with spirit, and his drawing is so far accurate, that every feature of his rough sketch may be traced in nature, but with those grotesque exaggerations with which his lively imagination has also hurried him away in the description. Morier has sketched the two Ararats from the east side. In the representation of forms he has not been true to nature, but seems rather to have followed the impression with which his enthusiastic mind was inspired at the sight of this venerable record of antiquity. His Little Ararat is too small, and looks like a mere conical rock; there is also too much regularity in the contours, a circumstance which this traveller regards as the distinguishing beauty of this mountain.

"The intelligent Sir Robert Ker Porter, in his interesting view of the two Ararats, taken from the neighbourhood of Erivan, has exaggerated the steepness of the declivities; he has been particularly unfortunate in giving the conical acumination of the smaller mountain. Sir William Ouseley has given three small drawings, of which I consider the one taken from the plain of Erivan, though it is only two inches broad, and has scarcely any details, to be the best of the sketches that have been hitherto taken. The two mountains are given with perfectly accurate contours and their true relative proportions.

"My desire to approach more closely the venerable summit of this sacred mountain would not suffer me to tarry long in the Convent of St. James. Apprehensions respecting the lateness of the season determined me, as the sky was remarkably clear, to fix my journey to the summit for the following day. To many it may seem strange that in describing this attempt I should speak of the great difficulties which attended it, as my sketch of the mountain might lead them to suppose that the declivities are not so steep, and that the ascent therefore cannot be so arduous an undertaking. This, however, is occasioned by an optical deception, to which every traveller amid mountain scenery should endeavour to accustom his eye, in order to avoid forming erroneous conclusions. Whenever we ascend a mountain and have its acclivity straight before us, the angle of obliquity is estimated much larger than the plummet gives it. It is very common to fix it at twice the amount of the reality. The reason of this is the perspective foreshortening. This image, which has been formed in our mind of the steepness of the ascent, we immediately transfer to our outline, and hence the exaggerated form of all mountains drawn merely by the hand. Were these really so steep as they are gene-

rally represented, but few of them would ever have been ascended; for while we not unfrequently see in drawings mountains, and even those that are really the most easy of ascent, represented with an angle of elevation of 60°, the fact is, that a mountain which is at an angle of only 35° or 40° cannot possibly be ascended but with the assistance of ladders, or when the surface happens to be composed of moderately large angular pieces of rock, forming a sort of steps.

"At seven o'clock in the morning of the 12th September I set out on my journey, accompanied by Mr. Schiemann. We took with us one of our Cossacks and a peasant of Arguri, who was a good huntsman, and our route was first in the bottom of the valley, then up its right acclivity towards the spot where there are two small stone houses standing close to each other; the one formerly a chapel, and the other built as a protection for a spring which is considered sacred. The Armenians assign a very ancient origin to this chapel, call it after St. Gregory, and make frequent pilgrimages to it from distant places. During our stay, there were many Armenians from Bayazeed, who came to attend the devotions performed here; after which the pilgrims are accustomed to repair to the neighbouring valley, where they amuse themselves with shooting and other diversions.

"The water of the spring which issues from the rock at this place is very pure and of a pleasant flavour, which alone would render it an object of general estimation, as there are probably very few perpetual springs that rise from Mount Ararat; at least I never met with any in all my excursions on the mountain, neither did I hear of the existence of any other. It may have induced some pious monk of a former time to settle in this neighbourhood as a hermit, whose fame for sanctity may have obtained for the spring the character of some miraculous virtues, till, in the course of centuries and amid the storm of political events, this lone hermit vanished, and only the miraculous spring was left, as an object of universal admiration and blind credulity among the Armenians. The tradition of the wonder-working power of this water is as follows:—the locusts, which sometimes traverse the countries on this and the other side of the Caucasus in incredible swarms, and sometimes in a single day lay waste a whole tract of land, can be neither destroyed nor dispersed, except by a certain bird, which however I never saw, but which, from the description given of it, may be a kind of thrush, though by the Russians who live here it is called a starling. It is not large, of a black colour, and yellowish white on the breast and back; and, at the time the mulberries are ripe, large flocks of them arrive on the Araxes, the people know not whence, and, by destroying all the mulberries, cause much injury to the country: its name in Armenian is Tarm, and likewise Tetägusch. Gusch is a bird in Tartary, and tut is the Armenian for mulberry. If he appears in a neighbourhood where the locusts abound, it may be considered safe, for he pursues them as an inveterate enemy. To entice this useful bird, it is necessary to have some water from this holy spring, and it is sufficient to fill a pitcher or a bottle with it, and carry it to the place which is visited by the locusts, but with the precaution not to set the vessel down by the way, as

the water would immediately evaporate. When however it is put in the open air in the place of its destination, it is said never to have failed to attract large flocks of tetägusch, and by this means to rid the country of the locusts. Not only the common people and Armenians have endeavoured to convince me of the truth of this tradition, but also persons of education, and who were not Armenians, and they even adduced as a proof that a few years ago, the district of Kisljar to the north of Caucasus being visited by the locusts, the country was cleared of them by means of a pitcher of this water, which was fetched in the greatest haste from the holy spring, and which instantly drew together large numbers of those birds. In Ararat and in Tiflis every one knows that the water was fetched, and in Kisljar a confirmation of the result may be obtained, and a portion of the miraculous water seen in a bottle in the church.

"From the chapel we crossed the grassy elevation which forms the right declivity of the cleft: we suffered so much from the heat of the day, that our Cossack, who would probably have much rather been seated on horseback and galloping about on the Steppes for three days than scrambling over the rocks for a couple of hours, was ready to sink from fatigue, and we were obliged to send him back. At about six o'clock in the evening, when we also were much tired, and had almost reached the snowy region, we chose our night's lodging in the clefts of the rocks. We had attained a height of 11,675 Paris feet; in the sheltered places about us lay some new-fallen snow, and the temperature of the air was at the freezing point. Mr. Schiemann and I had provided ourselves tolerably well for such an undertaking; besides the pleasure of the expedition warmed us; but our athletic Jäger, Schak of Arguri (Isaac), was quite dejected from the cold, for he had nothing but his summer clothing; his whole neck, and also his legs, from the knee to the sandal, were quite bare, and his head was only covered with an old handkerchief. I had neglected to think about his wardrobe before setting out, and, therefore, it was my duty to help him as well as I could: but, as neither of us had much clothing to spare, I wrapped up his neck and his bare limbs in sheets of blotting paper, which I had taken with me for drying plants, and this was a great relief to him. At daybreak we pursued our journey towards the eastern side of the mountain, and soon reached the declivity which runs immediately from the summit; it consists entirely of pointed rocky ridges coming down from above, and leaving between them ravines of considerable depth, in which the icy mantle of the summit loses itself, and glaciers of great extent. There were several of these rocky ridges and clefts of ice lying between us and the side of the mountain which we were endeavouring to reach. When we had happily surmounted the first crest and the adjoining beautiful glacier, and reached the second crest, Schak had no courage to proceed. His benumbed limbs had not yet recovered their warmth, and the icy region towards which he saw us hastening, did not hold out much prospect of relief; thus one remained behind from heat and another from cold—only Mr. Schiemann, though unaccustomed to these hardships, did not for an instant lose his courage or his desire to accompany me, but shared with alacrity and perseverance all the difficulties and dangers we

had to encounter. Leaving the Jäger behind us, we crossed the second glacier, and gained the third rocky ridge. Then, immediately turning off in an oblique direction, we reached the lower edge of the icy crest at a height of 13,180 Paris feet, and which from this place runs without interruption to the summit. We had now to ascend this declivity covered with perpetual snow. Though the inclination was barely 30°, this was a sheer impossibility for two men to accomplish in a direct line. We therefore determined to advance diagonally towards a long pointed ridge which runs far up towards the summit. We succeeded in this by making with our ice-poles deep holes in the ice of the glacier, which was covered with a thin layer of new-fallen snow, too slight to afford the requisite firmness to our steps. We thus reached the ridge, and advanced direct towards the summit by a track where the new snow was rather deeper. Though we might by great exertions have this time reached the goal of our wishes, yet the fatigue of the day had been considerable, and as it was already three o'clock in the afternoon, we were obliged to think of providing a lodging for the approaching night. We had attained the extreme upper ridge of the rocky crest, an elevation of 14,550 Paris feet above the level of the sea, (the height of the top of Mont Blanc,) and yet the summit of Ararat lay far above us. I do not think that any surmountable obstacle could have impeded our further progress, but to spend the few remaining hours of day-light in reaching this point would have been worse than madness, as we had not seen any rock on the summit which could have afforded us protection during the night; independently of which our stock of provisions was not calculated to last so long. Having made our barometrical observations, we turned back, satisfied from the result that the mountain on this side was not inaccessible. In descending, however, we met with a danger which we had not anticipated; for if in the descent of every mountain you tread less safely than in going up, it is still more difficult to tread firmly, when you look down upon such a surface of ice and snow as that over which we had to pass for more than a werst, and where, if we slipped and fell, there was nothing to stop us but the sharp-pointed masses of stone in which the region of eternal ice loses itself. The danger here is perhaps rather in the want of habit than in real difficulties. My young friend, whose courage had probably been proof against severer trials, lost his presence of mind here—his foot slipped and he fell; but, as he was about twenty paces behind me, I had time to thrust my pole firmly into the ice, to take a sure footing in my capital snow-shoes, and, while I held the pole in my right hand, to catch him in passing with my left. My position was well chosen, but the straps which fastened my ice-shoes broke, and, instead of being able to stop my friend, I was carried with him in his fall. He was so fortunate as to be stopped by some stones, but I rolled on for half a werst, till I reached some fragments of lava near the lower glacier. The tube of my barometer was dashed to pieces—my chronometer burst open, and covered with blood—every thing had fallen out of my pockets, but I escaped without severe injury. As soon as we had recovered from our fright, and thanked God for our providential escape, we collected the most important of our effects, and continued our journey. We

were soon afterwards delighted to hear the voice of our good Schak, who had very prudently waited for our return. Having made a fire, we passed the night in the grassy region, and on the third day reached the convent, where we were regaled with an excellent breakfast. We however took care not to tell the Armenians anything about our accident, as they would certainly not have failed to ascribe it to a judgment from Heaven for our presumptuous attempt to reach the summit, which they say has been prohibited to mortals by a divine decree since the time of Noah. All the Armenians are firmly persuaded that Noah's ark exists to the present day on the summit of Mount Ararat, and that, in order to preserve it, no person is permitted to approach it. We learn the grounds of this tradition from the Armenian chronicles in the legend of a monk of the name of James, who was afterwards Patriarch of Nissibis, and a contemporary and relative of St. Gregory. It is said that this monk, in order to settle the disputes which had arisen respecting the credibility of the sacred books, especially with reference to their account of Noah, resolved to ascend to the top of Ararat to convince himself of the existence of the ark. At the declivity of the mountain, however, he had several times fallen asleep from exhaustion, and found on awaking that he had been unconsciously carried down to the point from which he first set out. God at length had compassion on his unwearied though fruitless exertions, and during his sleep sent an angel with the message, that his exertions were unavailing, as the summit was inaccessible, but as a reward for his indefatigable zeal, he sent him a piece of the ark, the very same which is now preserved as the most valuable relic in the cathedral of Etschmiadsin. The belief in the impossibility of ascending Mount Ararat has in consequence of this tradition, which is sanctioned by the church, almost become an article of faith, which an Armenian would not renounce even if he were placed in his own proper person upon the summit of the mountain."

After recovering in some measure from the effects of his fall and an attack of fever which ensued, the Professor set out on the 18th September to make a second attempt to gain the summit, taking with him a cross ten feet high, which it was proposed to set up on the top of the mountain, with an inscription in honour of Field Marshal Count Paskewitsch, by whose victories the Russian dominions had been extended to this point. They chose this time the north-east side of the mountain, by which the way was much longer, but not so steep. But as this second attempt also failed, we pass over the account of it, and proceed without further preface to the third, which succeeded. They however erected the cross on an almost horizontal surface covered with snow, at the height of 15,138 Paris feet above the level of the Euxine, or about 350 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc.

"In the mean time the sky cleared up, the air became serene and calm, the mountain too was more quiet, the noise occasioned by the falling of the masses of ice and snow grew less frequent—in short,

every thing seemed to indicate that a favourable turn was about to take place in the weather, and I hastened to embrace it for a third attempt to ascend the mountain. On the 25th of September I sent to ask Stepan whether he would join us, but he declined, saying that he had suffered too much from the former excursion to venture again so soon; he however promised to send four stout peasants with three oxen and a driver. Early the next morning, four peasants made their appearance at the camp to join our expedition, and soon after a fifth, who offered himself voluntarily. To them I added two of our soldiers. The deacon again accompanied us, as well as Mr. Hehn, who wished to explore the vegetation at a greater elevation; but he did not intend to proceed beyond the line of snow. The experience of the preceding attempt had convinced me that every thing depended on our passing the first night as closely as possible to this boundary, in order to be able to ascend and return from the summit in one day, and to confine our baggage to what was absolutely necessary. We therefore took with us only three oxen laden with the clothing, wood and provisions. I also took a small cross carved in oak .... We chose our route towards the same side as before, and, in order to spare ourselves, Abowian and I rode on horseback, wherever the rocky nature of the soil permitted it, as far as the grassy plain Kip-Ghioll, whence we sent the horses back. Here Mr. Hehn parted from us. It was scarcely twelve o'clock when we reached this point, and, after taking our breakfast, we proceeded in a direction rather more oblique than on our former attempt. The cattle were however unable to follow us so quickly. We therefore halted at some rocks which it would be impossible for them to pass—took each our own share of clothing and wood, and sent back the oxen. At half-past five in the evening we were not far from the snow line, and considerably higher than the place where we passed the night on our previous excursion. The elevation of this point was 13,036 Paris feet above the level of the sea, and the large masses of rock determined me to take up our quarters here. A fire was soon made and a warm supper prepared. I had some onion broth, a dish which I would recommend to all mountain travellers in preference to meat broth, as being extremely warm and invigorating. This being a fast day, poor Abowian was not able to enjoy it. The other Armenians, who strictly adhered to their rules of fasting, contented themselves with bread and the brandy which I distributed among them in a limited quantity, as this cordial must be taken with great caution, especially where the strength has been previously much tried, as it otherwise produces a sense of exhaustion and inclination to sleep. It was a magnificent evening, and, with my eye fixed on the clear sky and the lofty summit which projected against it, and then again on the dark night which was gathering far below and around me, I experienced all those delightful sensations of tranquillity, love, and devotion, that silent reminiscence of the past, that subdued glance into the future, which a traveller never fails to experience when on lofty elevations and under pleasing circumstances. I laid myself down under an overhanging rock of lava, the temperature of the air at 4½°, which was tolerably warm, considering our great height.

"At day-break we rose, and began our journey at half-past six.

We crossed the last broken declivities in half an hour, and entered the boundary of eternal snow nearly at the same place as in our preceding ascent. In consequence of the increased warmth of the weather, the new-fallen snow, which had facilitated our progress on our previous ascent, had melted away, and again frozen, so that, in spite of the still inconsiderable slope, we were compelled to cut steps in the ice. This very much embarrassed our advance, and added greatly to our fatigue. One of the peasants had remained behind in our resting-place, as he felt unwell; two others became exhausted in ascending the side of the glacier. They at first lay down, but soon retreated to our quarters. Without being disheartened by these difficulties we proceeded, and soon reached the great cleft which marks the upper edge of the declivity of the large glacier, and at ten o'clock we arrived at the great plain of snow which marks the first break on the icy head of Ararat. At the distance of a werst, we saw the cross which we had reared on the 19th of September, but it appeared to me so extremely small, probably on account of its black colour, that I almost doubted whether I should be able to find it again with an ordinary telescope from the plain of the Araxes. In the direction towards the summit, a shorter but at the same time a steeper declivity than the one we had passed lay before us; and between this and the extreme summit there appeared to be only one small hill. After a short repose we passed the first precipice, which was the steepest of all, by hewing out steps in the rock, and after this the next elevation. But here, instead of seeing the ultimate goal of all our difficulties, immediately before us appeared a series of hills, which even concealed the summit from our sight. This rather abated our courage, which had never yielded for a moment so long as we had all our difficulties in view, and our strength, exhausted by the labour of hewing the rock, seemed scarcely commensurate with the attainment of the now invisible object of our wishes. But a review of what had been already accomplished and of that which might still remain to be done, the proximity of the series of projecting elevations, and a glance at my brave companions, banished my fears, and we boldly advanced. We crossed two more hills, and the cold air of the summit blew towards us. I stepped from behind one of the glaciers, and the extreme cone of Ararat lay distinctly before my enraptured eyes. But one more effort was necessary. Only one other icy plain was to be ascended, and at a quarter past three on the 27th of September, O. S. 1829, we stood on the summit of Mount Ararat!"

Having thus happily accomplished his fatiguing and perilous enterprise, our author's first wish and enjoyment was repose; he spread his cloak on the ground, and sitting down contemplated the boundless but desolate prospect around him. He was on a slightly convex, almost circular, platform, about 200 Paris feet in diameter, which at the extremity declines pretty steeply on all sides, particularly towards the S. E. and N. E.; it was the silver crest of Ararat, composed of eternal ice, unbroken by a rock or stone. Towards the east, the summit declined more gently than in any other direction, and was connected by a hollow, likewise

covered with perpetual ice, with another rather lower summit, which by Mr. Federow's trigonometrical measurement was found to be 187 toises distant from the principal summit. On account of the immense distances nothing could be seen distinctly. The whole valley of the Araxes was covered with a grey mist through which Erivan and Sardarabad appeared as small dark spots; to the south were seen more distinctly the hills behind which lies Bayazeed; to the N. W. the ragged top of Alaghes, covered with vast masses of snow, probably an inaccessible summit; near to Ararat, especially to the S. E. and at a great distance towards the west, are numerous small conical hills, which look like extinct volcanoes; to the E. S. E. was little Ararat, whose head did not appear like a cone, as it does from the plain, but like the top of a square truncated pyramid, with larger and smaller rocky elevations on the edges and in the middle; but what very much surprised Professor Parrot was to see a large portion of Lake Goktschai, which appeared in the N. E. like a beautiful shining dark blue patch, behind the lofty chain of mountains which encloses it on the south, and which is so high that he never could have believed he should have been able from the top of Ararat to see over its summit into the lake behind it.

Mr. Parrot, having allowed himself time to enjoy this prospect, proceeded to observe his barometer, which he placed precisely in the middle of the summit. The mercury was no higher than 15 inches $\frac{3}{4}$ of a line Paris measure, the temperature being $3\frac{7}{10}$ below the freezing point of the centigrade thermometer. By comparing this observation with that which Mr. Federow made at the same time at the Convent of St. James, the elevation of the summit appears to be 10,272 Paris feet above the convent, and, adding to that the height of the latter, the top of Ararat is 16,254 Paris feet, or nearly five wersts, above the level of the sea. While the Professor was engaged in his observations, the deacon planted the cross, not precisely on the summit, where it could not have been seen from the plain, as it was only five feet high, but on the N. E. edge, about thirty feet lower than the centre of the summit. The Professor and his five companions, viz. the deacon, two Russian soldiers, and two Armenian peasants, having remained three-quarters of an hour on the summit, commenced their descent, which was very fatiguing; but they hastened, as the sun was going down, and before they reached the place where the great cross was erected, it had already sunk below the horizon.

"It was a glorious sight to behold the dark shadows which the mountains in the west cast upon the plain, and then the profound darkness which covered all the valleys, and gradually rose higher and higher on the sides of Ararat, whose icy summit was still illuminated by the

beams of the setting sun. But the shadows soon passed over that also, and would have covered our path with a gloom that would have rendered our descent dangerous, had not the sacred lamp of night, opportunely rising above the eastern horizon, cheered us with its welcome beams."

Having passed the night on the same spot as on their ascent, where they found their companions, they arrived the next day at noon at the Convent of St. James, and on the following day, Sunday, the 28th of September, O. S., they offered their grateful thanksgiving to Heaven for the success of their arduous enterprize, perhaps not far from the spot where "Noah built an altar to the Lord."

Having thus brought our author to the conclusion of this main object of his journey, our readers will probably be surprised to hear that doubts were soon raised of his having really reached the summit. Many orthodox Armenians had expressed their doubt even before he left the country, and, it being afterwards publicly asserted by a man eminent in the scientific world that it was impossible, the Professor found it expedient to request that all persons in that country who had taken part in the expedition might be examined upon oath, and he has inserted their depositions at full length, entirely confirming his statements.

Besides the account of the ascent of Ararat, to which, as being the most important, we have confined our remarks and extracts, the work contains many interesting observations, especially on the geology of the country, illustrated by a map, and views of Mount Ararat, &c. The second part contains some scientific observations, measurements, &c. Among these papers there is one "On the Difference of Elevation between the Euxine and the Caspian, and the Connection that may have formerly existed between those two Seas," from which, as the point has been considered by geologists as highly important, we extract a few particulars:—

"Since the publication of the result of the barometrical measurement, which I undertook in the year 1811, with M. Engelhardt, on the north side of the Caucasus, between those two seas, it has been pretty generally taken for granted that the level of the Caspian is 300 Paris feet lower than that of the Euxine. But the more interesting this result has become to the science of physical geography, and the more attention and confidence have been given to it by naturalists, the more important has every experiment become to us, the original authors, which seems either to confirm or to contradict this result."

The professor, having observed that some facts which he details had excited in his mind doubts of the correctness of his former conclusions, thus proceeds:—

"I hoped that my journey to Mount Ararat would afford me a fit opportunity for solving those doubts, by means of a barometrical survey

through the steppe north of the Caucasus, along the banks of the river Manetsch, where the two seas are only between 500 and 600 wersts apart. I was assisted in my operation by Mr. Behagel."

Mr. Parrot details very minutely his proceedings on this occasion. He was not able to go the whole way to the Caspian, but he travelled more than half the way, and found his doubts much strengthened. He was therefore very desirous of visiting the country on his return from Mount Ararat. The season was unfavourable; but he obtained a great deal of interesting information, and surveyed a great extent of country, all the particulars of which he gives, and states the result, which we add in his own words:—

"I cannot place less confidence in our measurements than in the survey of 1811, and must therefore consider the position which I formerly laid down, viz. that the Caspian is about 300 feet lower than the Euxine, to be disproved, however flattering it might have been to me to be able to do the contrary. But what higher object can the naturalist, as such, aim at than truth? and what more important duty can he have with respect to the learned world, whose confidence and approbation he desires?"

In an Appendix Mr. Parrot informs us, that, after the Essay on the comparative height of the Caspian and Euxine was printed, he had received a letter from Baron Alexander von Humboldt; in which, considering several new facts and arguments on both sides of the question, he expresses a wish to see the matter more thoroughly examined in a future treatise. Baron Von Humboldt himself, in his journey through Southern Russia to the Caspian, made numerous barometrical observations, with his learned fellow-travellers, Messrs. Rose and Ehrenberg, which, at least, do not indicate a lower elevation of the Caspian than the sea. These doubts are strongly confirmed by the results of the observations of other scientific travellers in those countries. But, notwithstanding these reasons, Mr. von Humboldt, considering the rigorous accuracy which is now justly demanded in such matters, thinks that the result of the survey of 1811, which makes the Caspian 300 feet below the Euxine, ought not to be rejected, till another can be opposed to it which has higher claims to confidence. He therefore thinks it necessary, if the new survey is to be opposed to that of 1811, that the Professor shall enter more fully into details, to show the value of the new operations compared with the former. Mr. Parrot enters into various reflections on the subject, and in the end is induced to infer "that, in the operations of the year 1811, there may have been some defect in one of the two barometers; and, the measurement being also in the open air, at the mean temperature of 16° Reaumur, on our

journey out, and of 5° Reaumur on our return; if the second barometer,—that is, mine,—had a small portion of air in it, it must on the way out have been too low, and on the return too high, (and of this no notice was taken in the calculations); and the termination of the first survey, being the Caspian, would appear too low, and that of the second, being the Black Sea, too high. Three hundred feet divided among fifty stations requires only a constant error of $\frac{8}{100}$ of a line; and this might occur if the second barometer had a portion of air in it, which at one time was 5° R. above, and at another 5° R. below, the temperature which was fixed upon as the mean difference of the two barometers." Mr. Parrot is positively certain that there was no such defect in the barometers employed in his operations in 1830.

We might have extended our remarks by comparing Professor Parrot's observations with the works of Chardin, Tournefort, Morier, Ker Porter, Kotzebue, Sir William Ouseley, and others; but as none of these ascended, nor, except Tournefort, made any serious attempt to ascend, the mountain, they can convey no information on the point to which we have confined ourselves. We must add, to the honour of the Emperor Nicholas, that, on the return of the travellers, he ordered the whole of their expenses to be repaid, conferred on Professor Parrot the order of St. Anne, and gave to Mr. Federow the fine theodolite which he had used in his surveys, with a sum of money, and a diamond ring to the Jäger, whose zeal and activity had been of the greatest service.

We have lately received an account of an ascent of Mount Ararat in the middle of August, 1834, accomplished by a Mr. Antonomoff, a young man holding an office in Armenia, who was induced to make the attempt partly to satisfy his own curiosity, and partly out of regard for the reputation of Professor Parrot; whose having actually reached the summit of the mountain is still obstinately denied, particularly by the inmates of the convent, who fancy that the truth would lower the opinion of the people with regard to the sanctity of their mountain. Mr. Antonomoff succeeded in reaching the summit; the large cross set up by Mr. Parrot was nearly covered with snow; the smaller cross planted on the summit was not to be found, and was probably buried in the snow. One of his guides, who had also accompanied Mr. Parrot, showed him the spot where it had been set up. He asked some persons to look while he was at the top, and try if they could see him. On his coming down, however, nobody would admit having seen him there; they all affirmed that to reach the summit was impossible; and though he and his guides agreed, the magistrates of the village refused not only to give him a certificate of his having ascended the mountain, but even of his guides having declared that he had done so.

ART. IV.—*Johann Keppler's Leben und Wirken, nach neuerlich aufgefundenen Manuscripten bearbeitet* von G. L. C. Freiherrn v. Breitschwert. (The Life and Labours of John Keppler, written from recently discovered Manuscripts by Baron von Breitschwert.) Stuttgart. Small 8vo.

THE author of this little work thus commences his preface:—

"Great men are in general not comprehended by their contemporaries, over whom they tower too much; nay, they are often persecuted on account of the prejudices which they trample down in their progress. It is a late posterity, which, finding what the great man discovered to be the truth, and enjoying the fruit of his toil, pays him the thanks due to his deserts."

To these just and sensible observations, few, we should suppose, will refuse their assent, and perhaps there is nothing more consolatory to genius, nothing which more fully enables it to bear up against the scoffs and scorn, the opposition or the persecution, which it may encounter in its day, than the certainty that a posterity, even though a late one, will arise, which will be just, which will recognize desert, and award to it its becoming meed of fame. Every day we see examples of this tardy justice, and the words of the indignant satirist—

> "See nations slowly rise, and, meanly just,
> To buried merit raise the tardy bust!"

prove, without his designing it, that justice, here as elsewhere, though it may be slow, is sure. Another poet says,—

> "What's fame! a fancied life in other's breath,
> A thing beyond us, e'en before our death:
> Just what you hear you have, and what's unknown,
> The same, my friend, if Tully's or your own."

Enduring fame, then, it seems, in his eyes, is nothing; and the man who misses it in his lifetime never obtains it. Nothing can be more disheartening, but, fortunately, nothing is more untrue than this view of the case. Fame, though it may not yet have evinced its existence by outward acts, has begun to exist as soon as the actions which merit it have been performed; and the statesman, the philosopher, the historian, the poet, may enter at once into the enjoyment of it. Though the voice of enmity, jealousy, and opposition be loud and overwhelming at the present, he is in his retirement cheered by the tone of the still small voice which comes out of futurity, assuring him that the storm will pass away, and the sun shine forth which will call his good deeds into new life; in idea he hears his name pronounced with favour and approbation by generations yet unborn; and this enjoyment of fu-

ture fame, though not of so tumultuous a nature, is as real as that of fame actual and present. Were this not so, should we find so many instances of men resigning pleasures, profits, and honours in pursuit of what the poet regards as a mere phantom? But they are impelled by an instinct, "that noblest instinct, love of lasting fame;" and if their deeds merit immortality, of a surety immortality will be theirs.

These reflections rose so naturally in our mind after perusing this life of John Keppler,* that we could not refrain from giving utterance to them; for here we have an instance of a fame growing brighter and brighter with each succeeding age, and of a man consoling himself in poverty and persecution with the consciousness of a sincere love of the truth, and with the firm conviction that his merits would be one time acknowledged.

How little do we in general know of the great John Keppler! We are doubtless aware that he was the discoverer of the law which regulates the motion of the planets round the sun, and of their orbits being ellipses; that he was astronomer to the emperor of Germany, and compiled from the observations of Tycho Brahe, the celebrated Rudolphine Tables: but who knows with any degree of accuracy the progress of his intellectual powers, the public and domestic difficulties that he had to struggle against; who knows that he was persecuted by both Protestants and Catholics on account of the purity and elevation of his ideas on religion; that in his capacity of astronomer royal he had to submit to the drudgery of calculating nativities and announcing what comets portended, though he clearly saw the vanity of the astrologic art; and finally, how many are aware that, in the midst of his sublimest contemplations, he had to devote a large portion of his time and labour to the defence of his aged mother against a charge of witchcraft?

Without knowing these things, we never shall sufficiently understand and admire the character of this great man, and many of them have been first set in a broad light in the volume before us. The author, the Baron von Breitschwert, happened, in his capacity of examiner of the records at Würtemberg, to find, in a bundle of papers containing the proceedings against Keppler's mother, a number of his letters to his friend Mästlin, professor of mathematics at Tübingen, and a few to the Duke of Würtemberg himself. He conceived the design of doing a tardy justice to the memory of his great compatriot, and, as he expresses himself, "by fusing the new which has been discovered with what was already known,

* So he spelt the name himself. In Latin he styled himself Keplerus, as that language does not admit of the *pp* followed by a consonant.

to give a new and more complete image of this great man, as far as possible, with his own words." The printed works to which he had recourse are, we may observe, most of them scarce, and certainly can be known to but a very small portion of his readers. He therefore may justly claim the praise of being the first to present John Keppler, as he was, to the world.*

Keppler was born, in the year 1571, at a little village named Magstatt, about three miles from the town of Weil, in Würtemberg. His father, Heinrich Keppler, was the son of the burgomaster of Weil; his mother, Catherine, was the daughter of an innkeeper of the village of Elringen, in the same neighbourhood. She brought her husband a fortune of 3,000 gulden, which was treble what *he* was able to contribute to the *ménage*. She was thoroughly illiterate, and her temper was by no means particularly amiable, which was probably the reason that, soon after the birth of her first child, her husband left her, enlisted in the troops which were being raised in Würtemberg for the army of the Duke of Alba in the Netherlands, and though a Protestant, fought against his brethren in the faith—a circumstance, however, by no means uncommon in those days. Catherine soon followed him, leaving her child to the care of her parents, and in 1575 they both came back again. Heedless of King Solomon's warning, Heinrich entered into suretyship, and lost nearly all he had. He then rented an inn somewhere in Baden; but either not finding this to answer, or finding his wife's tongue not endurable, he went a-soldiering once more in the Austrian service, when he fought a more legitimate fight than heretofore, namely, against the Turks, and probably fell in battle, as he was never heard of more.

The children of this ill-matched pair were four in number, John, Christopher, Henry, and a daughter, named Margaret. John, who was the eldest, was a seven months' child, and, probably, in consequence of this, was always small and meagre of person. His temper united firmness and gentleness, and a strong affection always subsisted between him and his sister, who appears to have possessed similar estimable qualities. His imagination was strong and his judgment acute—his heart was, as we shall see, affectionate—and his temper at all times cheerful. The qualities of his mind fitted him for the high destination of extending the bounds of human knowledge—those of his heart won him the affection and regard of all who had intercourse with him.

To finish the family portraits, we will just inform our readers

* There is a Life of Keppler in the Library of Useful Knowledge; but it has the usual fault of mixing up an account of his discoveries with that of his life, and is therefore unattractive to ordinary readers. The points, moreover, to which we shall chiefly call the reader's attention, are in it passed over in total silence.

that Christopher, after having learned the mystery of tin-founding, went a-soldiering for a time like his father, then came back, settled at Leonberg, worked at his trade, and at the same time performed the office of drill-serjeant in the local militia. The magistrates gave him the character of an excellent tin-founder and a good citizen. He was a rough rude tradesman, as full of ignorance and prejudice as any master of the craft of his day. As to Henry, he was still more rugged and unmanageable; he ran away from school, enlisted, turned Papist, rose to the rank of serjeant in the imperial service, and came home at last, an invalid, with a whole pack of children at his heels. Such were the father and mother, brothers and sister, of the illustrious John Keppler. Somehow or another, one feels no small degree of pleasure in finding out little particulars of this kind concerning great men. They bring them at once down amongst us, and show that they were veritably of the same flesh and blood with ourselves.

We will here advertise the reader, that as it is the man John Keppler, and not the philosopher, whom we intend to make known to him, we feel ourselves relieved from the trammels of dignified language and philosophic profundity. We write for the many, not for the Herschells, Whewells, and Airies; and, if we know anything of the many, they would rather have anecdotes and incidents than all the philosophy in the world, and if the style be somewhat familiar, they will esteem it no offence.

John Keppler was put to school first at Elmundingen and then at Leonberg; but he was constantly taken away from it to be employed in rustic avocations, driving the plough or tending the cattle we may suppose, for our author does not descend to particulars. His bodily strength not proving adequate to the toils of the field, and his progress in learning being rapid, it was resolved to breed him up to the church, just as a Scotch peasant, when heaven sends him a child of the sort, determines to make a *dominie* of him. Accordingly, having gotten the necessary preliminary instruction at a couple of inferior theological academies, he was, in the year 1589, presented for admission in the theological class at the University of Tübingen, and he obtained the second place out of twenty-five. We may here observe that instruction was given *gratis*, at least in theology, at Tübingen, which now stood high in fame among the Lutheran universities; for here were some of the most able and active champions of the Lutheran doctrine of the omnipresence of the body of Christ, in the celebrated sacramental controversy. Here, for example, was the chancellor, Jac. Andreæ, who had disputed for six entire days against the Calvinists at Maulbronn, without either party, as we are assured, getting a hair's-breadth nearer to the other. Whereupon, some time after,

said the Calvinist Elector Palatine to the Lutheran Duke of Würtemberg, not unwisely, "Were it not for the pride of the theologians, we might have come to as godly an agreement about the chief article of the Christian doctrine as at Kilsbach, where there was no theologian present." Here, too, was Jacob Heubrand, a first-rate hair-splitter on this delicate point—a clever, sensible man, however, in other matters, for, in one of his sermons, directed against those who said that high-schools were of no use, he thus expressed himself:—

"Such thoughts come from the suggestion of Satan himself, who is an enemy to schools. If there were no high-schools, the stronger would put the weaker in a sack, and there would be no end of this till people ate one another up. Head-law, and not fist-law, must govern the world; but then men of learning do not grow on the trees, so that one has only to shake them down, and, with reverence be it spoken, put a pair of boots below for them to fall into."

We will not follow our author through his review of the luminaries who shed their light on Tübingen at the time when he, who was to be the brightest star of his country, first made his appearance at it. One, however, must not be passed over in silence—this was Michael Mästlin, the professor of mathematics, Keppler's instructor and future friend. Mästlin, though obliged to teach the Ptolemaic astronomy, did not conceal from his pupils the systems of Tycho and Copernicus, which last he himself regarded as the truth, and to which, our author assures us, he was the means of converting the great Galileo, in a journey which he made to Italy. It is pleasing to see the proofs of the mutual esteem and affection which at all times subsisted between the master and pupil. When, long after Keppler had quitted Tübingen, Mästlin highly commended one of his works, he wrote to him:

"Dearest master, thou art the spring-head of the stream which fructifies my fields."—"If one day teaches the other," replied Mästlin, "why should not we elders praise the works of our juniors, as we wish to be esteemed by them. It is by the descendants, and not by the ancestors, that arts and sciences rise to their summit."

Keppler, who was destined to be a priest in the temple of nature, soon found that there was no place for him in the church of Würtemburg. He would think for himself. "I honour," said he, "in the three professions of Christianity what I find in them agreeing with the word of God; but I protest as well against *new doctrines* as against *old heresies*." Unfortunately, many of the points on which theologians lay great stress are anything but matters of strict demonstration, and those who will think for themselves may not be so lucky as to find the evidence on which they

rest perfectly convincing. So it was with Keppler; he stumbled at the omnipresence of Christ's body, the doctrine in highest favour then at Tübingen. He wrote a Latin poem against it, and also a treatise, and the consequence was, that, when he had completed his studies, he got for a *testimonium* that he had distinguished himself by his oratorical talents, but was considered unfit to be a fellow-labourer in the church of Würtemberg.

Let us hear Keppler's sentiments in his own words in a letter to one of the professors, the mild and amiable Hafenreffer.

"My determination is to follow no human guide but only the Holy Scriptures, to weigh well the connection of every passage, to develop its meaning from what precedes and follows, to compare several passages of the same apostle with one another, then with passages of another apostle, finally with the words of Christ himself. I feel the power of antiquity within my bosom. You are wrong in suspecting me of Calvinism. I would do nothing to justify Calvin, who is a modern, if antiquity did not convince me of it. But antiquity convinces me, when ye are doubtful whether this or that father has erred or not in this or that place, when ye take from his words their usual meaning, when ye set nothing against the sense which is favourable to the Jesuits and Calvinists, but that inference, invented by Luther, and farther embellished by Jacob Andreæ and others, from God's omnipresence and union with the flesh of the omnipresence of Christ's body. The pride of man is such that no one will confess that he has erred, still less when he has for a pretext the defence of the honour of a place, an order, a book, a prince. What stands more in the way of the Romish see than that this see will have the appearance of infallibility? But this one word of Paul takes from me all these delusions—'Every work shall be made manifest, and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.'"

Again, he writes to the mayor of Baden:

"The evil which oppresses Germany arises chiefly from the pride of some divines, who would rather rule than teach. Certain doctors, who have been called to the office of teaching, wishing to be bishops, seek in their untimely zeal to turn everything upside down, and mislead their princes to overhasty steps. The spirit of unity and mutual love is wanting."

To John Pistorius, a prelate who had gone over to the church of Rome, and who wrote to him, telling him he was dangerously ill, and talking of the vanities of this world, Keppler in his answer says,—

"You will bear me witness, on that great day, that I never had any personal hatred against the pope and the priests, but only zeal for God and his institutions, while I remain in that freedom in which God caused me to be born. Among the vanities of this world I reckon the spirit of persecution which prevails in every religious party—the idea that each

of them has, that their cause is the cause of God—they alone possess a right to happiness—the presumption of the theologians that they have the right to interpret Scripture, and that one must blindly believe them even when their interpretations run contrary to reason—finally, the temerity with which they damn all those who make use of their evangelic liberty."

"You know nothing about theology—I will not enter into these matters with you," was the reply of Pistorius.

"I have read your Ephemerides—I see into your pure soul—I know from what sentiments it flows when you laugh at the janglings and the smoke which the theologians make, but others judge not so. They abuse you as a self-seeker, a hypocrite, a heretic, and an atheist," wrote Schellenberg to him one time from Tübingen.

Such then were the rational and enlightened views of Keppler on the subject of religion in the sixteenth century, and in the twenty-second year of his age. Throughout life he held and expressed the same sentiments; his piety and his charity never failed; through nature he looked up to nature's God, and Christianity may number him among the best and the sincerest of her members.

All chances of an establishment in the church being over, Keppler was glad to accept an invitation from the states of Styria to become teacher of mathematics and ethics at the Gymnasium of Grätz. For the Archduke Charles of Austria, whose patrimony Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola were, having given liberty of conscience to his dynasts and knights, the consequence was that the greater part of them were become Lutherans, and they usually applied to Würtemberg for pastors and teachers. Keppler exercised no choice in the matter.

"A hidden destiny," says he, "impels one man to this, another to that calling, that they may be convinced that they are under the guidance of Divine Providence. When I was old enough to taste the sweets of philosophy, I embraced all parts of it with great avidity, without applying myself particularly to astronomy. Brought up at the expense of the Duke of Würtemberg, I had resolved to go whithersoever I should be sent, whilst others hesitated out of love for home. An astronomical place first offered itself, into which I was, as one may say, thrust through the high character of my instructors. It was not the distance of the place that terrified me, but the unexpected nature of the invitation, and my little knowledge of this branch of philosophy. I went furnished rather with capabilities for than with a knowledge of this science, and only under the express condition that I did not renounce my right to another course of life which might appear to me more brilliant."

Keppler, observe, was not two-and-twenty years of age when

he went to Grätz, and he had no patrimony and few prospects. How strong must have been his secret anticipation of future fame!

At Grätz Keppler had to act both as astronomer and astrologer. Of this last occupation we will say nothing at present, as we may soon have occasion to speak more fully of it; as astronomer his first task was the drawing up of the Styrian calendar for the year 1594. As luck would have it, this only served to add fuel to the flames of the wrath of the Würtemberg divines, for the Gregorian reformed calendar was in use in Styria, and that was the work of a pope, and never since the world was created was the *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes* in fuller operation than at this very time. Keppler, who, as we have seen, had no antipathy to popes as such, and was willing to take the good without asking whence it came, gladly employed the better measure of time. Not so the sages of Tübingen: and it is really worth while to read their sentiments on this matter. The academic senate thus addressed Duke Louis in the year 1583.

"A Christian, sensible, and good-hearted governor knows, that, in reformations of this kind, he should take counsel of the ministers of the church. As long as the kings of Judah followed the counsel of the prophets and other highly enlightened ministers of the church, they ruled laudably and well-pleasing unto God. It is only when the temporal power is in a member of the true church of God that it has authority, with the counsel of the ministers of the church, to change the outward ceremonies of the church."

"As the emperor holds the pope to be the vicar of Christ on earth, it is not to be wondered at that he has introduced his calendar into his hereditary dominions, and sent it to the estates of the Roman empire. Julius Cæsar had not members of his empire who were lords and rulers themselves, like the estates of the present Roman empire. The imperial majesty knows how to recollect itself, and, in its letter to the estates, merely gives them to understand that their accommodating themselves to this work will give the highest satisfaction. But the new calendar has manifestly been devised for the furtherance of the idolatrous popish system, and we justly hold the pope to be a *cruel, devouring bear-wolf*.* If we adopt his calendar, we must go into the church when he rings for us. Shall we have fellowship with Antichrist?—and what concord is there between Christ and Belial? Should he succeed, through the imperial authority, in fastening his calendar about our necks, he would bring the cord in such a way about our horns that we could no longer defend ourselves against his tyranny in the church of God. The pope hereby grasps also at the electoral hats of the princes of the empire. If the new calendar be not generally adopted, the world will not go to

* *Bär-wolf*, perhaps it should be *wär-wolf*, the war-wolf or man-wolf of popular superstition.

ruin on that account. Summer will not come sooner or later if the vernal equinox should be set a few days farther back or forward in the calendar; no peasant will be so simple as, on account of the calendar, to send out his reapers at Whitsuntide, or the gatherers into his vineyard at St. James's Day. These are merely the pretexts of people who stroke the fox-tail of the pope, and would not be thought to do so. Satan is driven out of the Christian church; we will not let him slip in again through his representative, the pope."

Poor Mästlin, *nolens volens*, had to write against the Gregorian calendar, but he had the fate of his predecessor, Apian, before his eyes, who, because he would not without any reservation fall down and worship the image which the Würtemberg theologians had set up, was turned out of his situation and left to starve. Keppler himself, by the way, was indebted to the Catholics alone for the means of living. Mästlin, like a lawyer, wrote with great apparent bitterness against some trifling defects in the Gregorian calendar. Keppler, who knew why he had done so, wrote to him as follows:

"What is the one half of Germany at? How long will it remain separate from the other half of the empire, and from the whole continent of Europe? For these 150 years astronomy has been calling for the improvement of the calendar. Shall we forbid it? How long shall we wait? Mayhap till a *Deus ex machina* enlightens the evangelic rulers. Various amendments have been proposed, still that which the pope has introduced is the best. But, even if one should discover a better, it cannot be brought into use without causing some disorder after this has once been in operation. It is sufficient for the next centuries; we will not make ourselves uneasy about the more distant ones. Uniformity in the computation of time is one of the ornaments of the political state. I think we have proved sufficiently to the pope that we can keep to the old time for our festivals; it were time now to correct what he has corrected. We shall not always enjoy the mildness and lenity of an emperor Rudolf. The evangelic princes inquire of their mathematicians; the emperor puts forth a merely political edict; so it is not the pope's bull, but the advice of his mathematicians which he sanctions. It is a disgrace for Germany to be alone without that correction which the sciences desire."

Long enough, however, was it before common sense could assert its rights in Germany; and even in our own country this paltry, contemptible prejudice continued to exercise dominion till the middle of the eighteenth century. Making every allowance for the times, the state of opinion, and other circumstances, it is impossible to view these Würtemburg popes with any feeling but that of aversion and disgust. They ejected Apian to die of want; they, as far as in them lay, destroyed the prospects of Keppler for life; and all because they would not yield implicit faith to their *transubstantiation*, for surely it was nothing better; at the time

that they denounced the adoption of a correction of the calendar because it came from Rome. One might be almost ill-natured enough to say, that their real apprehension was, that they should lose their power if they suffered men to think for themselves on any subject. One of the happiest circumstances of the present times is this, that the Protestant clergy throughout Europe have seen their proper sphere, and have ceased to arrogate to themselves authority in matters that do not concern them.

Keppler was soon to give the theologians more matter to cogitate on, by the additional proofs which he began to bring forward of the truth of that heresy, the Copernican system of the world. Having discovered some remarkable analogies between the five regular bodies which may be inscribed in a sphere and the spaces between the planets, he laid his discovery, under the title of Prodromus, before the senate of the University of Tübingen. Mästlin was directed to examine and report on it. His words were—

"The matter is so new that it has never yet come into the mind of any one, and so ingeniously developed that it is well deserving of being made known to the learned. Who ever yet conceived the thought, or ventured to attempt to prove *à priori* the number, the order, and the magnitude of the celestial spheres, and to draw forth the cause as it were from the secret counsels of God? This has Keppler undertaken, and happily accomplished. He is the first who has conceived that the distances of the planets from each other are determined by the five regular bodies. By this all appears in such suitable order and perfect connection, that the smallest alteration could not be made without causing the downfall of the whole. Keppler has shown himself to be one of the most learned and acute of men."

Differ and damn one another as the Popish and Protestant churches might on other points, they were agreed on that of regarding the Bible as a system of physics, in whose correctness all were bound to acquiesce. The Bible said that the sun stood still; and Copernicus, and now Keppler, said that it moved. The senate would, therefore, in all probability, have made short work with the Prodromus, had not Keppler prudently secured beforehand the prince's favour. They therefore contented themselves with making Hafenreffer write to warn him.

"God forbid," said he, "that you should endeavour to bring your hypothesis openly into argument with the Holy Scripture. I require of you to treat the subject merely as a mathematician, and to leave the peace of the church undisturbed. But whither is my pen, or rather my brotherly love to you, leading me?"

These were surely hard times, when even physical truths could not be announced without peril. Yet, even as a theologian, how

high was Keppler elevated above the doctors at Tübingen, and how they must have stared at such language as this in his reply!

"The Bible speaks to men of things belonging to human life as men are used to speak of them. It is no manual of optics or of astronomy, it has a higher object in view. It is a culpable misuse of it to seek in it for answers on worldly things. Joshua wished for the day to be lengthened. God hearkened to his wish—How? This is not to be inquired after here."

To Mästlin he wrote—

"What is to be done? I think we should imitate the Pythagoreans, communicate our discoveries *privatim*, and be silent in public, that we may not die of hunger. I will make you no enemies on my account. The guardians of the Holy Scriptures make an elephant of a gnat. To avoid the hatred against novelty, I represented my discovery to the rector of the university as a thing already observed by the ancients; but he made its antiquity a greater charge against it than he could have made of its novelty."

It may be asked how it fared with Copernicus, who was a canon of the Church of Frauenburg, in East Prussia? Copernicus then dedicated his work to Pope Paul III., and he, luckily perhaps for himself, died in 1543, the very year he gave it to the light. But it was soon assailed on all hands by astronomers, philosophers and theologians. Even Bacon pronounced, that "though Copernicus' opinion of the system of the earth cannot be refuted on astronomical principles, on the principles of natural philosophy, rightly laid down, it can;" and in 1616 a decree of the sacred college at Rome suspended it till it should be cleared from heresies. Keppler's work, however, was printed at Tübingen in 1596, with a preface and an appendix from the pen of Mästlin, who congratulated the age on the work and the author, and in the spirit of prophecy expressed his conviction that they should soon see the whole system of astronomy unfolded.

The following passage from it will show the elevation of Keppler's mind:—

"As men enjoy dainties at the dessert, so do wise souls gain a taste for heavenly things when they ascend from their college to the universe and there look around them. He who has discerned the frailty of human affairs will aspire heavenward from earth.

Happy! to whom this first was given to see,
O happy souls! who did to heaven ascend!

He will begin to set less value on what once appeared to him the most excellent. He will esteem God's works above all things, and in the contemplation of them he will find a pure enjoyment. Great Artist of the world! I look with wonder on the works of thy hands, constructed

after five regular forms, and in the midst the sun, the dispenser of light and life. I see the moon and stars, strewn over the infinite field of space. Father of the world! what moved thee thus to exalt a poor, weak, little creature of earth so high that he stands in light a far-ruling king, almost a God, for he thinks thy thoughts after thee!"

A passage more sublime than this is not perhaps to be found in the whole compass of philosophic literature! But Keppler's soul was filled with harmony, and his spirit rejoiced in pious meditation; and if there be any thing that has the power of raising the soul from earth to heaven, causing it to cast away every low and trivial thought, and feel itself now an atom, now a God, it is the contemplation of the celestial bodies as they glide through the regions of eternal space in obedience to the laws of unerring wisdom.

Keppler sent copies of his work to all the great philosophers of the time. The answers which he received were most flattering, particularly that of Galileo. "I congratulate myself," said the great Florentine, "in having found in you an associate in the search after truth, a friend of that truth to which I am attached. Though Copernicus has acquired everlasting fame, yet he appears nought to an infinite crowd—so great is the number of the ignorant." He requested some more copies, and continued through life in intimate relation with the German astronomer. We mention this, as it has been asserted that Galileo thought lightly of him.

Tycho Brahe also praised the work, and expressed his wish that Keppler would join him at Prague, whither he was about to remove, and making use of his observations made during a course of thirty-five years, do for his system the same that he had done for that of Copernicus, from which it differed but little. Keppler wrote on the margin of Tycho's letter, "Every one loves himself;" but the hopes of having the use of Tycho's superior instruments was a strong inducement, as his own were indeed but very indifferent. What would the Troughtons and Dollonds say to the following description given by him to a person who inquired what instruments he used?

"They are out of the same workshop from which the huts of our first parents came. I am content with a very simple instrument, which does not err more than half a degree either way, and even if I were not content with it, I must still do without a more choice one. I will describe it. Ye friends who may see it do not laugh. As I had no other materials than wood, and all kinds of wood swell, I prepared an instrument whose sides must be kept in equal condition by their length, that is to say, a right-angled triangle of 6, 8, and 10 feet. I hung this triangle up by its right angle, and let fall from it a thread with a plum-

met (*perpendikel*), divided the 10-foot side into the smallest parts, and stuck small quills (*pinnulæ*) in one of the sides about the right-angle. I let the triangle hang freely by the cord by which it is suspended, and by a small weight keep it steady till the star is seen through the holes of the quills (*pinnulæ foramina*). This is my whole apparatus. I can easily wish for more accurate instruments, but I know not how and by what means they are to be got. With the aid of a mason and a Praxiteles, I could construct exceedingly neat and useful ones. For observing the sun, one cannot wish for any thing better than an aperture in the top of a tower and a shadowed place beneath it; for when the round sun-beam falls obliquely on a plane it forms an ellipse, from whose long and short diameters I will deduce more than with the aid of all the quadrants, astrolabes, &c. in the world."

Such was Keppler's transit-instrument. "Three pieces of wood set in a triangle," says a German writer, "were the magic instruments wherewith Keppler drew from the muse Urania secrets unknown to all antiquity, and on which the whole of modern astronomy rests." When we remind the reader that this apparatus was liable to be moved by every, even the smallest, breath of air, and that therefore operations had to be repeated over and over; that Keppler's sight was naturally weak; that there were no logarithms or calculus and little algebra in those days, must we not wonder at the genius, the skill, and the perseverance of him who founded the modern astronomy?

Keppler about this time paid his addresses to Barbara Müller, a lady of one of the noble Protestant families in Styria. She was handsome and young, (only twenty-three,) though Keppler was her third husband; the first had died early, and she had divorced the second. To obtain her hand, he had to prove his nobility, and as it took some time to procure the necessary documents, the lady was very near changing her mind. Marry, however, they did; and, what with her own fortune and what she expected from her parents, our astronomer reckoned that he should be able to live at his ease, devoted solely to his studies.

But Keppler, like so many others, reckoned without his host. Ferdinand, Duke of Styria, who had been a minor, was now of age, and was about to take the reins into his own hands. His mother had had him brought up at Ingoldstadt, by the Jesuits, in all the charity and tolerance which distinguished those champions of popery; and the hopeful prince had just concluded a pilgrimage to Loretto, in which he had sworn to the Virgin Mary that he would be her generalissimo, and pluck heresy by the roots out of his hereditary dominions. The Protestants meanwhile, as Keppler tells us, and as to do them justice they were but too apt to do, irritated the Papists by invectives from the pulpit, and by prints ridiculing the pope. Ferdinand, declaring that the peace

had been broken on their side, ordered them to abandon their teachers within fourteen days, and this was succeeded by an order, on the 17th September, to quit the town where they were before sun-set. By the advice of their chiefs, the Protestants retired to the frontiers of Hungary and Croatia. In the course of a month, Keppler, whom the duke's ministry, Jesuits by the way, esteemed and admired, received orders to return. But his situation was unpleasant, as appears from his letter to Mästlin, in the following August.

"I am subject to so many hardships here that I must think of a change of place; I cannot devote myself to the service of the Church, for with my sentiments I could not suffer any greater pain than that of being obliged to take part in the disputes of theologians. I believe I am not unworthy of a place in the faculty of philosophy, but it appears that I have enemies who oppose me. The citizens here are accused of high treason, that there may be a pretext for robbing them. Whoever reads Luther's Bible is guilty of treason and loses his goods. My salary is paid me more out of pity than from any good that is expected from me. Should I have any chance of a situation if I were to go to Tübingen?"

Three months later he wrote to him again:

"I am grieved beyond measure at not getting an answer from you. Gabelkofer, whom the states sent to Prague, has been put to the torture, the secretary of the states has been thrown into prison, the temples which were built a few years ago have been pulled down, the citizens fallen on by armed men. I seek refuge in your counsel."

Would it be believed that the state of their illustrious countryman, suffering for his faith, had no effect on the theologians of Tübingen, nay, that their bitterness was such that Mästlin had not the heart to inform his friend of it? But such they were: no merit could efface the denial of the omnipresence of Christ's body. On the other hand, we have an instance here how historic truth is frequently suppressed. No one knew that the Protestants of Styria had been persecuted; Schiller says, that Ferdinand suppressed the Protestant worship in that country "without noise, nay, one may say, without cruelty." These newly-discovered letters of Keppler, we apprehend, tell a very different story, and of their truth there can be no doubt.

The Jesuits who were about Ferdinand were exceedingly anxious to win such a man as Keppler over to the Church of Rome. The Holy See had given them permission to authorize eminent persons to live in the open profession of heresy, provided they were secretly reconciled to the Church; and they thought, by taking advantage of Keppler's enthusiasm for astronomy, and holding forth a prospect of his being enabled to devote his whole

time to it, to induce him to abandon his faith. But Keppler's faith hung not so loosely about him; it was a portion of his very being; to renounce it was beyond his power. No hopes appearing of his becoming a convert, he was ordered to let or sell his property, and to quit the country within forty-five days. He let his lands at, of course, a very low rent, a tenth of which was demanded by the government, and removed from Styria.

Heaven seemed disposed to reward him for thus suffering for conscience sake. Just at this time Tycho was come to Prague, and he represented to the Emperor Rudolf that the task which had been committed to him of improving Copernicus's Astronomical Tables would be accomplished better and quicker if he were to invite Keppler to spend some years at the observatory. The emperor yielded a ready consent, and Keppler was soon at Prague, then the refuge of the sciences. But great as was the pleasure which the prospect of using Tycho's instruments gave him, it was sadly diminished by the view of the shattered finances and the astrological fancies of the generous well-meaning emperor, and the excessive pride of Tycho. Keppler thus wrote to Mästlin:

"I have found every thing uncertain here. Tycho is a man with whom no one can live without exposing himself to the greatest insults. The appointments are brilliant, but one can hardly squeeze out one half of them. I am thinking of taking to medicine, perhaps then you would give me some small situation. I could never have believed that joy would increase in proportion as persecution augmented. Hence we may see how easy it is to die for religion; I mix the sweet with the bitter. A few months ago I wrote on the action of light; I also observed the last eclipse of the sun."

No answer came, and he was forced to submit to the haughtiness of Tycho, from whom he differed totally in his ideas of astronomy. He even had to receive his salary through him.

"I cannot express to thee how melancholy thy letter has made me," wrote he to Mästlin, who had written to say how little hopes there were at Tübingen for him, "I know not if I shall ever recover; they fear that my tertian may end in a consumption. My wife too is sick, and I feel as much for her as for myself. I stand in need of consolation. I earnestly pray thee if there should be any place vacant in your university to get it for me. Believe me, that several Styrian nobles would come to Tübingen if I were there. I cannot recollect what it was that induced me to write to thee some time ago what thou speakest of (*i. e.* his becoming a physician); I pray thee send me back that letter. Every observation made at the Imperial Observatory is a confutation of the Tychonic and a confirmation of the Copernican system. The more Tycho is annoyed at it, the more rejoiced am I; he thinks an error of a few minutes should be excused in his system."

It is almost amusing thus to observe the enthusiasm of science breaking out, and shame arising at the recollection of having in a moment of depression meditated an inglorious retreat. But Keppler's was no extraordinary case; and we fancy there is no man of a similar temperament devoted to literature or science, and unblessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods, who has not a hundred times in his life acted just as he did. To proceed, he and Tycho never could go on together, and Keppler's wife at last brought matters to an extremity. While her husband was away in Styria, looking after their property, this high-born dame, proud as the noble Dane himself, incensed at having to apply to him for money for her housekeeping, roused Keppler to write him a letter of reproach; but a friend interfered and Keppler apologised, and an apparent reconciliation was effected. Six months after, however, (October 24, 1601,) Tycho died, and Keppler was appointed his successor. He asked but 1500 gulden a year, though he had to pay his assistants, and Tycho had had 3000 gold gulden. Even this moderate sum he found it difficult to obtain.

"I stand whole days," says he, "in the ante-chamber, and am nought for study. I keep up my spirits, however, with the thought that I serve, not the emperor alone, but the whole human race; that I am labouring not merely for the present generation, but for posterity. If God stands by me and looks to the victuals, I hope to perform something yet."

This is the feeling, this the way of thinking, that enables a man to rise superior to all impediments, and opens to him the portals of the temple of everlasting fame. Never without it would Keppler have made his discoveries. He who has it not may be assured that his mind is not of the highest order.

It was now that Keppler really began to make discoveries. He selected the planet Mars as the chief object of his observation, and followed him through all parts of his orbit. He wished greatly to be enabled to compare Tycho's observations with his own; but Tycho's heirs refused to allow him, and on his applying to the emperor, they said that he only wanted them for the *useless speculations* in which he wasted the time that he should have devoted to improving the Astronomical Tables. The emperor was induced to direct Longomontanus, the astronomer, a pupil and follower of Tycho, to demand an account of what he had been doing for the last five years. No small portion of the insolence of office was exhibited by the commissioner, and his letter was conceived in the coarsest terms.

"I will answer you as a friend," was Keppler's reply. "I acknowledge that I have occupied myself for the last five years, more than the half of which, however, I was obliged to spend in solicitations at court,

chiefly with physical speculations. For I believe that astronomy and physics are so closely connected together, that the one cannot be perfected without the other. Hypotheses which are not founded in nature please me not. You call these speculations the dung-pits of Augeas. Fair words, doubtless! You make merry at my oval orbits of the planets. I can set against these certain notions of the ancients, which have been revived by Tycho, and which are a hundred times more absurd."

Keppler, however, triumphed; Tycho's papers were confided to him, and in 1609 appeared his Astronomia Nova, which contained his two great discoveries of the elliptic orbits of the planets, and of their describing in them equal spaces in equal times. The whole world was soon filled with his fame, and, as perhaps the highest honour, it may be mentioned, that Galileo gave lectures on Keppler's new astronomy at Pavia. The discoveries of Jupiter's satellites, the phases of Venus, and the ring of Saturn, by this great man, came in confirmation of the new astronomy, but he had even more wilful ignorance to contend with than Keppler, to whom he thus wrote:—

"Thou art almost the only person who gives full credit to my assertions. When I wanted to show the professors at the Gymnasium of Florence the four satellites of Jupiter with my telescope, they would not look at either them or the telescope; they shut their eyes against the light of truth. This sort of men think that we should not look for any truth in nature, but only in *the comparing of the text*—these are their words. Neither giants nor pygmies can fight against Jupiter. What is to be done? Shall we do like Democritus, or like Heraclitus? I think we should laugh at the uncommon stupidity of the rabble. How thou wouldst have laughed, if thou hadst heard how the first among them strove, in presence of the duke, to pull the new planets down from heaven, now with logical arguments, now with magical incantations."

Hard indeed was the struggle which true Philosophy had to make, not merely against absurd theology, but against that false science which had presumed to take her name, and to eject her from her lawful heritage.

We will now take a view of Keppler as an astrologer, for such of necessity was the astronomer-royal of those days. Here too his views were as sound as they were in theology. Even when he published his first Ephemerides at Grätz, he saw and expressed his conviction of the futility of that would-be science. In the letter that accompanied the copy which he sent to Professor Gerlach he wrote: "I know that you are engaged in matters of too much importance to have leisure to read *good-for-nothing conjectures*." It is curious enough too, that two of his conjectures in these very Ephemerides should turn out prophecies, viz. an insurrection of the peasantry in Austria, and a winter of ex-

treme severity. To awake in the mind of his readers a feeling of the beauty and majesty of nature was the object of most of his prognostications; to this he afterwards united an effort to give a correct mode of thinking on political and theological matters. When some one wrote to ask the meaning of a passage in his Ephemerides, he replied—

"I have purposely ascribed the meanest things to the fiery trigon in order to make people laugh, and to give wholesome admonitions which I dare not speak openly. In the passage which you ask about, I meant to say, so long as those who maintained freedom of conscience were closely united, they were powerful; but as soon as the fear of the Catholics ceased among them, they began to contend among themselves, and thus become more easy to overcome."

"Astrology is not worth spending one's time on, but people have a notion that it is requisite in a mathematician," is another of his expressions of contempt on this subject. But he was obliged to interpret for the emperor every appearance in the heavens, or he would have lost the use of the imperial observatory for his astronomy. This he gave the public very slily to understand in a work which he named *Tertius Interveniens*. "Ye overwise philosophers, ye censure this daughter of astronomy beyond her deserts. Know you not then that she must support her mother by her charms. How many would be in a condition to devote themselves to astronomy if men did not entertain hopes of reading the future in the heavens?" As in a conjectural art he who has most sense and knowledge will make the best guesses, we need not be surprised to find the reputation of the court-astrologer eclipsing that of every brother of the art in public estimation, and whenever any thing extraordinary appeared in the sky there was no contenting the people till he had given judgment on it. He was tormented too with applications to cast nativities; even Mästlin sent him the horoscope of his new-born daughter, and Prince Julius of Medici, who, when he was at Vienna, procured him the payment of his arrears of salary, requested a similar favour of him. These were applications to which he could not refuse attention, so he treated the matter in as light and jocular a manner as he could. In other cases he gave a positive refusal.

"I pray you, my friends," said he, "condemn me not to calculations, but give me time for philosophical speculations, my only delight. Every one has his hobby; one is pleased with astrology, another with the astronomical tables, I with the harmony in the motions of the celestial bodies, this ornament of astronomy."

Keppler had in fact a kind of astrology of his own. He was

enchanted with his idea of the harmony of the spheres, and he compared their motions, now as conjunctions, now as oppositions, around their common centre, the sun, to the consonance and dissonance of musical tones; so that, as harmony is pleasing, discord unpleasing to the ear, the celestial aspects were beneficent or injurious to the earth and to men according as they were harmonious or the reverse. But he rejected all particular influences.

"You err with a great number of learned men," wrote he to a friend, "when you suppose that the course of events flows from heaven. It sends us nothing but light. If its configuration be harmonious, a fair form of mind is the result, and this builds itself a fair dwelling. Meantime strong is born of strong, and good of good. The individual events are in the hand of God, and under the power of the guardian spirit with his permission. If the mind is ill-prepared we must endeavour to improve it.

"Harmony is perfection of the relations. The Infinite alone perceives the harmony of the spheres in its full extent; the earth has only a feeble after-feeling of it. This after-feeling animates the soul of the earth, and makes men fitter for thinking and acting. The clearness of the weather proceeds from the repose of the subterranean ruler. It is his business to set the sweat of the earth in motion that rain may fructify our fields. He is excited to this work by the aspects, the celestial music; should he not labour, the heaven then pipes to rouse him."

Here we have another of Keppler's notions, rank heresy in those days,—accordant, says our author, if properly understood and stript of the language of figure, with the geologic systems of the present day; for Keppler expressly denied a mind and intelligence to his soul of the earth, and it thus pretty nearly corresponds with the internal power which produces the phenomena of earthquakes, volcanoes, and suchlike agitations of nature.

When the Emperor Rudolph was obliged to resign his crown to his brother Matthias, and all abandoned him, Keppler was faithful and remained with him till his death; and, though he was continued in his office of court-astronomer, he had the magnanimity, when the long-expected Tables appeared at last in 1627, to call them the Rudolphine Tables, instead of seeking the favour of the reigning emperor.

In the year 1613, Keppler, as court-astronomer, appeared before the Diet at Ratisbon, and explained and recommended the general adoption of the Gregorian calendar. But this only augmented the animosity of the Protestant divines; and when, at the invitation of the States of Austria, he took a professorship at the Gymnasium of Linz, the Lutheran pastor there refused to admit him to the communion, on account of his not assenting to the

bodily ubiquity of Christ; and when he appealed to the Consistory of Würtemberg, they called him a wolf in sheep's clothing, and bade him attend to his mathematics, and not meddle with the Holy Scriptures; which he understood, at least as to the spirit, far better than they.

"I can put an end to the whole dispute," wrote he to Mästlin, "if I subscribe all and make no exemption; but it is not given to me to act the hypocrite in matters of faith. I will not share their hate. My conscience permits me not to make myself by my subscription a condemning judge; I condemn not my brethren; whether they stand or fall they are the Lord's brethren and mine."

Here too sweets were mixed with the bitters—Keppler made his second marriage with a lady of the name of Susanna Rettinger. He writes to a friend that he had no less than eleven fair maidens proposed for his acceptance, and he dwells with much complacency on the various perfections of each of the candidates. He wished, he said, to give a mother to his orphans. Susanna, in process of time, added seven to his stock.

In about two years after his union with the fair Susanna, Keppler's peace was disturbed by a letter from his sister, informing him that a charge of witchcraft had been made against their aged mother. Such a charge was no trifle in those days, and her defence occupied a good portion of his time for the next five years. The whole affair, which has been first fully brought to light by Baron Breitschwert, is very curious; and we regret that our limits do not permit us to give an account of it. During this time he also lost his situation as royal astronomer; and what may, perhaps, excite some surprise, the Professorship of Mathematics at the University of Bologna, in the Papal states, was offered him. He, however, dreaded too much the contiguity of the court of Rome, and he declined the proffered office.

But during the time of his mother's danger Keppler had been by no means idle, and in the year 1619 he announced to the world his third great discovery, that the squares of the times of the planets are as the cubes of their mean distances. This law was given in his *Harmonices Mundi*,—a work in five books, dedicated to James I. of England. About the same time, from 1618 to 1622, appeared his *Epitome Astronomiæ Copernicanæ*, in four volumes. In these works occur the following novel ideas, viz. the fixed stars are suns, each probably surrounded by a system of planets; the place of our system in the universe seems to be in the neighbourhood of the Milky Way; light does not flow from the sun and stars, but is produced by their revolutions. He also concluded on physical grounds, before Galileo had dis-

covered the spots in the sun, that that luminary revolved on its axis, and he taught that the earth was not a perfect globe; he also held with Tycho and the unfortunate Bruno, who was burnt as a heretic at Rome in 1600, that the stars were inhabited.

Keppler thus concludes his work:—

"I give thee thanks, Lord and Creator, that thou hast given me joy through thy creation, for I have been ravished with the work of thy hands. I have revealed unto mankind the glory of thy works as far as my limited spirit could conceive thy infinitude. Should I have brought forward any thing that is unworthy of thee, or should I have sought my own fame, be graciously pleased to forgive it me."

It is the praise of God alone that he seeks, but he felt that there would be a posterity who would be just and grateful.

"The day," said he, "will soon break when pious simplicity will be ashamed of its blind superstition,—when men will recognize truth in the book of nature, as well as in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice in the two revelations."

We must hasten to close this interesting subject, and we will only add that Keppler was afterwards in the service of the great Wallenstein, and that he died on the 15th November, 1630, at Ratisbon, whither he had repaired to try if he could obtain from the Diet the money that was due to him. His children by his second marriage all died young; a son and a daughter of his first wife grew up and married, but in the next generation his family was extinct; and, as has been the case with so many names renowned in literature and in science, there remains no posterity to claim a descent from John Keppler. It would seem as if exalted genius and a long line of posterity were advantages not to be conceded to the same person—and that a descent from a Newton, a Keppler, a Shakspeare, or a Milton, was too great an honour for any common mortal.

Let no one hastily arraign the judgment of God, and assert that Keppler's life was unhappy. Far was it from being such; his piety and charity were a spring-head from which constantly welled forth streams of the purest enjoyment; the idea of the harmony of the universe, which was ever present to his soul, calmed him in affliction and reduced all troubled thoughts to peace; the favour of the Emperor Rudolph was extended to him for many years; and he had at all times the consolation of knowing that he enjoyed the esteem, the love, and the admiration of all the men of his time who were capable of appreciating him. Finally, the conviction that a posterity would arise to do him justice was so strong as to support him under all difficulties, and, like a vernal sun, to diffuse joy and animation through every

region of his soul. And can we suppose such a man to have been otherwise than happy? A contrary supposition would imply gross ignorance of our nature, and be little less than impiety towards its author.

ART. V.—1. *Narrative of an Expedition through the Upper Mississipi to Itasca Lake, &c.* 1832. Under the direction of Henry R. Schoolcraft. New York, 1834.

2. *Travaux d'Améliorations Intérieures, projetés ou executés par le Gouvernement Général des Etats-Unis d'Amérique, de* 1824 *à* 1831. Par Guillaume Tell Poussin. Paris, 1834.

THE source of the Missouri, and the source and termination of the Columbia rivers, having been ascertained by Messrs. Lewis and Clark, the government of the United States, immediately after obtaining possession of Louisiana in 1805, sent an expedition under Lieutenant Pike, in order to penetrate to the sources of the Mississipi. Sandy and Leech Lakes however formed the limit of this gentleman's travels, and thus the matter rested till 1820, when Governor Cass, who commanded in the Michigan territory, again attempted to solve this question; and, starting in the month of May, passed beyond Leech Lake into another body of water of 120 square miles, and which has since been named Cass Lake. Here the supplies of the expedition failed, and the water became so low that it was deemed prudent to return forthwith.

Ten years afterwards, Mr. Henry Schoolcraft, the Indian agent stationed at Sault St. Marie, was ordered to proceed with the same inquiry; but, the instructions arriving too late, it was not till 1831 that the new expedition started, entering Lake Superior at St. Mary's. After coasting along the shores of this great basin, they entered Ottawa Lake, and thence proceeded to Chetac, the principal source of the Red Cedar River. This stream expands into four lakes, joins the Chippewa, and flows with it into the Mississipi. From the mouth of the Chippewa the travellers descended to Galena in Illinois, where they divided forces; one party returned by the Wisconsin, and the other crossed the mine country. The year 1832 saw the starting of the expedition of which we have to treat; and which, profiting by past labours, was reorganized and increased to thirty persons, among whom were a surgeon, a geologist, an interpreter, and a missionary. The objects of the expedition were also rendered more impor-

tant; and, besides the mere geographical question, Mr. Schoolcraft was ordered to endeavour to make a lasting peace between the Sioux and the Chippewas, the two principal Indian nations of that part of the country; to ascertain the state of the trade, to collect as many statistical facts as possible, and to spread the benefits of vaccination as widely as circumstances would permit.

The starting point was again St. Mary's, which is situated on the communication which connects Lake Huron with Lake Superior; and on the 27th of June the whole party was in motion. Lake Superior is called Igomi, Chigomi, and Gitchigomi by the Indians, "and lies in a basin of trap rocks, with alternations of the granite and sand-stone series." Its waters, remarkably deep and pure, cover an area of at least 30,000 square miles, and their level is 640 feet above the Atlantic. The shape of the Lake is extremely irregular; it contains several islands, harbours, bays, inlets, &c. and receives a number of rivers. The white-fish, the sturgeon, and the salmon-trout are the most important of its productions, but an extensive trade in furs and peltries is carried on along its shores, the principal American post for which is close to St. Mary's. A mission has lately been established on Magdalene Island, or La Pointe, consisting at first of a Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and a Mr. Ayer; but, as it has encountered no serious obstacle, it has been since enlarged and extended. A daughter of the two former was the first white child born within the precincts of the lake. A rough calculation makes the Indian population amount to 5000, who seem willing to receive the light of Christianity, and do not feel less respect for the mission from its being placed on the spot (according to tradition) where the Mudjikiwis or Waishki of the Chippewas resided, and where their ancient council-fire was situated. The time when these magistrates ruled the nation is always referred to as a period of Indian splendour; the office was hereditary, and the descendants of the last Waishki still pride themselves on their birth. He visited Quebec in the time of Montcalm, and was greatly instrumental in the driving out of his cousins-german, the Foxes, from Chippewa. The present head of the family is named Chi Waishki, or Pizhikee, or the Buffalo; and when invested with a silver medal by an Indian agent, he said, "What need I of this? It is known whence I am descended." To the expedition of which we are now speaking he presented the peace-pipe.

Leaving the shores of Lake Superior, Mr. Schoolcraft and his party, on the 23d of June, entered the river St. Louis, and then crossed over land to the Mississipi, a distance of about 150 miles. At Sandy Lake, general arrangements were made for the rest of the route; and, as the Indians of that place were

mostly absent, it was determined to assemble them at the junction of the Des Corbeaux river, by appointment, on the return of the expedition. The presents intended for these people, and supplies for the homeward route, were placed in trust-worthy care, with orders for their being taken to the Isle des Corbeaux on the 24th of July. These affairs being concluded, the party again pursued its way. At the post of Winnipec they learned some particulars of the opposition, or Hudson's Bay trade, and, among others, that constant use is made by this company of spirits, which is a forbidden traffic among the Americans. The strength of the spirit is, however, reduced in the proportion of one part to four, in consequence of the maddening effect produced by it on the minds of the Indians.

On the morning of the 10th, the party crossed Lake Winnipec, and, passing up the Mississipi, reached Cass Lake, which it will be remembered was the remotest point of previous discovery. A band of Indians saluted them, and led the way to their habitations on the large island of Colocaspi. The reception given by them elicits the following remark from Mr. Schoolcraft.

"They came eagerly to the water's edge, giving each one a hand as he alighted from the canoe. He who has formed his estimate of an Indian from the reading of books, in which he is depicted as cruel and morose, without any insight into his social character, need only be ushered into a scene like this, to be convinced that he has contemplated an overshadowed picture. We found these Indians to be frank, cheerful, and confiding."

We also copy Mr. Schoolcraft's description of an Indian town, which, he says, will furnish a model for all others, and in every part of America.

"It is nothing but an assemblage of wigwams, built exclusively to suit the particular convenience of the occupant, without right-angled streets, for which (as they have no carts or waggons) they have no occasion, and they get thereby the additional advantage of having no clouds of dust blown up from the denuded surface. There is (as we should say) a public square, or rather an open grassy spot, where councils and dances are held, and the ceremonies of the wabeno and medicine society performed. Hillocks and elevated grounds are selected for erecting their lodges on, and clumps of small trees and shrubs are sought. Large trees are avoided, for the simple reason, that they often lose a limb during windy weather, and are liable to be blown down by the tempests. But the whole circular opening, constituting a town plot, is surrounded with forest, to shelter them in the summer and winter. Gardens are variously located, and generally without fences, as there are no domesticated cattle."

Final preparations were made at Cass Lake to proceed to the

sources; the Indians furnished maps of the country and canoes, and Oza Windib, the chief of the band in Colocaspi island, with two young men, undertook the office of guides; seven *engagés* and a cook were added to the number, making in all sixteen persons, who proceeded from this spot. The baggage consisted of "travelling beds, provisions for ten days, a tent and poles, oil-cloth, mess-basket, tea-kettle, flag and staff, a medicine-chest, some instruments, an herbarium, fowling pieces, and a few Indian presents." The remainder of the party and equipments were left in charge of a clerk of one of the upper posts, who had joined the expedition at Fond du Lac, and who, during his stay, undertook to procure various points of information. Before starting, the natives crowded round the encampment, and among them were the widow and children of a Chippewa warrior, who had just fallen in a battle with the Sioux. Three scalps had been taken during this engagement, one of which was presented to the widow. The burial-ground of these people was an open space, with a simple bark enclosure. In this was an arch made of bent twigs and saplings, on which were hung the decayed remains of scalps. The fresh scalp was suspended from one of the rods, and the people danced round it, shouting as it waved to and fro in the wind. All seemed deeply interested in what was going forward, and at every interval of the dance, presents for the widow were thrown into the circle. This is called the scalp-dance.

Starting on the 11th, the expedition proceeded in a westerly direction for above an hour, when they, to save distance, carried baggage and canoes, for about fifty yards, over a sandy plain, terminating in a lake several miles in extent, of which they did not learn the name. They crossed it, and re-entered the river on its western side, and thereby entered another lake (for there is no end to lakes in this country) called Tascodiac. About fifteen miles from Cass Lake, the meadow-land ceased, and "boulders of a primitive character lie close to numerous rapids." These rapids appear to bear a proportion of ten to twenty-five miles.

The most northern point of the Mississipi is a large expanse of water called Lac Travers, or Pamitchi Gumaug, lying fifty feet above the level of Cass Lake, twelve miles long from north to south, and six or seven broad, surrounded by high shores covered with trees. On the side opposite to that by which the party had entered, the Mississipi flows into the lake with a stream 150 feet broad, its beach strewn with helices and uniones (snails and horse-muscles), and comes directly from the south. Four miles from this point it presents two branches, the eastern and smaller of which was first ascended by the travellers. This also

expands, at intervals, into three lakes, round which the soil is marshy, but covered with alders, tamaracks, willows (which invariably bring musquitoes with them), grey pine, &c. Water-fowl alone seem to delight in these gloomy forests, one of which was shot in the act of grasping a muscle in its beak. This small branch of the Mississipi receives a tributary called the Naiwa, originating, according to Oza Windib's account, in a lake infested with copper-headed snakes, and, at its junction with the Mississipi, violent rapids obstruct the passage of the canoes. The soil at this place, says Mr. Schoolcraft, "was of a diluvian character, and embraced pebbles, and small boulders of syenite, trap-rock, and quartz, and other debris of primitive and secondary rocks. One of the party picked up a well-characterized piece of zoned agate."

The canoes, &c. were carried the length of the rapids, and on re-entering the river they found it dwindled into a brook of placid current, with marshy shores, and ending in Ossowa Lake, bordered with marshes and aquatic plants, which again receives two brooks, the true sources of the eastern branch of the Mississipi. With difficulty did the party find a firm footing, and a slight elevation, drier than the rest, on which they might breakfast; and after that repast they proceeded a distance of six miles across the land, to the western branch. They crossed part of the series of sand ridges which lie between the Mississipi valley and the Red river named Hauteur des Terres. This ridge forms the table-land between the waters of Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, and gives rise to the furthest tributaries of the river St. Louis, which, through Lake Superior "and its connecting chain, may be considered as furnishing the head-waters of the St. Lawrence."

When the burdens are carried as we have described, the bearers are often obliged to rest for a few moments, each of which rests is called a *posé*. Thirteen of these posés form a portage, which term we shall in future make use of for the sake of brevity. Even here, midway in the portage, they met with a small lake, which they crossed in their canoes; but at last the long-sought goal appeared, and, on turning out of a thicket, a transparent body of water burst on their sight, which proved to be Itasca Lake, the positive source of the noble river they were sent to explore, and lying, according to Mr. Schoolcraft's meagre map, in forty-seven degrees some minutes north latitude, nearly 96° west longitude, 3160 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and 1500 feet above its level.

Before we follow our travellers on their route home, we will give a brief summary of the country through which we have been journeying with them. Its general features seem to be swamps, lakes, and marshes; the drier parts covered with several sorts

of pines, cedars, elms, maples, ash, alders, willows, tamaracks, a few oaks, rushes, reeds, &c. Water-fowls of various kinds, pigeons, fishes, tortoises, mollusca, and snakes, were the most frequent animals. Deer were occasionally seen; but they do not appear to have been plentiful. For the geology we will let Mr. Schoolcraft speak for himself:

"The boulders of granite and other primitive strata, occurring on the surface, remind the geologist of the original position of these masses in the system of nature, and indicate revolutions affecting the earth's surface, which have widely changed both the position and form of these solid materials. When the soil itself is examined, it adds further evidences of such changes. We may refer its sand to consolidated strata of this mineral, which have been broken down by oceanic action, and distributed in the remarkable ridges and elevations which now characterize the face of the country. In whatever light the subject is viewed, it seems difficult to resist the conclusion, that water has been the cause, under Providence, in effecting these changes, and that the highest grounds in this region have been subjected to the peculiar influence which this element alone exerts in the work of attrition and deposition of strata, solid or diluvial. . . . . The accumulations (of debris, granite, boulders, &c.) are abundantly witnessed in casting the eye down the Mississipi valley, with a measured decrease in the size and weight of the pulverized masses, in proceeding from the head to the mouth of the river. It is thus evident, that the heaviest boulders are found on its upper branches, while they become rare in its central plains, and disappear altogether long before its entrance into the deltas at its mouth."

Leaving Itasca Lake, the Lac la Biche of the French, the expedition encountered several dangerous rapids, in one of which Lieut. Allen's canoe was upset: with great exertion he saved himself, fished up his fowling-piece, and again got into his canoe, from which the compass only was lost. About fifty miles below the lakes the wild rose, which so plentifully abounds near the north-western streams flowing into Lake Superior, began to be seen; reeds, wild rice, willows, and pines, presented themselves. Deer became more frequent; the swallow-tailed hawk, which had been thought never to go so far north, was observed, and a curious lizard was brought for inspection; it was called by the natives Ocaut Ekinabic, or legged snake, is striped blue, black, and white, and has a very long tail. "Its most striking peculiarity is, its extreme activity and swiftness of motion."

Hence the river descends in continued steps; the Cano river, from the eastern shore, increases the volume of waters; and several clear and pure springs flow in from various quarters. It may be here remarked that, although the Upper Mississipi receives a number of coloured streams, yet in itself it is pure and limpid; and the same remark may be applied to its larger tributaries, till

it is joined by the Missouri, which changes its appearance. One hundred and four miles below Itasca Lake, the river Piniddiwin reaches the Mississipi, and at about eighteen miles below this the eastern and western forks unite. The expedition proceeded once more to Cass Lake, where they formed an encampment, in order to give time to assemble the neighbouring Indians, and endeavour to make peace between them.

The aspect of Cass Lake is similar to that of Leech Lake and Winnipec; its greatest length from north to south is sixteen miles; it has four large islands, of which Colocaspi, covered with fine forest trees, is the largest. It is 3000 miles distant from the Gulf of Mexico, 1330 feet above the Atlantic, and 182 miles from the true source of the Mississipi. After holding meetings with the inhabitants, the expedition left the Lake at Pike's Bay, and crossed a plain, where they saw some marks and hieroglyphics on the trunks of pines, which were said to be of great antiquity, and a portage of 950 yards brought them to Moss Lake; but, if our readers are as weary as we are of portages and lakes, it is time for us to omit the details into which we have been entering, and merely notice the principal incidents of the homeward route. The party arrived at their landing-place in Leech Lake in the dark, and the Indians saluted them by firing separately, but in the morning a more regular salute was given. The shape of this lake is the most irregular possible, being a combination of curves, peninsulas, bays, &c.; it contains ten islands, and seven rivers enter into it. The pelican, swan, brant, and cormorant, annually pay it a visit, and the deer and the bear are found on its shores. Beavers formerly abounded there, but have now nearly disappeared, and the musk-rat and the martin afford its principal furs. The population of Leech Lake is computed at about 832 souls, seven-eighths of whom consist of Mukkundwais or Pillagers. To these is deputed the defence of the Chippewa frontiers, in which service they have performed prodigies of valour against their great enemies the Sioux, a powerful assemblage of tribes living in plains, but who move about in large bodies, and so incessantly break treaties and harass their neighbours, that it is not to be wondered at that the words of peace should fall nearly unheeded by those against whom they direct their attacks.

When speaking of the Pillagers, Mr. Schoolcraft observes, that

"the domestic manners and habits of a people, whose position is adverse to improvement, could hardly be expected to present any thing so strikingly different from other erratic bands of the north-west. There is indeed, a remarkable conformity in the external habits of all our northern

Indians. The necessity of changing their camps often, to procure game or fish, the want of domesticated animals, the general dependence on wild rice, and the custom of journeying in canoes, has produced a general uniformity of life. And it is emphatically a life of want and vicissitude. There is a perpetual change between action and inanity, in the mind, which is a striking peculiarity of the savage state. And there is such a general want of forecast, that most of their misfortunes and hardships, in war and peace, come unexpectedly. None of the tribes who inhabit this quarter can be said to have, thus far, derived any peculiarities from civilized instruction. The only marked alteration which their state of society has undergone, appears to be referable to the era of the introduction of the fur-trade, when they were made acquainted with, and adopted the use of, iron, gunpowder, and woollens. This implied a considerable change of habits, and of the mode of subsistence; and may be considered as having paved the way for further changes in the mode of living and dress. But it brought with it the onerous evil of intemperance, and it left the mental habits essentially unchanged. All that related to a system of dances, sacrifices, and ceremonies, which stood in the place of religion, still occupies that position, presenting a subject which is deemed the peculiar labour of evangelists and teachers. Missionaries have been slow to avail themselves of this field of labour, and it should not excite surprise that the people themselves are, to so great a degree, *mentally* the same in 1832, that they were on the arrival of the French in the St. Lawrence in 1532."

The latter remark awakens our surprise, for we did not suppose that any spot so accessible as Chippewa, had been left unvisited by missionaries. The Guelle Plat is the ruler of the Pillager band, and invited Mr. Schoolcraft to breakfast; which visit is thus described by the latter:

"Not knowing how the meal could be suitably got along with, without bread, I took the precaution to send up a tin dish of pilot bread. I went to his residence at the proper time, accompanied by Mr. Johnston. I found him (the Guelle Plat) living in a comfortable log building of two rooms, well floored and roofed, with a couple of small glass windows. A mat was spread upon the centre of the floor, which contained the breakfast. Other mats were spread around it, to sit on. We followed his example, in sitting down after the eastern manner. There was no other person admitted to the meal but his wife, who sat near him, and poured out the tea, but ate or drank nothing herself. Tea-cups, and tea-spoons, plates, knives and forks, of plain manufacture, were carefully arranged, and the number corresponding exactly with the expected guests. A white fish, cut up and broiled in good taste, occupied a dish in the centre, from which he helped us. A salt-cellar, in which pepper and salt were mixed in unequal proportions, allowed each the privilege of seasoning his fish with both or neither. Our tea was sweetened with the native sugar, and the dish of hard bread seemed to have been precisely wanted to make out the repast. It needed but the imploring of a blessing to render it essentially a Christian meal."

The Guelle Plat was a shrewd, sensible man, and expressed himself desirous of peace, but said that their enemies "would not let them sit still, and they were obliged to get up and fight in self-defence." For a whole day the Indians continued to pour into the encampment; they were gaily dressed, and walked with a bold free air, which was a strong contrast to that too often seen in the neighbourhood of the posts and settlements, and which latter must be the result of oppression. They were anxious to have teeth drawn, and to be blooded, which is one of their favourite remedies; but Dr. Houghton, the surgeon, was chiefly engaged in vaccinating them. None had previously undergone this operation, but made no difficulty in submitting to it, when they could be convinced of the efficacy of the system, in destroying the disease which they most dread. The tradition of the horrible consequences arising from the appearance of the small-pox among them, in 1782, had predisposed them to receive the virus, and no fear was exhibited, except on the part of the female children. A band of Rainy Lake Indians, headed by a leader, named "The Hole in the Sky," having heard of the arrival of the Americans, took the trouble of coming so far to see them, and of course received some slight presents. The council assembled, the presents for the multitude were distributed, and then the subject of peace was discussed; but the impression made by the civilized part of the assembly seems to have been but feeble, and we fear that, notwithstanding their endeavours in this respect, the expedition met but with little success.

In the Guelle Plat's speech, he complained much of the conduct of those engaged in the fur-trade, and also of the exclusion made by the Americans of ardent spirits in this traffic; but admitted that the latter, having been generally given in exchange for their rice, frequently left them starving during the cold weather. "This Chief," says Mr. Schoolcraft, "appears to be turned of sixty. In stature he is about five feet nine or ten inches, erect and stout, somewhat inclined to corpulency. He is a native of this lake of the totem or coat of arms of the Owasissi, a kind of fish: he had been twenty-five times on war-parties, either as leader or follower, and had escaped without a wound."

Leech Lake has yielded immense wealth in furs and skins, at the time they were abundant; and a prime beaver, called a *plus* by the French, was at one time given for as much vermilion as would cover the point of a case-knife. A good gun, worth ten guineas, would be sold for 120 pounds of beaver. The Leech Lake Indians have always been deemed a turbulent set, as their name of Pillagers betrays; and the use of spirits so maddens them, that they never could be produced till the bargains were made.

"Pride," (we here again have recourse to Mr. Schoolcraft's own words,) "and the desire of personal distinction, as in other tribes which have not the light of Christianity to guide them, may be considered as lying at the foundation of the Indian character; for there are no tribes so poor and remote as not to have pride. And this passion seems always to be coupled with a desire of applause, and with the wish on the part of its possessors to be thought better than they really are. We have found pride in the remotest Indian lodge we ever visited, and have hardly ever engaged in ten minutes' conversation with a northern Indian, without discovering it not only to exist, but, where there was moral energy at all, as constituting the primary motive to action. It has always been found, however, unaccompanied by one of its most constant concomitants in civilized life—namely, the desire of wealth."

Had it not been for the last sentence, we might have been tempted to ask Mr. Schoolcraft to what civilized nation on the face of the earth his observations would not apply, and how he could describe pride as a peculiarity of the Indian race?

The whole of the history of the American Indians proceeds from oral tradition, which is always uncertain, and the remembrance of which must be much weakened by the hardships of their lives. Every tribe gives itself credit for being original, brave, magnanimous, great, and above its neighbours. Their names furnish no clue to their former state, for they are accidental or merely local appellations. The French increased the confusion of these names, by giving a new one to every tribe, every place, and almost every individual. The Chippewa seems to be the court language, being always used on all general and state occasions. None of them have any distinct parts of speech, except the verb, substantive, and pronominal particles. Their words are combinations of ponderous sounds, and of formidable appearance when written; and are still further complicated by inflections for time, person, number, quality, and a variety of circumstances, as if the speaker were desirous of compressing into one word, the meaning of a whole sentence. The third person has only one sex and the singular number, and although there is a positive and a conditional future, the compound tenses of the verbs are defective.

The following remarks are too interesting to be omitted:—

"From this vacillation between barbarism and refinement, poverty and redundance, a method strictly philosophical or purely accidental, there might be reason to infer that the people themselves, by whom the language is spoken, were formerly in a more advanced and cultivated state; and that a language once copious and exact, partaking of the fortunes of the people, degenerated further and further into barbarism and confusion, as one tribe after another separated from the parent stock. Change of accent would alone produce a great diversity of sound; acci-

dent would give some generic peculiarities; and that permutation of the consonants, which we see among the Algonquin bands, would, in the end, leave little besides the vowel sounds, and the interchangeable consonants, to identify tribes long separated by time and by distance, without means of intercommunication, without letters, and without arts. If compared by these principles, there is reason to believe philologists would find the primitive languages of America extremely few, and their grammatical principles either identical, or partaking largely of the same features. And to this result the tendency of inquiry on this side the Atlantic is slowly verging, however it may contravene the theories of learned and ingenious philologists in Europe. The inquiry is fraught with deep interest to the philosophical mind, and it offers a field for intellectual achievement, which it may be hoped will not be left uncultivated by the pens of piety, philosophy, or genius."

We have been tempted by the hitherto unexplored part of the Mississipi, and by the more serious observations of Mr. Schoolcraft, to a greater length than we had at first contemplated; and our limits will not now allow of our following the expedition to the Des Corbeaux, where they saw the murderer of Governor Semple; nor to the exploring of the St. Croix and Burntwood (or Brulé) rivers. All we can do then is to assure our readers that they reached home in safety, having been entirely successful in the geographical part of their undertaking. We could have wished, however, for some more decided data for the position of the places visited, as we do not in any instance hear of means having been taken for ascertaining their latitudes and longitudes. It was long also before we could accustom ourselves (to reconcile such expressions would be impossible) to the American phraseology, in which the book abounds, such as "a clever brook"—"a man who is called upon to debark"—"being thus rendered tense between bank and bank"—"their medicinism is nothing more"—"not seeing how the meal could be suitably got along with"—the application of the word "essentially," so different from the bearing given it by Europeans, &c. &c. We have heard Americans pride themselves on retaining the English language in its purity, and, if this be true, we rejoice in our corruption. We could further have wished for a little more enthusiasm in Mr. Schoolcraft's description of his journey, which is heavy and monotonous; a little of that heat which carries us along with the traveller; and a little of that graphic power which gives the reader also a peep at the scenes he has it not in his power to visit. A very full appendix, containing statistics, language, official papers, &c., forms nearly half the volume.

We have now a quarto volume before us, consisting of 364 pages, and containing a technical and statistical account of the principal canals, rail-roads, and other public improvements of the

United States, written and compiled by a Monsieur Guillaume Tell Poussin, (a curious combination of names bye the bye,) ex-major in the American Engineers, who it seems was driven from France at the period of her great internal convulsion, and entered the service of the United States. Monsieur Poussin is now returned to his native country, where he has published the work of which we speak. For ourselves, we must confess there is nothing more uninteresting than a canal or a rail-road, and we never hear of our fair fields and green hedgerows being cut up for their formation without a sigh of regret; much to the horror of our utility, time-saving, money-making neighbours, who never will be at rest till they have converted the whole of our lovely, garden-like island into one vast city. However, we have no such regrets respecting Brother Jonathan, who has "ample room and verge enough" for such undertakings. The sole feeling we possess towards his improvements is a sort of half-surprised, half-jealous uneasiness at their magnificence and extent. Our readers will pardon the dry catalogue we here present to them, but the mere enumeration of the works undertaken since 1824, and described by M. Poussin, will impress them with some idea of the gigantic labours of a nation to which we are the progenitors.

CANALS.

1. From Chesapeake to Ohio.
2. .. Chesapeake to the Delaware.
3. .. the Delaware to Rariton.
4. Canal Morris.
5. .. of the Junction of the Mississipi and Pontchartrain.
6. .. of Pensylvania.
7. .. of Lehigh.
8. .. of Hudson.
9. .. of New York.
10. .. of Champlain.
11. .. of Middlesex.
12. .. of Erie.

RAIL-ROADS.

1. From Baltimore to Ohio.
2. .. Frenchtown to Newcastle.
3. .. Camden to Amboy.
4. .. Philadelphia to Columbia.
5. .. Philadelphia to Trenton.
6. .. New Brunswick to New York.
7. .. Paterson to New York.
8. .. Baltimore to the Susquehanna.
9. Of Mauch Chunk.
10. .. Roan-Run.
11. .. Carbondale.
12. From the Mohawk to the Hudson.

Besides these, there are projected canals and rail-roads, which we suppose are by this time rapidly advancing; and post-roads, breakwaters, &c. already executed.

It will be recollected that the United States, at a rough calculation, comprehend 57 degrees of longitude, and 27 of latitude, and, according to the estimate of M. Poussin, cover an extent of 2,037,165 English square miles; and to defend the enormous frontiers of such a country, as well as to promote internal communication, many of the above-mentioned labours were performed. A commission was appointed by Act of Congress in 1816. General Bernard (to whom M. William Tell Poussin has dedicated his book) was connected with it, and M. Poussin was attached to him as his aide-de-camp. During the presidency of Mr. James Monro, in 1824, a law was made to authorize the funds necessary for a supply of plans, and the information required before operations could be commenced; and surveys of the country were instantly taken, which occupied four years. On the results of these all the future plans were based, and the government liberally assisted the various companies that were incorporated. Some obstacles, however, were afterwards raised by those who were not gifted with an equally liberal spirit; but, the love of enterprise being increased rather than diminished, the government was in a manner forced to yield assistance towards rendering several rivers navigable. These, with various improvements on the coasts for the protection of commerce, being considered as a national concern, the proper supplies were annually voted. The canals have been mostly accomplished by companies of individuals, and in some of the states by a general fund established solely for furthering improvements, and administered by a select committee. Pensylvania, for instance, which contains a population of 1,348,233 souls, spread over a surface of 35,776 square miles, has, in the space of four years, and up to 1833, spent 195 millions of francs in rendering rivers navigable, in the construction of bridges, in macadamized roads, canals and rail-roads. This state has consequently 702 miles of canals and rail-roads completed, traversing it in every direction.

To follow M. Poussin through all the improvements of the United States would not agree with our limits, and we must confine ourselves to one example of the manner in which he has performed his task.

The object of the canal which reaches from the Chesapeake to Ohio, is to form a line of water communication from the Atlantic to the latter; and it has been constructed at the expense of a company, of which the government, the states of Virginia, Maryland and Pensylvania, the corporations of the three towns of

Washington, Alexandria and Georgetown (composing the district of Columbia), and some individuals, are the shareholders.

The eastern division of this canal begins at Georgetown, near Washington, and extends as far as Cumberland, to the mouth of the Savage river, a tributary of the northern branch of the Potomac. It is 186 miles long, and undergoes a considerable difference of level, redeemed by seventy-four locks, which are built of rough pieces of hewn stone, fastened by hydraulic cement, and flows along the left bank of the valley of the Potomac. The difficulties attending this route were very great, for it was necessary to cross a chain of high lands belonging to the Alleghany Mountains; to effect which, excavations were made in the solid rock, and high walls and dykes in many places constructed for supporting the bed of the canal, which was frequently above the bed of the Potomac. The expenses of this part of the enterprise amounted to £1,846,657 sterling.

The central division extends from Cumberland to the mouth of the river Casselman, in the Youghagany, to the west of the Alleghany Mountains. Its length is 70 miles, 1040 yards, and it traverses the high lands by a subterranean passage cut through the rock, a distance of 4 miles and 80 yards. This portion contains 246 locks.

The western division begins a quarter of a mile below the confluence of the Casselman and the Youghagany, and ends at Pittsburg, at the mouth of the rivers Alleghany and Monongohela, in Ohio. It is 85¼ miles long, and has 78 locks. For the first 27½ miles, as far as Connelsville, the land presented the greatest difficulties, in consequence of the narrow defiles to be traversed, the declivities to wind round by a bed cut out of the rock, or immense walls necessary for the support of the body of the canal. The expenses of this division have been estimated at £941,775. The whole of the three divisions will have cost £5,053,117.

We shall not, says M. Poussin, in any country find a work which can be compared to the above canal, either when considered relatively to the labours required in its execution, or to the immense political, commercial, and military advantages which it secures. The districts which it is to benefit contain a population of 1,864,335 inhabitants, and produce coal, lime, building timber and stone, planks, slate, marble, corn, maize, flour, tobacco, hemp, flax, linseed, oxen, pigs, lard, tallow, whiskey, iron, glass, &c.; and M. Poussin calculates, that six years after the opening of the entire canal, the augmentation of the value of these productions, or in other terms, the advantages to those who trade in such commodities, will bear a proportionate value of 1¾ to the whole expense of the canal. The population has already in-

creased at an unusual rate, and scarcely was the canal finished, when it was found insufficient for the rapidly increasing commerce, and new projects were started. Its communication with the bay of the Chesapeake adds to its importance; for this bay, by its central position on the shores of the Atlantic, unites the commerce of the north and the south, and in time of war is protected by the fortifications of the Hampton roads.

We must here take leave of the United States, their magnificent country, and their no less magnificent labours. Every inquiry, every chance atom of information, only impresses on us still more forcibly their rising grandeur. It is not into their drawing-room refinements that we must look for their perfections; from them probably, in our high state of civilization, we shall recoil, and be apt to lose sight of the national greatness in our disgust. We can only be just when we reflect on the natural advantages they possess, and the noble manner in which their inhabitants profit by these advantages.

ART. VI.—1. *L'Espagne. Souvenirs de* 1823 *et de* 1833. Par M. Adolphe de Bourgoing. Paris. Dufart et Delaunay. 1834.

2. *Finances of Spain.* London. Richardson. 1834.

THE City-panic, which occurred only in the last week in May, and which has not yet been allayed, concerning the affairs of Spain, the state of her securities, and her political relations with other powers, renders all information connected with either of these subjects of very great importance. Capitalists, in their eagerness to make investments, have depended, perhaps, too unconditionally on her supposed opulence, and the loyalty and honour so long attributed to the national character. Whatever evils may arise from any misplaced confidence of this kind are tenfold aggravated by the spirit of gambling which ordinarily disgraces the Stock Exchange, and which, in the case of the Spanish securities, is confessed to have been inordinate. Any accident, any event, under such circumstances, is likely to produce the most serious alarm, and to end in fatal consequences. Moreover, the Carlists, according to the perfidious French journals, were annihilated. Sober politicians believed that Don Carlos, with the remnant of his partizans, would be soon compelled to take refuge on the French territory,—and then all of a sudden were startled from their propriety by the report that the position of the Christinos had rendered it needful for the Spanish government to make application to the King of the French for assistance. The successes of

Zumalacarreguy, though spread over many months, seem to have been kept a profound secret—the French telegraph was dishonestly worked—and so bent were the interested parties on mystifying and duping the public, that an English reporter who had been despatched to the seat of war from one of our papers, was arrested, thrown into a dungeon at Pampeluna, restrained from the use of pen and ink, and only released alive on the active instance of the British ambassador at the court of Madrid. But it suited certain parties in England to doubt of the rout and defeat of Valdez—anon surprise is expressed that only French interference can prevent the arrival of Don Carlos at Madrid—and behold, the curtain not only drops on many visions of hope, but the *dénouement* of the piece exhibits the departure of fortune once possessed, and of riches that have taken to their wings, as is their wont, and flown away. We write while the event of these circumstances is yet undetermined. We pretend not to be prophets, and accordingly desire rather to retrace the past; to declare the previous occasions, and not the consequences, of the present state of affairs.

Don Carlos, says M. Bourgoing, is the legitimate and direct heir of the throne of Spain, and by right its king. He describes him as a prince surrounded by the love and respect of some, and by the profound hatred of others. Of middling stature, of a physiognomy calm and difficult to impress, cold, grave, not prodigal of useless words, the character of this prince, in his opinion, ought to please Castilians and Spaniards. His enemies, he adds, "have not spared him—they have assailed him without knowing his character—they have attempted to make his silence pass for pride, his calmness for hypocrisy, and his piety for fanaticism—a tactic which had, perhaps, succeeded in any other country; but Spain gives not, unless irrevocably, either its hatred or its love; its just spirit prevents it from surrendering itself without reflexion to sudden prejudices, or to an enthusiasm without motives."

Some persons had wished to compare the character of this prince with that of the gloomy Philip II., but erelong the idea of this resemblance was found to be false. Don Carlos opposed to this fancied similitude all the virtues of private life. The model for all fathers of families, he lived in the bosom of his own, beloved by all who approached him; and is possessed of a piety which ought to offend no one, for it is for himself alone. He always showed the greatest indifference for everything regarding political questions, even at the moment when his interests were attacked by the caprices of Ferdinand. When despoiled of his rights in his own person, and in those of his children, he protested, indeed, with the respect due to his sovereign, and the

firmness that gives conviction and faith to a good cause. He removed himself without doing injury to the state, without provoking any one in his favour; but when Ferdinand was no more, he appeared armed to protect his right. "If he ascend the throne," concludes M. Bourgoing, "it will be without the intervention and assistance of foreigners."

M. Bourgoing, in his reminiscences, reminds us of the flights of the swallow, when rain is expected on some lovely summer evening, and the instinct of the bird teaches it to skim along only a few feet from the ground, ready to pounce upon worm or grub peeping from its hole to catch the refreshing moisture. He never ascends indeed, but there is a swallow-like grace in his evolutions, and we feel certain kindly sensations in his company. If not a learned, a profound, or a deeply thinking man, he is certainly an amiable one. He has evidently a very high opinion both of the Spaniards and of their country. They are, in his eyes, a beautiful, a valiant, and a noble people. Take them in all the ages of their life, you will find them ever the same—animated with patriotism, and governed by great and sublime ideas.

A young man and a soldier, M. Bourgoing nevertheless seems to have taken but slight interest, whether the white flag which floated in Spain for the succour of the royal Ferdinand (descendant of Louis XIV.), or that of the Cortes, prevailed; during the three years he served in Spain, his head appears to have been filled with anything rather than politics or war; he leaves them, in his own words, to more skilful pens.

His account of the clergy is exceedingly in their favour. So far from being intolerant, the Spanish *curé* lends himself to the innocent enjoyments and diversions of the multitude. In the provinces of the north, we see him descend on the Sunday from the mountains, surrounded with young persons of both sexes, singing their national songs. They dance on the enclosure round the church in the interval between mass and vespers; the priests walking in the midst of the happy crowd, their presence not interfering with the pleasures of the people.

We beg pardon of M. Bourgoing for having said that he never soared; we give the following flight as an exception:—

"I shall consider Spain under two points of view—Spain poetical!—Spain a study for painters!—beautiful by its picturesque sites, its torrents, its chains of mountains, its piquant costumes, and the perfect features of its inhabitants. Poets and artists! take your lyres and your pencils; sing of Grenada and *the Alhambra*. Design here a sea which breaks all foaming against the mighty works by the arch of the Scipios—there a Grenadian enveloped in his mantillo, sighing forth the airs of soft Andalusia under the windows of some fair recluse, some nun—the

beautiful victim of the barbarity of some jealous guardian! Oh! paint and sing of Spain! and your pictures and your strophes shall be renowned and admired!"

Everything seems delightful to the young and buoyant spirit. To M. Bourgoing's perceptions there exists not a village which has not a beautiful church, a vast square or *place*, a fine public fountain, and nearly always an *hotel-de-ville* which would be remarkable in the greatest part of the cities of France, even of the third order. Nay;—in no other country exists there an administration more enlightened, more independent, more paternal, and more careful of the interests which are confided to it. We may say, writes M. Bourgoing—

"We may say that the king of Spain, regarded by most as an absolute monarch, is rather the *protector* than the master of the different parts of his kingdom. This absolute sovereign dares not touch on certain prerogatives; he finds himself more opposed in raising imposts, or creating new charges on the people, than those kings of Europe who, by the deceitful mechanism of a representative government, crush their respective nations under their heavy budgets. * * * The three provinces that compose the senority of Biscay have peculiar privileges, rights and franchises, which the government dare not invade. They defend their liberties with energy. For them the sovereign is deprived of the title of king to receive that of senor, and every year the deputies of the commons of the three provinces unite in full assembly to discuss subjects of public interest."

Some of our readers will probably dispute the opinions of our reminiscent. His facts, however, are not to be despised. When Napoleon obtained a passage for his troops on the Spanish territory, on his route to Lisbon, the weak Charles IV. saw, or feigned to see, in him a faithful ally; whether "aveuglement de ce souverain, soit veritable confiance," in the counsels of Manuel Godoi, whom Napoleon had purchased by the promise of a throne, which had been formed for him in a dismembered province of Portugal,* or that he felt his total inability to resist the man, before whom the powerful monarchs of the north had trembled. From this time, nothing could exceed the care and attention paid by the Spaniards to the French, treating as friends those soldiers who a short time afterwards imposed upon them a yoke so hard and so humiliating. Volumes would be

* "Traité de Fontainebleau, conclu entre le maréchal Duroc, au nom de Napoléon, et le conseiller Izquierdo, au nom du roi d'Espagne, le 27 Octobre, 1807.

"Art. 1er. La province de l'Alentejo et le royaume des Algarves seront donnés, en toute propriété et souveraineté, au Prince de la Paix, qui prendra le titre de prince des Algarves.

"Art. 5. La principauté des Algarves sera possédée par les descendans du Prince de la Paix héréditairement et suivant les lois de succession qui sont en usage dans la famille régnante de S. M. le roi d'Espagne."—p. 336.

required, exclaims M. Bourgoing, to recount the motives of the just animosity of the Spaniards against the favourite Godoi; the circumstances that decided Charles IV. to abdicate in favour of Ferdinand VII.; the revocation of that abdication; the snares spread to catch the young king; the arrival of the old one at Bayonne; the deplorable scenes that disunited the royal family; and, notwithstanding the most pains-taking researches, we might fail at last in arriving at the precise truth, as it was so closely surrounded by a thick veil, that it is still unknown to many Spaniards, who have never abandoned the party of Ferdinand.

M. Bourgoing's picture of Catalonia is not so highly coloured as that of other parts of Spain. He found indeed the convents abandoned and pillaged; the images of the saints, the protectors of the country, overturned and mutilated. The monks had been the victims of the hatred of the constitutionalists. A chasseur raising the stone from a wall in the court of a convent, saw something which floated in a putrid state on the water; he reached it with his lance, and brought out the head of a monk, from which the body had dropped in a state of putrefaction. At length the deliverance of Ferdinand was effected, and thus was terminated the campaign of Catalonia.

Ten years intervened between M. Bourgoing's visits to Spain. In the year 1833, curious to know what changes ten years of peace had brought about in that beautiful country, he visited it again as a private individual, but with increased experience of life and society.

Peace had already produced immense results. Tranquillity reigned in all the provinces. The public treasure was collected without difficulty; even the revenues of the state, though small, were in his eyes sufficient for its expenses; at any rate the people were not weighed down with imposts. We are however able to correct our tourist here. Documents prove that the ordinary revenues of Spain, for five or six years previously to 1834, have rarely exceeded five millions sterling, upwards of one million being absorbed in the charges of collection alone; leaving, on an average, an excess of expenditure over income of from two millions to two millions and a half a year, including the interest paid on the acknowledged domestic and foreign debt, the whole of which has for several years past been raised by the issue of fresh certificates, either in Madrid or Paris; so that Spain has, in fact, never been able to pay any interest on her debt out of her own resources. The Spanish system of taxation, we are told by other authorities, is not only defective but ruinous to the country, besides being grossly unequal and arbitrary. No one can at any time ascertain what sum he may be called upon to pay. The

whole system is, moreover, so complicated and expensive, that it is the general opinion that nearly one-fourth of the revenues are lost in the collection. Yet "under a proper reform," adds a pamphlet now lying before us, "in the system and administration of the taxes and imposts, there can be little doubt but they might be made to yield nearly double their present returns; and that, rather diminishing than increasing the burdens of the people."

We return to M. Bourgoing. The army of Spain, though small, was to him, who still saw all *couleur de rose*, though years might have sobered his view of things, "*fort belle*," and had been found quite sufficient to occupy all the strong places and maintain peace. The regular Spanish army, compared with what it had been in 1823, was doubtless much improved; and indeed, even only six years afterwards, presented itself to the French officers under an aspect equal to their own. Many of the cities were wonderfully embellished. Vittoria had many elegant houses built around a public square. Florida was still more enlarged; Burgos had added promenades that bordered the stream of Arlançon. Twice a week public carriages went from Madrid for Valencia and Barcelona, Saragossa, Seville, Cadiz, Valladolid, Burgos, Bayonne, Badajos, Guadalajara, Aranjuez, Toledo, "et les habitations royales."

Our readers will be interested by some anecdotes of Maria-Christina.

"Naturally diffident, Ferdinand VII. feared that his queen would not intermeddle in the affairs of the state. That young princess did not care to show her desire of occupying herself with politics. A Neapolitan, (she was the daughter of Francis I. king of the Two Sicilies, and sister to the Duchess of Berri,) and adroit, she accustomed the king by her tender cares and constant caresses never to be away from her. At the precise moment when he received his ministers she withdrew, affecting great reserve and a perfect indifference for public affairs. The apartment of the queen was close to the council chamber. At first she left the king alone, but soon, complaining of *ennui*, declared that she could not be so long separated from him. She then entered into the chamber, pretending to say some tender things to him, as if he were fatigued with grave and wearisome discussion; but she left the door of his room open; thus apart retired, without being absent, she shared in all their deliberations. At length she came and assumed her seat in the council, saying she would not quit the king. After this she partook actively in their deliberations, and finished by directing them altogether, or at least her voice was always influential and decisive."

The daughter of this ambitious queen was, by a sort of Salic law, excluded from the throne, and the brother of Ferdinand would become, on his death, the true legitimate heir. This law of exclusion had not operated without interruption, or perpetually.

Up to the year 1713, when Philip V. changed the order of succession, the Castilian law, whose origin is lost in the obscurity of ages, had prevailed. By this law of kindred, females ascended the throne of Spain when called to it by proximity of blood. The opposite agnatic law was enacted in full assembly of all the Cortes of the kingdom, who had not been for a long time called together before. The new order of succession, thus established by Philip V.—a powerful monarch, having conquered his kingdom after a dozen years of severe warfare—called to the throne the heirs male only, admitting no females except in case of the total failure of heirs male in the royal house. For one hundred and twenty years, the succession has been preserved, passing from male to male, without the accession of a new monarch operating in the least to the disturbance of the state.

"Ferdinand, (exclaims M. Bourgoing,) by his own will alone, without the sanction of the nation, overturned the hereditary law which governed Spain for more than a century. Thrones may be menaced by democratic eruptions, uprooted by political tempests, but that they should be shaken to their foundation by those very persons who have received the commission to watch over their preservation, can only be accounted for from Ferdinand's having been carried away by a certain obliquity of intellect, which caused him, by his last testament, to bequeath to Spain nothing but endless discord and trouble."

It has been said, that the king of Spain, in council, has power to make a law, and, in this way, the right of Isabella is sufficiently established. But it is objected that, "instead of the true representatives of the Spanish nation, some few prelates and nobles received an order from Ferdinand to come and take an oath to Donna Isabella. Nearly all these were public functionaries. Ferdinand placed these personages between two fires—their interests and their consciences—the former gained the ascendancy."

It is between these different statements that the gist of the question lies. The advocates of either have contested their opinions with the sword. Don Carlos has now attained some advantages. Will Louis Philip grant that intervention which is claimed by the Christinos? The French government appears to pause. France remembers that she has allies, and she must consult them. In the mean time, things may attain to a crisis in Spain which will render interference too late.

We write while these matters are in progress. By the day of publication, some event may have occurred which will put the reader in an advanced state of information. One thing is certain, that the French have not confided with that faith in Spanish securities, which so many among ourselves have indulged to their disquiet. The *Bourse* has not partaken the panic of our Stock Exchange.

Whatever may be the result of Spanish contentions, the honour of the nation is nevertheless concerned in coming to an honest arrangement with its creditors. The settlement, as stated in the pamphlet at the head of our article, ought, doubtless, to comprise the whole of its engagements, admitting upon the same footing all debts legally contracted upon the good faith of the nation, no matter under what administration. It seems, however, almost impossible that so large an amount as two millions or two millions and a half sterling, required to pay the interest and sinking fund on her foreign debt, could be annually collected and remitted abroad. The balance of her trade, ever since the loss of her colonies, has been in the ratio of two to one against Spain, whilst the whole value of her exportable produce, even in the most prosperous periods, has not exceeded three millions and a half sterling, now probably reduced very much more than half, since the exports from Spain to England, (almost the only consumer of her fruits, wines, and wools,) have barely averaged, for the last four or five years, one million sterling.

These are facts—we have stated them simply; and brief as this paper is, it will be of great public benefit, if it restrains the working of that spirit of speculation which has been so fatal to many; and above all, if it induces our countrymen to think more soberly on the affairs of Spain than they have been accustomed, but not than they ought, to think.

Another parting word of admonition. We would wish our readers to believe, that it is at any rate just possible that the Carlists may be successful, and that there is considerable doubt whether the people are with the Christinos. Upon this point M. Bourgoing has delivered himself in good set terms, and has closed his work with some remarks, which are, in all points, very spirited, and to a certain extent, indisputably true. They will, not without some grace, serve for an appropriate conclusion to this paper.

"In the midst of the great European movement, which for the last forty years has been stirring under our eyes, in that struggle between order and anarchy, of democracy against aristocracy, of the privileges of kings opposed to those of the people;—when, agitated by certain ideas, that seek to find the day, the age will finish by an important *birth*, a *bringing forth* for the nations of a WISE LIBERTY, which will not be obscured by *license*—and for kings, an uncontested authority, that will not be despotism,—Spain cannot be a long time without following the impulse given from one end of the world to the other. Undoubtedly some abuses will call for a reform, but still the cause will slowly and surely proceed—and reform itself should proceed slowly.

"Let Charles V. assemble the Cortes—let the nation speak to the king—let the hands of a legitimacy firm and confident in its re-esta-

blished forces, in the assembly of all the Cortes of the kingdom, set flowing for the Spanish nation those liberties which she possessed in the most brilliant days of her glory—let Charles V. break off entirely with the *bastard* system, that political fearfulness which would cry out for mercy from all the kings of Europe—let Spain give the lie to her enemies who are obstinate in representing her as subjected to a shameful yoke! *There are more elements of liberty in one single province of Spain, than in all England!!!** The national spirit of the Spaniard is not brutified by cupidity—it is not a commercial or nomadic spirit. It is for those who govern it, to direct that energy which rests concentrated in itself. With the Spaniard, we can dare all things, in speaking to him of religion and liberty.

"Royalty, in the present age, has been beheld by the people naked, stripped of all its deceits and trappings, with all its miseries and weaknesses. At a time when the people present their open breasts to the ball and the sword, to conquer, kings alone fear to die, to preserve. They veil their heads, they conceal their persons, to avoid seeing and partaking dangers. The age calls aloud, 'away with weak and timid kings!' The monarchical age commands that kings should be the bravest and the best informed amongst men—that they should march in the van, and not in the rear—that they should rule, and not be ruled—that they should lead the present generation, and not be driven by it. This generation, eager for true and wise liberty, thus makes a proclamation from the citizens of Arragon.—

"NOS QUE VALEMOS TANTO COMO VOS, OS HACEMOS NUESTRO REY Y SEÑOR, CON TAL QUE GUARDEIS NUESTROS FUEROS Y LIBERTADES: SINO' NO!"†

ART. VI.—1. *Histoire Critique de la Littérature Anglaise, depuis Bacon, jusqu'au commencement du dix-neuvième siècle.* Par M. L. Mézières. 3 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1834.

2. *Die Schöne Litteratur Europa's in der neuesten Zeit, dargestellt nach ihren bedeutendsten Erscheinungen. Vorlesungen gehalten vor einer gebildeten Versammlung,* von Dr. O. L. B. Wolff, Professor an der Universität zu Jena. (European Belles-Lettres of the latest times, sketched from the most remarkable Productions; in Lectures delivered to a polished Audience, by Dr. O. L. B. Wolff, Professor in the University of Jena.) 8vo. Leipzig, 1832.

THERE are few kinds of works more entertaining and informing, alike to the philosophic inquirer, to the man of letters, and to the general reader, than sketches or critical histories of the literature of

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* An Englishman can well afford to smile at this sentiment.

† "We, who are your equals, will support our Lord and King, as long as he defends our rights and liberties: if not,—not."

foreign nations, which, in truth, afford means and opportunity for that enlargement of mind and views, by extension and variety of knowledge, which constitutes the real advantage derived from foreign travel. The interest of such critical histories is, moreover, still somewhat enhanced by the charm of novelty; inasmuch as they may be esteemed a new species of the genus criticism. Half a century ago it was necessary to master a foreign language in order to know whether there existed in that language any books worth reading when the power should be gained. Now, the literature of the world is brought home to the reading public, at least of England, France, and Germany. But different nations achieve the same object in different ways, according to the peculiar varieties of their respective characters; and we have selected for review the two works now before us, as much as specimens of these different ways, as for the sake of the information which they contain.

The French Critical History claims our first notice, both as the larger work, and as being wholly devoted to our own country.

The first remark we have to make upon this work is the very narrow limits within which M. Mézières has confined his Critical History. All the higher and graver branches of literature are excluded from his plan. He rejects philosophy and history; he rejects even pulpit eloquence, one of the glories of that early and splendid period of our literature at which he takes up its history. This, however, it may be said, is only restricting himself to belles-lettres, a very generally acknowledged division of the literature of any country. But we have not completed our list of M. Mézières' exclusions; he rejects that, may we say, highest branch of literature, (it was once so held,) which especially appertains to belles-lettres,—to wit, poetry, including the drama. He restricts his survey to moral essays, novels, and letters—the first being a branch of literature, we shrewdly suspect, pretty nearly obsolete of late years, since the habit of intense political excitement, at home and abroad, has accustomed the English public to such powerful stimulants, that, to the present generation of readers, the simpler literary viands of their grandfathers and grandmothers would appear insipid as the nursery bread and milk to the veteran *gastronome*.

One consequence of this limitation of the History of English Literature to its slightest department, is the rendering the title-page, in some measure, illusory, if not deceptive. In the mind of the English reader, the words, 'from Bacon,' awaken images of his great contemporaries and immediate successors; and *they* are not here,—for they were not essayists, not novelists, not epistlers for the press. The English reader, however, recollects the

reason, and is merely disappointed. A superficial foreigner might be led to suppose that, with the solitary exceptions of Bacon and Temple, our literature dates no higher than the reign of Queen Anne;—and Bacon himself, be it noted, appears here only as an essayist:—although we do not mean to deny that the attentive foreign reader may discover from this book that Bacon wrote more, that others wrote something, between his days and those of Swift, and that the literary reputation of Pope, Burns, and Cowper, does not rest *wholly* upon their familiar correspondence. With respect to his reasons for thus limiting his survey, we must in fairness allow our author to speak for himself. In his preface he says:—

"I have chosen the prose writers, who are generally little known on the continent. Most of the great English poets have been repeatedly translated or imitated. * * * Amongst the prose writers I have had again to select; for the English have been successful in very various careers,—in the domain of philosophy as in that of imagination; in history, eloquence, and criticism. One species, truly indigenous, impressed with a character altogether local, and which long flourished only on British soil, first engaged my attention. The Moral Essay, created in England about the beginning of the 18th century, has been there cultivated with especial favour, and has exercised a real influence over the national taste, mind, and civilization. The writers of periodical essays, or, as they are commonly designated, the essayists, form a distinct class in English, as the *novellieri* in Italian literature. * * *

"After the moralists, I chose the novelists, who are much better known in France."—(A very odd reason, it should seem, for thinking it most urgently necessary to give an account of them.) * * * "Another branch of literature very successfully cultivated in England, is the epistolary line. The writers of this class are nevertheless nearly unknown in France."

To our mind a strange, and though not very unusual, yet very incorrect way of speaking of letter-writing. Surely the parent and child, who relieve absence by their private correspondence, can no more be said to cultivate a branch of literature, than they can be converted into authors by the publication of their letters after their death.

We will now turn to the German Professor, who avowedly confines his lectures to belles-lettres, and whose range of subjects might thence be supposed nearly identical with the French critic's. The supposition would be erroneous. Professor Wolff holds nothing but poetry to be *beautiful literature*,—the literal translation of *schöne litteratur*;—but then, according to established German classification, he holds all works of fiction to be poetry. A classification, *soit dit en passant*, by no means consonant with our own opinions, though lately adopted by some

English critics; but to investigate the propriety or impropriety of which would require a long and complicated discussion, unsuited to this place. Wolff confines his survey of this really beautiful literature, in point of time, to the present nineteenth century, but in point of land and language extends it to the whole of Europe; allotting upwards of one-half of his volume to the living poetry of France and England, whilst the other half embraces that of Spain, Italy, Portugal, Russia, Hungary, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, and Germany. And let not the reader wonder at the small space allowed to the author's copious fatherland. It arises from his audience needing no specimens, indeed little more than an enumeration, of their compatriot poets.

Pass we now from the selection of subjects to the mode of treating them, in which, as was to be expected, the most striking discrepancy appears between the French and German plans. Both are well adapted to their respective ends; but those ends, though substantially the same, are modified by the national character as well of the readers and audience addressed, as of the historian and lecturer. The French desire only facts, to afford new topics of conversation, and, perhaps, to increase the knowledge of the studious; and for this purpose we have seldom seen a better course than that of M. Mézières. He first gives a brief sketch of each author's works of the kinds above enumerated; then selects passages,—whole papers of the Spectator, Rambler, &c.—which he translates, and adds the respective opinions of different English critics upon each author's peculiar character, merits, and demerits, with a word or two of general remark of his own. He thus makes his French readers acquainted with English taste and criticism, as well as with English literature of one or two kinds. Had he superadded a ratiocinative French *critique* of these works and their English critics, he would have made his book more complete as a work of art, and have given it value in this country; since it is always amusing, and often instructive, to learn the opinions of intelligent foreigners upon the productions of our national genius, whether in literature, political institutions, or even more homely matters.

Our author not having done this, we shall merely give a specimen or two of his style, and return to the German—first remarking, that we find among the authors introduced to the French public some names but little thought of here, and miss some we should have expected to find;—how could French gallantry omit among the novelists Miss Burney and Mrs. Inchbald?—that, though he professes to exclude *all* living writers, Godwin is one of his list; and, though he professes to end with the last century, Sir W. Scott is another, because, as he says, he considers him as

the creator of the present school of fiction; an especial reason, we should have thought, for not placing him amongst authors of a bygone age and taste, even had Waverley appeared prior to the year 1800.

As M. Mézières sets so high a value upon our essayists, our first extract shall be his concluding remarks upon Addison.

"This long, but still imperfect, examination of the various kinds of merit of the Spectator may suffice to show the value of those superficial articles in some journals and reviews, that unhesitatingly rank with, or even above, the Spectator, contemporaneous sketches which, though doubtless witty and entertaining, are really as inferior to that immortal work in grace and charm as in depth and philosophy. * * * I have now only to retrace, in a few words, the chief causes of the Spectator's superiority to the numerous works of the same kind that have followed it.

"Amongst the first of these must be placed Addison's wonderful aptitude for the line in which he acquired his fame. When we consider that the greater number of these remarkable papers cost him less time than it would require to translate them properly, we feel inclined to believe that he had but to follow his genius in order to excel in the art of the moralist. Indeed, Addison seems to have been born to produce moral essays as much as La Fontaine to produce fables, or Molière comedies. After the lapse of a century, his writings are still the most perfect models in this line, and criticism always chooses them as the standard by which to appreciate the merit of his successors. To say that a moral essay is, as the English express it, Addisonian in its style, is to give it the highest praise to which this sort of composition can aspire.

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"If ever work of morality could boast a visible and lasting influence over the character of a nation, that glory fell to the lot of the Spectator. As Addison had foretold, many of the abuses, follies, and vices that he attacks in his papers, have so completely disappeared, that we might doubt their ever having existed. The English even now like to acknowledge the salutary effects of the Spectator. To it the taste, manners, and civilization of Great Britain owe some part of their progress; and a contemporary eye-witness of this social reform, said, without exaggeration, 'That all the eloquence of the pulpit had wrought less good in a twelvemonth than the Spectator in a day.'"

As he bestows more labour of thought, apparently for rather national motives, upon the vindication of Lord Chesterfield's parental morality, we are tempted to extract some of his remarks.

"The Earl of Chesterfield is entitled by his wit and elegance to be flatteringly distinguished in the annals of British literature. His predilection for French manners, and his intimacy with many of our great authors, such as Montesquieu, Fontenelle, and Voltaire, give him especial claims upon our good-will: claims enhanced by the severity with which this preference has caused him to be judged by his own countrymen. He moreover belongs to that excellent school of which, since the middle of the last century, but few disciples are to be found in England."

The justification of Lord Chesterfield against the alleged unfair severity of compatriot condemnation is somewhat diffuse, and not very convincing, at least to English intellects. An extract or two will suffice to show its nature; and we will begin with the beginning. His advocate says—

"We must observe, in the first place, that this correspondence was never meant for publication. It would be unjust to seek in it anything but the familiar intercourse of a father with his son, the confidential communications of one man of the world to another."

Can any human being, who has even a suspicion of the signification of such words as morality and virtue, to say nothing of the existence of the things themselves, consider this as a justification, when he admits, two pages later, that, in this familiar intercourse of a father with his son—

"it is but too true that Chesterfield treats of gallantry with inexcusable playfulness and levity. It may be said that he does not spare his son *peccare docentes historias;* nor is it his fault if he does not make him an accomplished libertine. * * * He quotes the example of the Maréchal de Richelieu, who owed much of his good fortune to his success with women. He frequently alludes to the novels of the younger Crébillon, of which he was a great admirer. It is evident that he had beheld the corruption then existing amongst the higher circles of French society, and had unreservedly adopted their principles."

And thus M. Mézières thinks to prove that Chesterfield's morality is unfairly censured in England, on account of his partiality to France!—unconscious, it should seem, that these admissions refute the plea upon which he relies, that the father trusted his son stood in no need of moral instruction. From the charge of frivolity, so frequently brought against him, and grounded upon his incessant injunctions to study the graces, his French champion might have vindicated him more successfully, had he been aware of a tradition still preserved in the higher circles of this country, in proof of the degree to which young Stanhope did need instruction in good manners. It is, that the first time the father and son dined together, after all these lessons of politeness and elegance had been penned, and perhaps read, the intended courtly *diplomate*, after eating his portion of cherry pie—cherry pie was not then an impossible apparition at a well-ordered table—fairly lifted his plate to his mouth, and *drank* the remaining juice!

Let us now examine the German's mode of treating foreign literature. *His* audience would scarcely have thanked him for mere specimens, with accounts of foreign opinions; accordingly, wherever the author is of sufficient genius or reputation to justify the investigation, Professor Wolff enters into a philosophico-critical examination of the character and merits of his works, be-

ginning his sketch of the literature of every separate country with a history or account of the language.

We feel tempted to take this opportunity of affording our readers some idea of the nature of German *æsthetic* criticism, and for this purpose must select Wolff's critique of a single author. We must, at any rate, have confined ourselves to one country, since it is evident that any attempt to compress within our ordinary limits the multifarious mass of information contained in Wolff's Lectures would be impossible, at least in sufficient detail to add any thing to the accounts of the literature of most European countries given in several of our former numbers.

To his critiques upon German authors, we may probably refer on some future occasion. For the present we shall select from the mass English literature, both as being a sort of continuation of M. Mézières' book, which stops where Professor Wolff's begins, and as affording the fairest comparison of French and German taste and criticism. We begin with the sketch of the language; and those readers who are aware of the anxious zeal with which the modern German philologists strive to purify their mother-tongue from all words not of Teutonic origin, rejecting even generally received technical terms of grammar, such as, verbs, nouns, prepositions, &c., will not be surprised to learn that the mingled web of the English language is repugnant to our lecturer's taste. This they would anticipate: but even they, we apprehend, may be startled at discovering that a German, whose national guttural enunciation they have probably been accustomed to regard as the *ne plus ultra* of cacophony, reprobates our speech as singularly and pre-eminently inharmonious. The notion is not, however, peculiar to this author. In many a German book have we met with vituperative sneers at the sound of our vernacular accents, and have found solace only in the soothing counter-declaration of a learned Italian, who averred that our national discourse resembled singing. Wolff thus characterizes English:

"Compounded of such conflicting materials, English had long to struggle with the wilful arbitrament of individuals, and first rejoiced in a beginning of grammatical regularity at the era of the Reformation, principally through the translation of the Bible,* which first appeared in 1535, and the growing knowledge of the classics, whose writings were repeatedly translated in the sixteenth century. Next, individual poets did much for the cultivation of the language; but it was only in the eighteenth century that, through the exertions of able men, it began

* Wolff refers either the fixing, or the first formation, of most modern languages to their several first printed translations of the Bible.

to raise itself to any certain regularity. Since then, having engaged the diligent attention of distinguished scholars, it has gradually attained to a fixed efformation.† If borrowed treasures may tell, English cannot be denied to possess a comprehensive copiousness of expression; but, on the other hand, it is deficient in euphony and variety of intonation. Upon the whole, this language always gives me the idea of a self-willed child, that has learned nothing at school, and only afterwards, constrained by the relations of life, has conformed, though still reluctantly, and escaping whenever escape was possible, to strict general rules and laws."

We omit the general critique of English poetry, which, according to the Professor's system, intervenes betwixt the account of the language and that of its modern poetry, and proceed to the latter. The poet we shall select is Lord Byron, who, to say nothing of his genius, is, from his extraordinary *subjectiveness*, peculiarly adapted to command German admiration, and elicit the appropriate character of German *æsthetic* criticism. The critique is preceded, still according to Dr. Wolff's regular course, by a biographical notice; a useful introduction, no doubt, to foreign readers; but of which we shall only say, that the simple-hearted German seems to have taken every splenetic expression, every poetical license of exaggeration of the gifted peer, as gospel, and to believe that Lord Byron really was most cruelly persecuted by the envious English aristocracy, and actually driven into exile by a puritanical exclusion from patrician, and indeed all reputable, society. We would fain hope the professor may derive comfort from our assurance, that the chief persecution endured by the noble poet consisted in invitations to dinners, balls, and *conversazioni;* and we now proceed to the critique of his poetry, or rather of his genius.

"Byron was a martyr to genius. His character is his poesy, his poesy his character; subjective truth the marked feature of his life, as of his works. All that can be desired in a poet, he possessed; the most glowing fancy, plenitude of thoughts, the deepest sensibility, and a power of eloquence that, needing no previous adjuration, gushed immediately from the soul, an impetuous mountain torrent, ever ready for service, in unvarying plenteousness when his heart was awakened—a power such as mortals have rarely enjoyed. He was, perhaps, the most perfectly developed of human beings; for in him combined and co-existed all the virtues and all the faults belonging to the human race—love and hate, liberalism and despotism, good-nature and harshness, in short, all save vulgarity, for above the whole soared triumphant the essential nobleness of his nature. We are not to measure and weigh him, for where should we find the fitting standard? * * * He is one of the few spirits whom we may regard as the culminating points of our whole race; therefore must we take him as he is, receiving from him what

† This unusual and somewhat obsolete word is the only one we can think of, at all answering philosophically to the German *ausbildung*.

may profit us for our delight or our improvement. From his immense wealth, no unprejudiced person will go away empty-handed, since treasures lie stored up there for every constitution of mind, as for every season of life; and even, because he so entirely gave himself as he was, must he awaken in every bosom some kindred tone, for all that can touch the individual he has experienced—he has doubly lived through, in his positive and in his poetical existence. * * * * Therefore if we cannot always love him, if we sometimes feel resentfully that he offends and hurts us, we must ever admire and venerate in him the nobleness of human nature, as it reveals itself in the richest creative energy of genius. And this is no trifling gain, but a splendid, a beautiful solace for many a troublous hour. A man to whom we are indebted for such a disclosure must rank high, very high, in our estimation."

Our critic eulogizes Lord Byron's smaller lyrical poems, as those which show the poet in the most amiable light; but the remarks on his larger poems are more characteristic, and to them therefore we turn.

"Next in character to the lyrics ranks Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; for it embodies the poet's inmost feelings, as produced by his career of travel, of life,—albeit expressed in the assumed character of an utterly profligate youth, resembling, but in caricature, the noble poet, who has taken his own likeness from a concave mirror. This extraordinarily idiocratic poem cannot be assigned to any of the received classes; it is simply a poetic journal, and, considered in this light, the faults usually laid to its charge disappear, since, from the idea of a journal the writer's *subjectivity* can hardly be dissevered. * * * In the two last cantos we see that the poet's soul had more richly developed itself,—tempered, like fine steel, in the fire of the passions and of destiny. A deeper but nobler melancholy breathes through them; the thoughts are more compressed, more import-fraught; the views of life, although equally peculiar, are not so rugged and extravagant; the fantasy* is as imperatively prevalent, but its colours are more glowing and enduring."

Our professor next gives us the opinion of a deceased German critic, Wilhelm Müller, of Don Juan, and none can be more characteristic of German *æsthetic* criticism. It is too long to insert entire, but an extract or two will suffice to show its spirit.

"Childe Harold and Don Juan, our poet's most idiocratic and comprehensive productions, are reciprocally antipodean; but, like the dwellers on the light and dark sides of our globe, they revolve around a common, all-sustaining centre. This centre is the intellectual individuality of their author, which, through the intervention, here of a misanthropic pilgrim, there of a joyous reveller, acts in opposite tendencies."

The further description of the opposition between these ten-

* Wolff always uses this word in preference to imagination.

dencies we omit, considering the author's conclusion as the most peculiarly German and *æsthetic* part.

"In point of execution, the two poems are alike happy. In the one, deep mental energy and a daring elevation of fantasy are clothed in language that struggles through obsolete forms; in the other, all is colloquial ease; poesy, in the lightest dishabille, pays homage, but in jest, to form; its motto is, 'The pleasing is lawful.' Why Don Juan should be decried as more dangerously immoral than Childe Harold is to us incomprehensible. Don Juan is not a book that can allure the seducible mind of youth; and he who is fitted to appreciate its spirit must be adequate to resist it, if there still be any question of danger from Don Juan. The fantasy and feelings are more easily seduced than the understanding; and therefore, to my mind, the witty immorality of Don Juan is far less unwholesome food for the literary taste than the sentimental misanthropy of the romantic pilgrim."

Upon this, assuredly original, view of Don Juan, as innoxious, in which our professor fully concurs, we shall make no comments, having no disposition to undertake works of supererogation. But we cannot neglect the opportunity of observing, that an Englishman must needs be somewhat astounded by the ease with which Dr. Wolff, addressing a mixed audience, composed of both sexes, either mentions or omits to mention, the immorality or the indecency, even when tolerably gross, of the writers of whom he may have to speak. From him the most offensively licentious novelists and dramatists of the present French school meet with no severer critical reprehension than the following:

"It is surprising that a man of taste, endowed with the sense of moral beauty, should wander into such false paths, should select such subjects. * * * * An uncommonly happy temperament and a healthful cheerfulness are most agreeable qualities, under the influence of which one overlooks in Kock much that might disturb."

Let us not, however, delude our readers into supposing this mode of regarding and treating immorality and indecency to be a proof of grossness or impurity in our professor. It arises solely from the German habit of contemplating poetry under an *æsthetic* aspect. Of this the following criticism on Cain will afford a still more complete illustration.

"Into this matter-teeming poem Byron has poured the whole force of his potent genius. One knows not whether most to admire the creative might of his gigantic fantasy, the great considerateness in the keeping and conduct of the several characters—of which each, as an individual, represents a whole class of beings—or the keen dialectic, with which he has so equipped the evil principle, Lucifer, that he soars victorious over the whole, and, as if with the light movement of an adroit hand, so destroys the elements of positive belief, that, out of the ruins, as from the dust of burnt-down buildings, no consistent whole can ever again be constructed. This last circumstance makes the drama so dangerous and pernicious,

since it annihilates without compensation. * * * * The Cain is written only for strong minds, and, as is every where evident, only for the sake of the Lucifer. And here, considered as a work of art, lies the fault of the piece; for Cain's orthodox punishment breaks the internal intellectual consequentialness; the idea changes, like an unprepared start from discord to concord in a different key. * * * His crime, albeit a murder, and the first murder upon earth, when contemplated from the exalted position where motives are tried singly and strictly, does not appear so very important."

Can a more hyper-Germanic *æsthetic* view of fratricide be conceived?

This might, perhaps, suffice to illustrate the different critical systems of France and Germany; but, as there is one author, and he of no ordinary celebrity, who, in spite of their different plans, falls within the range of both the works before us, we feel tempted to add some extracts from the several criticisms of M. Mézières and Dr. Wolff on Sir Walter Scott. As before, we begin with the Frenchman, who devotes the last 168 pages of his 3d volume to our great novelist, beginning thus:

"Of all the authors of whom I have hitherto spoken, Walter Scott (N. B. no honorary Sir) is certainly the best known upon the continent, and his brilliant fictions are still impressed on the memory of his many admirers. He enjoyed the privilege of charming and instructing all ages, and the inexhaustible fertility of his imagination has delighted Europe during twenty years. Since Voltaire, no author has had such influence in foreign countries. The very popularity of his works, however, renders much of detail unnecessary. What critic could hope, at this time of day, to bring forward observations or discoveries with respect to the genius of Walter Scott, that have not been anticipated in the conversations of the drawing-room, or of the family circle, or in the solitary meditations of the study. * * * Like Richardson he discovered in childhood a lively taste and precocious talent for narrative. Attacked in adolescence by a long and serious illness, he was permitted by the indulgence of his family to give up himself uncontrolledly to his passion for books; and in his own words 'plunged into a vast ocean of reading without compass or pilot.' He thus amassed the rich variety of materials which he afterwards so ably wrought up, and for a long time without betraying a symptom of lassitude or exhaustion. * * * He began his career as a novelist in the full maturity of age and vigour of talent. When, in 1814, he published Waverley, he was already one of the most distinguished poets and most learned antiquaries of Great Britain; the predictions of Blair, Burns,* Lewis, and some others, who had divined his genius and foretold his glory, were fulfilled. The creator of a new species in poetry, the painter of a nature yet virgin and almost unknown, familiarized by his literary studies with all the secrets of the art of writing, he had but

* Both Blair and Burns died previously to the publication of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

to pour out the treasures of his memory and his imagination to produce that crowd of master-pieces, which appeared almost without any interval, whilst their rapid succession scarcely satisfied the impatience of the public."

M. Mézières then gives an abstract of the story of Waverley, after which he observes:—

"This novel is altogether of the episodical kind. The scenes follow each other with no connexion save the hero, and the development of the main action is frequently interrupted. Consequently the interest turns more on the details than on the whole. * * * Charles Edward's reception of the hero is a model of address, tact, and propriety. The author has not always succeeded so well in the language and conduct of great personages. (Not of Richard Cœur de Lion? Elizabeth? in a word of all?) * * * He excels in scenes that require warmth, movement and effect. Here, as elsewhere, he skilfully gives a local colouring to accessories of sheer invention; and makes historic accuracy subordinate to general effect."

Then follow a few common-place remarks upon the characters, as that Waverley is weak, irresolute and enthusiastic; Flora Mac Ivor a little romantic, and the like; and the review of this novel thus concludes with an encomium on its style.

"The style is easy, ingenious, picturesque, perhaps occasionally too metaphorical, too much impressed with the forms of poetry. Walter Scott follows no school exclusively. Sometimes he borrows the majestic and symmetrical period of Johnson; sometimes he adopts the elegant simplicity of Mackenzie, to whom Waverley is dedicated; sometimes he comes near the piquancy of Sterne."

M. Mézières selects from the mass of the Waverley novels Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, Rob Roy, Old Mortality, the Heart of Midlothian, the Bride of Lammermoor, Ivanhoe, the Abbot, and Kenilworth, to treat more briefly after the same fashion: whereupon we shall only observe that the French critic seems not to be aware that Rob Roy, although an outlawed robber, is by birth a highland chieftain, *alias* a petty prince, or that a licensed fool is not necessarily a genuine idiot, very little appreciating Wamba, whom we, for our own part, hold to be the true hero of Ivanhoe. He thus closes his account of Sir Walter and his own book:—

"By a rare privilege, the fictions of the immortal Scotch author purify the soul, whilst they charm the imagination. * * * A magician more potent than Le Sage has wafted his readers into an abode of enchantment; and it would be impossible to reckon the number of the living generation who owe some of their purest and most delicious enjoyments to Walter Scott."

The German professor allots far less space to our admired

countryman, but bestows upon his genius far more critical disquisition, in which much subtle acumen and sound judgment are blended with much unintelligible æsthetic Germanism. The reader will not forget that in German phraseology novels are poetry.

"As a poet, Scott, much as he has in common with his two great countrymen (Byron and Moore), is in this one point directly opposed to them, that in his works he imparts nothing of his own nature, strictly confining himself to the delineation of the world without, to the exclusion of the world within him. He is gifted with an unequalled talent for observation, for apprehension, but he is a mirror giving back only what has first been received. As an *objective* poet he ranks near to Homer, as a *subjective* poet he is insignificant. He succeeds only in painting the extraneous; and of this he appears to have accumulated so much, as to leave him neither time nor care to preserve what is proper to himself. He possesses a high degree of poetic peculiarity; but it consists rather in a certain elasticity of genius—which, as well in the intrinsic as in the form, can bend to necessity, but, like a spring, without losing its strength—than in an intensive power of creation. Scott resembles a masterly portrait-painter; no feature, no line, no wrinkle (why not add, no character of intellect or feeling?) escapes him, and of his portraits we might say with the Irishman, 'They are more like than the originals:' but we every where miss that inmost vitality, without which no poetic creation can permanently captivate us, for no where does the inspiration, does the very being, of the poet shine through; and whilst his figures move before us, we cannot discover the Promethean spark that vivifies them. [So the figures be vivified, the English reader will scarcely think this a fault.] * * * The abundance of his images, the nature and charm of his style, the tone of which is ever in perfect harmony with the subject chosen, the inexhaustible flow of his eloquence, his command over form, are qualities that wonderfully contribute to enhance the value and reputation of his productions. But what gives his poetry its especial witchery, is, that even in the veriest trifle it is national; and that by this, as well as by his peculiar management of his subjects, Sir Walter Scott has, in England, opened a new path to narrative poetry, upon which he has hitherto found no rival, though many an able follower."

We trust Dr. Wolff does not limit these last remarks to England; but will frankly confess that the school of fiction founded by Sir Walter Scott overspreads the continent, and that there likewise, ay, even in Germany, the disciples are immeasurably inferior to their mighty master.

In reviewing foreign works relative to any thing English, the pen cannot be laid down without a word or two respecting mistakes. On the present occasion these are perhaps not very important, but we will mention some that present themselves to our recollection in both works, as much for the sake of pointing out

the danger of hasty judgments upon what is foreign to our habits, as of amusing the reader. The knightly 'Sir' first occurs to us, of which it has been seen that M. Mézières deprives Scott, but by no means him alone; Sir William Temple and Sir Robert Walpole being similarly reduced to the familiar appellations of William Temple and Robert Walpole; but then, in return, Squire Western is gratified with the questionable honour of being designated as Sir Western. Mézières considers Smollett as the novelist next in favour to, if not the rival of, Scott at the present day; his Commodore Trunnion, it should seem, is a faithful picture of the living commodores of England, while his and Sterne's gross indecency is to us inoffensive. One notion, less properly belonging to our subject, we must remark upon, before we turn to the German professor, because it has of late been so incessantly repeated by French writers, that we are weary of passing it by in silent contempt. M. Mézières catches at an assertion of Sir William Temple's respecting English impatience of privation, as confirming General Foy's assertion that the courage of English soldiers depends upon abundance of beef and superabundance of rum. Now we apprehend that even Frenchmen scarcely possess the same physical or mental energies when fainting with inanition as when healthfully fed; indeed we know upon good authority that

> "No Tartar e'er was fierce and cruel
> Upon the strength of water-gruel,
> Though nothing can resist his force,
> If first he rides, then eats his horse:"

but we think the battle of Talavera might go far to prove that English soldiers, when nearly starved to death, fight quite as well as other troops in the same condition, and not much worse than well-fed Frenchmen.

Dr. Wolff's mistakes are of a different kind, and with the mention of one or two of them we conclude. This critic, after placing Lady Morgan at the head of English poetesses—above Joanna Baillie, we believe—tells us that her father Mr. Owenson (the actor) ruined himself by his passion for the theatre; that Wordsworth's poetry is admired by "the million" and censured only by superior judges; and that Crabbe's Tales of the Hall are written in Alexandrines!

ART. VII.—*Vie Politique de Maréchal Soult, par* Alexandre Sallé. 8vo. Paris. 1834.

IT is impossible to deny that the French are a vivid people, exhibiting from time to time extraordinary ardour and activity, and

singularly capable of exerting a beneficial, or a hazardous, influence on Europe, according to the direction of those qualities. But it must be owned, that the splendours of the national character are exceedingly *periodical:* that, if one age is dazzled by their cometary brilliancy, or thrown into alarm by their eccentric course, the cometary interval follows, and we have to look long, and long in vain, for the returning effulgence of the phenomenon. To the observer of France at the present day, no trace of the France of the preceding quarter of a century is discoverable. A universal mediocrity has usurped the space once filled by the wild but prominent and powerful forms of public character, under the stimulus of political change. The daring vigour of the Republic is gone, the stern but splendid ambition of her Empire has vanished on the winds. The memorials of both meet the mind in every recollection, institution, and feeling of the people. Yet no existing representative of either is to be detected among the living varieties of the national character. Is France one great *Père La Chaise*, where, in the midst of the monuments of conquerors and legislators, the walks are traversed by holiday groups come to amuse themselves with the sculptures and inscriptions; a region of the dead, where all that is high and historic is dust, and where all that still breathes the breath of life is frivolous, nameless, and formed only to be forgotten?

But, without urging this impression to any extent injurious to the good feeling due to a nation on friendly terms with our own, it is equally undeniable and curious, that, since the war, the production of remarkable public characters in France has been rare; or rather, that all those who can have any hope to be remembered are the fruit of the Republic and the Empire. Political disturbance, public pressure, and, above all, a national war, have been in all lands the great exciters of a national mind. Nature is impartial, and there probably is not much original difference in the abilities and nerve of any people of Europe. All depends on the time, the impulse, and the leader. Italy was once the great warrior of Europe. Spain then entered the field, and was the universal model of arms. Switzerland followed, and for her day was the unrivalled champion. The feeblest states in succession flourished in the front of European history. The languor, effeminacy and ignorance of the Portuguese were once activity, manliness, and knowledge. Under the inspiration of their Henries and their Albuquerques, their land was too narrow for their heroism, and they grasped alike at the empire of India and Africa. The empty and masquerading Venetians were once the lords of European and Asiatic commerce, the boldest navigators, the most enterprizing warriors, and the most profound and powerful statesmen

of their age. Even from the fogs and morasses of Holland a spirit rose, which, entering into the sluggish frame of the Dutchman, made him, for the time, the ardent soldier, the unwearied discoverer, and the sagacious and fearless patriot. The days of glory have come, and gone, over all in succession; but not as the sun ascends and goes down on all. A finer and more incalculable influence has regulated the greatness of nations. The shooting of a meteor, stooping suddenly from the depth of midnight, and pouring radiance over some peculiar region below; the sweeping of the gale over some peculiar tract of the measureless ocean, and rousing it in its strength, while none can tell "whence it came or whither it goeth;" the brilliancy of the aurora, at one while flooding the hyperborean world with light and colours dipt in Heaven, at another, deserting the north and kindling the equator with living glories; or any other image of fitful and fantastic power or lustre, that lives and vanishes by moments, awakened from what source we know not, and acting altogether beyond human direction, would be the truer emblems of the great influential causes of national renown.

The life of the eminent French soldier whose name heads this article, is written in the spirit of party, and with the palpable determination to break down, for his offences to party, the reputation which he has earned by a long life of public services. Without feeling any unnecessary respect for the habits, personal or political, of Marshal Soult, we may predict that this attempt will be altogether ineffectual beyond the hour. Party is always either blind or frenzied, either incapable of seeing facts in their true light, or wildly bent on fabricating them into the extravagant shapes, and dyeing them with the glaring and discordant hues, which a disordered imagination loves. But Soult's fame has been built on a foundation which, with every Frenchman on earth, is alone equivalent to immortality. He is the living representative of the glories, sad and fatal as they were, of the conquering time of France. Second was he only, if second, to Napoleon in military skill; and he will no sooner be laid where neither friendship nor enmity can break his slumbers, than all France will be weaving wreaths, sculpturing trophies, and making harangues, over the last and proudest name of her "grand army," the departed Genius of French war.

We shall give, as a matter of curiosity, a sketch of the really extraordinary, indefatigable, and brilliant soldiership of this remarkable personage. The time will come, when details of such a career may form some of the most interesting features of human history. If the world should have the wisdom to make peace the universal policy, the annals of a warrior like Soult will be regarded,

like the annals of a being of another region of existence, some spirit of restless vigour and vividness whose only purpose was to exhibit his faculty of distinction and destruction. Should the world, unwarned by the follies and miseries of the past, again plunge into war, such a career may show how long and how powerfully the glories of the field have been anticipated, and how feebly, after all, they protect their possessor from public ingratitude, and from the keen vexations that beset the declining years of him who has lived only for the breath of popularity. But in whatever point of view they may be taken, there can be but one impression of the talent, daring, and intensity of purpose, of which the human mind is capable, and of which the subject of this rapid memoir forms the example.

Nicholas Jean de-Dieu Soult, was born at St. Amand, in the district of Tarn, on the 29th of March, 1769, a year made memorable by the birth of the three greatest generals of modern times; Napoleon having been born on the 15th of the following August; and Wellington, the conqueror of both Soult and Napoleon, being also born in 1769. His origin was humble, but not degrading. He was the son of a steward, or village notary, who had *served*, and who, though he had not risen higher than the rank of a serjeant, seems to have been a man of education and integrity; at least possessing sufficient of both to be taken into the confidential employment of one of the neighbouring nobles, the Marquis de Dulac. Young Soult thus received probably more than the usual advantages of French education; but nature had destined him for a soldier. The army was the favourite path to honours in all times of France. Its popularity had become more striking since the American war, and in 1785 the son of the notary, who if he had remained in his village might have been a notary to this hour, set his foot upon the first step of that ascent which led him to the rank of Marshal of the Empire, Prime Minister, and, more eminent and envied distinction still, fixed him among the names that live in the light of French renown.

The activity and intelligence of the young soldier were no sooner called into exercise than they attracted notice. The war had scarcely commenced, when Soult was raised by Marshal Luckner to the rank of a regimental officer. In 1791, he was appointed second lieutenant of grenadiers in the battalion of the Upper Rhine. All was republicanism at this period, and republicanism was all clubs; the new officer saw his way, flourished in the club of the regiment, and declared his civic opinions in the first-rate common-place of republican oratory. "Let all Frenchmen stand together," was the sentiment, "united by the

bands of the law, and the ties of fraternity. Let us remain under arms to defend the freedom which we have conquered. Let us remember that the tyrants would rivet our chains the faster for our having broken them," &c. concluding, of course, with, " Let us live free, or die for the cause of the country." The sentiment was popular, and it gained its reward. The regiment appointed him, by acclamation, adjutant, which was soon followed by his promotion to a company. Soult now rapidly distinguished himself. His conduct in an affair against the Germans, next year, was so conspicuous that he was put into the temporary command of two battalions appointed to a difficult position in the hill country of the Rhenish frontier. Hache, a man of military genius, had no sooner put himself at the head of the army of the Moselle, than, with an evident sense of his value, he immediately attached Soult to his staff, and employed him to conduct the attack of one of the fortified camps of the enemy. The selection was justified by its success. The lines were stormed, the enemy's colours taken, and the chief part of the opposing corps made prisoners.

The French army had scarcely plunged into the Palatinate, when Soult was raised to a rank not only of the most confidential nature, but giving the fullest opportunity for the display of those talents which were to form the future marshal. He was appointed head of the staff of the advanced guard of the army. A large portion of the first French successes was due to the rapid rise of the officers. Promotion was at once the cause and the effect. Intrepidity, intelligence, and ardour, were sure of their reward. The gallant son of a ploughman might aspire to the highest honours of the most dazzling life that ever inflamed the vanity, ambition, or patriotism of man. The son of the Marquis Dulac's steward was now in sight of the foremost prizes of military fame. Within five years, he had started from the ranks into the command of a division. Within the last of those years, 1794, he was successively lieutenant-colonel, adjutant-general, and colonel. In the celebrated battle of Fleurus, which broke the power of Austria in the Netherlands, the young Colonel made himself remarkable by an instance of that coolness of judgment, which is perhaps the rarest, yet the most important, of all qualities for command. As the day advanced, an Austrian division made a desperate charge on the battalions of the Ardennes, forming the detached corps of Marceau, whose death, some time afterwards, caused such general lamentation. The French gave way, and Marceau, though one of the most gallant men in France, was in consternation. The flight of the battalions had left the flank of the French line exposed, and all was visibly on the point of ruin.

At this moment Soult galloped up to the general, who was doubtful whether he should throw himself into the midst of the enemy's ranks, or die by his own sword. "What are you about, general," he exclaimed, "are you going to die because those fellows run away? Go after them, and bring them back, it will be much better to beat the enemy along with them." Marceau's spirit revived. He took the advice, rallied his battalions, charged the Austrians in turn, drove them before him, and retrieved his share of fame in one of the most memorable battles of the war.

Promotion still followed the career of this son of fortune. In the third year of the republic, (1795,) Soult, at the age of twenty-five, was general of brigade. Jourdan's memorable and unfortunate campaign in the valley of the Danube taught the French the new lesson of defeat. Soult commanded the advanced guard on the invasion, and was perpetually engaged with the Austrians in the retreat. At Duttingen he exhibited his intrepidity at a period when the army seemed to have been in despair. Soult, with some battalions, was posted to cover the retreat. The Austrian cavalry charged, and swept every thing before it. Soult was directed by the general in chief to give up his position and follow the troops. But the perils of a too sudden movement were so forcibly represented to Jourdan, that he listened to his brave general of brigade's entreaties, that he might be suffered to remain. The attack commenced and was resisted till night-fall. The troops lay on their arms; the Austrians renewed the attack at day-break. They were again repelled, and the struggle continued at intervals during the day. The object had been now gained, and, during the second night, Soult quietly withdrew his posts and passed the Danube, without the loss of a man. The prodigious losses of the French troops in the flight before the archduke, which more deserved the name of a massacre than a defeat, placed the merits of an officer like Soult in the most conspicuous point of view. The army, like all armies, possessed an abundance of those headlong and daring spirits, which rush into danger, as the horse into the battle. But now was the time for higher qualities, for deliberate judgment, clearness of view, and that steadiness of military determination, which resists while resistance is possible, and knows nothing of despair. Those admirable qualities for soldiership evidently characterized this great officer from the beginning, and as much signalized even his last disastrous campaign in the presence of the British army and its pre-eminent general, by resolute resistance, and an indefatigable spirit of yielding to necessity alone, as when he was in the full tide of success, driving the Austrians, like deer, through the plains of Germany.

The campaign of 1796 was a campaign of giants; its magnitude of plan, the vastness of the forces employed, its expenditure of national means, and its tremendous succession of slaughters, seem to belong to the age of fable. England commenced the year by a triple alliance with Austria and Russia, and by raising a loan of thirty-one millions sterling, of which three millions were given to Austria to equip her army for the field. France began by sending Hache, at the head of an army of 100,000 men, into the Vendée. Moreau and Jourdan commanded on the Rhine, at the head of 150,000. The Archduke and Wurmser defended the entrance of Germany, at the head of 175,000, of which 40,000 were the first cavalry of Europe. In Italy, Napoleon, with an army of 40,000, was preparing to attack Beaulieu, at the head of 50,000. The first successes of the French were brilliant. They drove all the Austrian corps back from the frontiers, stripped them of their magazines, cannon, and arms, and threatened the hereditary states. Within six weeks from the commencement of the campaign, the Austrians were reduced by a third of their original force, and the French armies covered the country from Stutgard to the Lake of Constance, a line of 150 miles.

But the hour of retribution was at hand. By one of those singular changes of circumstance, which operate so powerfully in war, the French at this moment abandoned the principle on which they had so often conquered—that of combining their attacks upon separate portions of the enemy's army, and thus overwhelming it in detail. The Austrians, at the same moment, abandoned their old principle of concentric movements, combined their forces, and impinged upon the separate corps of the French. The fortune of the campaign instantly and totally changed. The Archduke, in those Memoirs, which so strikingly vindicate the fame of this great warrior, tells us, that the purpose of his plan was "to retreat slowly, disputing every inch of ground, without hazarding a general engagement, until the two retiring armies were so near that he could fall with superior force upon one or other of his adversaries." He put this important principle in action with great skill, and the subsequent conduct of the Austrian staff was a model of strategy. Remaining at the head of the army opposed to Moreau until he had successively led it across the Neckar, and the difficult country between that river and the Danube, he suddenly turned on his antagonist at the passage of the river, and, after fighting a most gallant action, in which he at one time turned the French right, and would have thrown the whole army into confusion, but for the firmness of the centre, he crossed the Danube, and placed his troops in safety.

Here the war paused, for the blow was to be struck in another

quarter. Jourdan had pressed forward along the valley of the Maine, to turn the right of the Germans, under Wartensleben. That officer continued his retreat according to the orders of the Archduke, slowly converging towards his position on the Danube, and followed by Jourdan, with the eagerness of assured victory. But the time for teaching him a fatal lesson was come. On the 20th of August, the Archduke, leaving Latour, with 35,000 men, to defend Austria against Moreau, brought 28,000 into Wartensleben's lines. The united force was near 63,000. The enemy, exhausted by long marches and losses in the field, scarcely amounted to 45,000. The attack was commenced without delay. The great problem of tactics, which consists in concentrating a force against the enemy until the actual inferiority of the assailants is changed into superiority on the point attacked, was completely solved, and the bloodiest and most decisive campaign of the war commenced its most sanguinary scene. Within two days of his arrival, the Archduke gave the order to drive in the French advanced guard, under Bernadotte, posted at the foot of the mountains. The struggle was severe, but, in a few hours, the French were compelled to retire through the gorges of the country in their rear. The Archduke, with a vividness new to the national character, and which he seemed to have learned from the fiery activity of Napoleon, now turned to throw himself, with his victorious troops, on the main body under Jourdan. He found the French general strongly posted; but the confidence of the Austrians in their young general was at its height; they rushed through all difficulties,—the heavy fire of a numerous artillery—the obstructions of a wild and rocky country—and the more formidable obstacles of battalions and squadrons, who felt that retreat through a hostile land was all but ruin. The Germans came up to the charge with shouts and national songs. The enemy, startled at the sudden daring of the men whom they had so long seen only in retreat, made but a feeble resistance; their flank was turned, their centre was forced; the desperate valour of Ney alone, in command of the rear-guard, rescued the army from finding its grave in the memorable position of Amberg. All was now confusion in the French camp. To advance was impossible, to remain was hopeless. The only alternative was to retreat with the greatest speed. Those who have ever accompanied the march of armies, and who know the waste, the tumult, and the spoil, in their movement even through the most pacific country, can alone conceive what must have been the wretchedness of the march which now awaited the unfortunate French army, through the long ranges of mountains covering the country from the Naab to the Maine—the incumbrance of the artillery in

the ravines, the blocking-up of the road by the waggons, the crowd of wounded, who must be carried or abandoned to a miserable death by exposure and hunger, the frantic excesses of the troops, indignant at defeat, and glad to throw off all subordination; the flight all day, the few hours of disturbed rest at night, on the bare rocks, and in the beds of rivulets, that the first cloud which swept across the hills might turn into torrents; the agonies of hopeless famine, thirst, and disease; the fever of unhealed wounds, the fury of intoxication; the letting loose, in those hours of recklessness and despair, every evil passion of the human heart. Of all the scenes of human terror, the scene fullest of the images of wretchedness, guilt, and outrage, is the march of a routed army, with a bold and unsparing enemy at its heels.

During six unspeakable days and nights, Jourdan's army wound its slow way through the mountains, with the Archduke thundering in its rear. On emerging from the mountains at Wurtzburg, Jourdan made an effort to recover the honour of France, by waiting for the Austrian columns advancing from the ravines. The occasion was judiciously chosen, for the pursuers, rushing down from the mountains, were liable to be attacked in their disorder, while the French had time to recover their steadiness, and choose their points of attack. But the Austrians were inflamed with victory, and their shock was irresistible. Superior tactics too were again combined with superior intrepidity. The Archduke outmanœuvred Jourdan, and while the French general was preparing to commence the attack on what he conceived a portion of the antagonist army, he suddenly found himself enveloped in the whole. The French line was assailed at once in front and flank. One of the most desperate battles of cavalry that occurred during the war closed this bloody conflict. Wartensleben, at the head of the Austrian horse, had crossed the river, and was driving the French light troops and cavalry before him. Jourdan saw his retreat on the point of being cut off, and threw forward his whole line of cavalry. The Austrian squadrons were at first brought to a stand by this movement. But the reserve of cuirassiers, rushing down, took the French in the moment of pursuit, broke through them, trampled them with merciless slaughter, and sent the remainder flying for shelter behind the line of infantry. Jourdan now saw that all was lost, and that his only hope was in an instant retreat. The order was given, and the infantry plunged into the shelter of the forest; this battle delivered Germany.

Thenceforward the only hope of the French general was in the rapidity of his retreat. It was made at immense sacrifices. Before he reached the banks of the Lahn, he lost 122 pieces of

cannon captured in the towns on his advance, and 143 of his own. On the Lahn he gladly halted, filled up his broken ranks with 25,000 men under the command of the celebrated Marceau, and was forced to give battle to his pursuers. The Archduke gave a few hours to the arrangement of his assault, attacked him with indefatigable intrepidity, forced the passage of the Lahn, and assaulted him with such desperation, that night alone saved his army. On preparing to renew the attack in the morning, the French position was found abandoned. A remarkably dense fog had covered Jourdan's movements, and saved his retreating columns from havoc, in that most critical and anxious of all manœuvres, a retrograde march in sight of a victorious enemy, The whole Austrian cavalry was instantly pushed forward in pursuit. The French were soon overtaken struggling through the woods, and though the defensible nature of the country protected the retiring army, their retreat was a perpetual battle. Thus harassed for three bloody days, losing troops, cannon, and ammunition at every step, they at length reached Altenburg, a position rendered memorable by the fall of Marceau, in command of the rear-guard. In a bold attempt to face the Austrians, he was wounded and taken prisoner. His gallantry had already obtained the respect of his enemy, and the Archduke paid him the attentions of one brave man to another. But his wound was mortal, and his remains were committed to the earth, amid the regrets of his fellow-soldiers, and the military honours of his victors. A monument was afterwards erected, and still stands on his grave. The routed army now lost all hope, and fled at full speed to the Rhine. They crossed the river at Bonn on the 20th of September, totally dismantled and incapable of moving for the rest of the campaign.

But the glory of the Archduke was to have another accession. During the retreat of Jourdan, Moreau's force, 70,000 of the finest troops of France, was penetrating into the heart of Germany. The alarming intelligence was brought to the Archduke at the moment when he was in sight of the French column. "Moreau has advanced into Bavaria, and threatens to advance still further," was the language of the hurried dispatch. "Let him advance to the gates of Vienna if he will," was the Archduke's prompt and decided answer. "He is undone, if we beat Jourdan." With these words, he continued the pursuit, and gallantly drove the last man of that army from the violated soil of his country. He now turned to vindicate it from the insults and spoil of another still more formidable. Moreau's genius was caution. The fate of the battle of Wurtzburg warned him of his peril, and the advance of Latour's light troops towards his flank at Ulm, was instantly adopted as the signal of retreat—a retreat that was to

be made through 200 miles of mountain and forest, from the centre of Bavaria to the Rhine.

This retreat is still commemorated as one of the finest displays of generalship in modern military history. But, paying due honour to the talents of one of the most consummate tacticians that France herself ever produced, we are not to omit that he possessed the singular advantage of having a compact force of 70,000 troops, totally untainted by disaster, and enjoying the abundance of an unspoiled country; in contrast with an army which amounted to but 63,000, divided into four corps separated from each other by large tracts of country, and wearied with perpetual battle. Near the entrance of the Black Forest, Moreau made the first stand against his vigorous pursuer, Latour, at Biberach. The Austrian general could bring but 24,000 men into the field. The French threw on him such a weight of numbers, that nothing but the most heroic resistance could have saved his army from destruction. Dessaix, heading a French column, fell on his right flank; St. Cyr crowned the heights on his left, and poured down a storm of fire on his line: the position was partially forced, and at nightfall the combat closed, with the loss of 4000 Austrians on the field, and eighteen pieces of cannon in the hands of the French dragoons. Moreau's force now plunged into the Black Forest, in three divisions; the main body marching through the Vallée d'Enfer, and his left and right divisions under Dessaix and Férino clearing the mountains of the enemy's light troops on his flanks. The Austrian detachments in the mountains were few, and unprepared for this extraordinary movement; they retreated before the clouds of tirailleurs which covered the French march. And Moreau, after sixteen days of deliberate manœuvre, in the most perilous passes of the mountains, calmly formed his lines in the valley of the Rhine. He was now less a fugitive than a victor, and the campaign might seem to have been on the point of beginning again, when the presence of the Archduke suddenly changed the face of affairs. Determined to drive the last squadron of France across the Rhine, this gallant soldier collected all his strength, and threw himself upon Moreau. The battle was fought at the foot of the height of Waldkirch, which was in possession of the French. After a long resistance the height was carried by the Austrians under Hanendorf, and the whole French line was finally driven into the forest behind the Elz, with the loss of some thousands. One battle more was to clear the territory. The French General pitched his tent on the rocky ridge of Hohenblau; from this picturesque spot his eye might range at once over the noble river which he had crossed with such strong anticipations of triumph, and over the wide but

magnificent wilderness of forest and mountains which he had so painfully left behind to its former masters. Moreau's position did honour to his military name; it was incomparably chosen. With his left on the Rhine, his centre on a citadel of rocks, and his right embattled among precipices, he might have seemed beyond the reach of attack. But the Germans were in sight of the Rhine! A new spirit of patriotism had sprung up among them; they saw their favourite General at their head; and they were irresistible. Rapidly forming into four columns, they rushed on with huzzas, climbed the precipices, burst their way through the showers of grape and musketry pouring down from the heights; and with the bayonet plunged into the French masses. The struggle was brief, the enemy gave way with terrible slaughter, and were hunted from the hills. At the river-side, an unusual chance saved them. The evening grew suddenly tempestuous, and a storm of rain and wind, memorable for its violence, fell on the combatants. The battle was gradually suspended, amid the roaring of the thunder, and the bursts of whirlwind and rain. Night fell, and Moreau instantly marched for the river, crossed without delay, and at length interposed this famous barrier between himself and his victors.

The counsel of the Archduke was now to smite the French invasion of Italy by throwing an army across the Tyrol, and thus bringing an irresistible superiority of numbers into the field. But the evil genius of Austria prevailed. The Archduke was commanded to assault Kehl, the chief fortress in French hands on the right bank of the Rhine. This siege was one of the most tremendous operations of a war abounding in great displays of military power. The troops appointed for the defence were no fewer than 30,000, with a large reserve in the Rhenish Islands! The besieging force was 40,000, commanded by Latour, with the Archduke's army as a covering force. The place was invested on the 9th of October, and on the 21st of the following month the trenches were opened. From this period all was a succession of sorties and encounters on the largest and most sanguinary scale. Inclemency of weather was added to the difficulties of the besiegers:—the trenches were deluged with rain, the works were constantly overflowed, still the Austrians persevered. On the 1st of January, 1797, the Austrians made a general assault on the entrenchments; they were carried in two successive attacks within a few days. The body of the place was now exposed: the defences were crumbling down under the weight of an artillery which had already poured in the astonishing number of 100,000 cannon-balls, and 25,000 shells. Further resistance was hopeless; and on the 9th of January Dessaix and St. Cyr

surrendered by capitulation. The *tête-du-pont* of Huninguen alone remained. It was assailed with the same vigour. From the opening of the trenches the fire was incessant. On the 1st of January it also surrendered; and the liberation of Germany completed the most daring, sanguinary, and splendid, of all the achievements of German arms.

Soult shared the common defeat, but without the common ignominy. His next campaign was fortunate. He commanded as general of division under Massena in the attack on the Austro-Russian army in the memorable battles fought in the neighbourhood of Zurich. On this occasion the general-in-chief gave him the panegyric due to his services. "This general," was the language of his "order of the day," has exhibited the highest military skill; and it must be remembered that his passage of the Linth contributed in the most essential degree to our success along the whole line."

The *locale* of his services was now to be changed, but with an accession of honours. Massena, on being raised to the command in chief of the French army in Italy, accepted the appointment solely on condition of being allowed to take with him Soult, Oudinot, and Brune. Soult was put at the head of the right wing of the army, consisting of three divisions. Napoleon's conquests had been already visited with terrible retribution. The march of the Russians into Italy had been over the wrecks of his army. Suwarrow—who seemed to be thrown forward before the face of Europe for the purpose of heaping double humiliation on the French soldiery, by at once defeating them with the most total and ruinous slaughter, and showing their defeat to be the work of a general and a nation whom they despised as equally barbarian—had torn from the brow of France, in a single campaign, every laurel that she had gathered in the three brilliant years of Napoleon. The old army of Italy was in the grave, or perishing in the sands of Syria. Italy was lost. In this emergency, Massena, whom France pronounced the favourite of fortune, was sent across the Alps to refix the national banners on the Po. But fortune had at length deserted even this "enfant gâté de la victoire;" and Massena was finally driven within the ramparts of Genoa. Soult's divisions felt their share in this reverse, but his retreat was signalized by his habitual caution and courage. In the position of Monte Notte, so celebrated as the site of Napoleon's first triumph, he was saved from destruction by one of those efforts of gallantry which throw such personal lustre on a general. Twenty thousand Austrians had assailed his corps, which consisted of less than four thousand men: their position gave them advantages equivalent to numbers; and they long resisted the assault.

But towards evening the rocks were found to be no longer tenable, and an order was given to retreat as expeditiously as possible upon Genoa. The French had suffered heavily during the day, and at the moment of their commencing to move an ammunition waggon blew up. All the columns were thrown into total confusion. The troops were already flying down the hills, where they must have been slaughtered, when Soult rushed to their front, snatched the colours of one of the regiments from the ensign, and, under a storm of fire, firmly planted it on the height which they had just deserted. The action was irresistible. The troops rushed back with shouts, and kept the Austrians at bay until night. Under cover of the darkness, Soult threw reinforcements into the fortress of Savona, and marched for the city. The siege of Genoa was now formed. The Austrians, aware of the preparations of Napoleon to raise the siege, pushed their advances with the most unusual rapidity. Massena, with 25,000 men, soon had no alternative but that of forcing their way through the enemy, or surrendering. Soult in this emergency made a bold effort to act upon the Austrian communications, and open the blockade. The enemy's fortified post on Mount Creto must be seized, as the first step. Soult's division rushed from its lines, swept the opposing picquets before it, and poured into the Austrian camp. But there the day turned. The Austrians, when they had recovered from their first surprise, poured back upon the French, and a desperate action ensued. The French soldiery are, like the tiger, victorious at the first impulse, or not at all: if they miss their spring, they have no resource but in retreat. They had here missed their spring; they paused,—they then turned. A violent tempest that burst over the combatants increased the confusion. They fought in darkness, illuminated only by the lightning:—the torrents of rain rendered musketry useless:—the columns were beaten down by the fury of the wind. The French gave way, and all was on the point of rout. Soult rushed forward, and was leading them again to the assault, when a ball broke his leg. He fell, and was supposed to be killed. His troops instantly lost all courage, and turned. The general was found lying on the field by the Austrians, and was carried prisoner to Alexandria, where he remained until the final cession of Italy after the battle of Marengo.

High appointments were the natural inheritance of gallantry under a military sovereign. On the coronation of Napoleon Soult was named a marshal, and the force under his command was raised to not less than 80,000 men. The original destination of this force had been a descent on England; but Napoleon was hourly more and more appalled by the infinite difficulties of the

enterprize. While in Paris, surrounded by the plaudits of the multitude, and the panegyrics of the showy slaves of his court, he felt that he had but to speak the word, and England was conquered. But when he arrived at the coast, the delusion was speedily broken;—the rough realities of war were before him;—he saw how totally hopeless all his naval resources were against the few frigates and sloops that lay off the shore merely watching him.

When he saw the shore on which the battle must be fought guarded with a thousand ships of war, and, still more formidable, he saw the unanimity, the boiling courage, and the universal determination of the British heart against the pollution of the soil by a foreign foot, a determination which ranged the astonishing number of 850,000 men under arms within a few months, and on the first moment of actual invasion would have ranged many times the number, Napoleon's sagacity, now undimmed by the clouds of Parisian incense, told him the utter ruin of an attempt to vanquish a whole combined people, and pre-eminently a British people. He had already found them his masters in every exercise of national intellect, vigour, and intrepidity. Their sailors had hunted his navy from the face of the seas; their soldiers, a raw army of 15,000 recruits, had beaten in battle, in march, and in manœuvre, his 25,000 veterans, but three years before, in Egypt; and he was now to calculate the chances, whether his 150,000 men might not find their graves in the bed of the Straits of Dover, or if they eluded the vigilance of the British fleet, they could cope with a million of brave men, and ever bring one of their number back to the French soil. From that moment the dream was done. Reviews and pageants were in abundance, pillars were erected, feasts were given, and healths were drunk to the future conqueror of England. But Napoleon resolved on abandoning an effort wilder than the wildness of romance, and that must leave him a sovereign without an army and a throne, or send his corpse back floating on the bloody waves of the Channel. But, to retire from the enterprize baffled even before he had come into the field—this was unquestionably the true cause of the attack on Austria in September, 1805. The great Thunderer must not move without an attendant storm. Napoleon, returning from the shores of the Channel, like the Roman boaster, with nothing better than his cockleshells to boast of, was terribly in danger of being laughed at, even in the hearing of his own gens-d'armes. But Napoleon, "the vindictive Jupiter," rolling back his tempests on the prostrate thrones of Europe, was not to be laughed at. The French thousands and tens of thousands now suddenly poured upon Austria. The Germans have the faculty of perseverance, but they nationally forget the value of prompti-

tude. They calculated the march of Napoleon at ten miles a day; he marched thirty! Their troops were caught moving, regiment by regiment, from their depôts; they were taken in fragments, enveloped, squadron and battalion, in the rushing masses of the French cavalry. To complete the mischief, a talking tactician, Mack, commanded at Ulm, the advanced post of Austria. Whether iron or gold were the victor on this occasion, the victory was as rapid as the march. Ulm surrendered, with 20,000 troops. Within three months from the declaration of war, Vienna was a French town, the last army of Austria was broken at Austerlitz, and the "German empire" was extinguished for ever.

At this final battle—whose results were 15,000 Austrians and Russians slain, 20,000 made prisoners, 40 standards taken, and the whole Russian and German parks of artillery in French hands—Soult was at the head of the right wing. Napoleon's last words to him, in the midst of the crowd of generals, as they were mounting their horses for the battle, were in the strongest spirit of panegyric. "As to you, Marshal, I have nothing to say further than to bid you do as you have always done." In this battle one of those hideous incidents that render war more like the work of fiends than of men occurred. A division of the Russian army in retreating mistook its way, and was gradually forced by Soult's advance on a large extent of smooth space covered with snow. The space was found to be a frozen lake. The French halted at its edge, and commenced a heavy fire of cannon, not on the unfortunate Russians, but on the lake. The ice, loaded with men, horses, and guns, at last gave way under the cannon-balls, and in another moment the whole division was engulphed! To the shame of humanity, Napoleon, who had just galloped to the spot, loudly exulted in this most horrid and appalling spectacle.

In October, 1806, the Prussian war again put the French armies in motion. Napoleon's violence had first forced Prussia into war. His rapidity took her by surprize. His generalship on the fatal field of Jena, in one day deprived her of her independence, her military name, and her throne. If on that day the shade of Frederick the Great had risen from the dead, he would have felt in the blighted glories of the house of Brandenburg the solemn and gory retribution of the infidelity which he had taught to France, and the love of conquest with which he had so long afflicted Europe. In this consummate encounter Soult and Ney commanded the two corps which formed the right wing. In fourteen days from Napoleon's crossing the Rhine, he was sitting victor in the palace of Frederick. Soult pursued the remnants of the Prussian force, and, with Bernadotte, concluded the war and the existence of the army, by the capture of Lubeck and the heroic

Blucher. They little dreamt, in that hour of triumph, how noble and complete a vindication of the fallen honours of his country was yet to be achieved by this gallant old man in the heart of France.

The Russian war instantly began, the most formidable that had ever tried the French intrepidity. They found a bold, vigilant, and desperate enemy. The doubtful battle of Pultusk forced Napoleon into winter-quarters. Beningsen startled the French from their repose by a combined and daring attack on their positions. The battle of Eylau, on the 7th of February, 1807, still more alarmingly tried the strength of France. The slaughter of the French on this day was so prodigious that Napoleon proposed a retreat at nightfall. Soult sagaciously and bravely remonstrated with him on the impolicy of the movement. "It must throw," said he, "into the enemy's hands full 30,000 wounded or fugitives; while, if we persist in keeping our ground, the Russians must retire, and thus leave us the honour of the day." The advice succeeded; the Russians were starving; the country was a desert; Beningsen retired towards Königsberg for food, and Napoleon was suffered to reckon Eylau among his victories. The battle of Friedland finished the war in June, and the peace of Tilsit laid Russia at the mercy of the conqueror. But never was triumph more terribly purchased. France was at last forced to taste of the miseries of military ambition. The Russian campaign cost her *three* conscriptions, each of 80,000 men. Soult's services were too conspicuous to be neglected in the distribution of rewards; he was created Duke of Dalmatia.

There is proverbially a point in the history of the most distinguished favourites of fortune, in which they feel the inconstancy of human fame. With some, their sun loses its splendour by the calm and grand descent of nature; with some, it sinks in clouds and storm; with some, it is stricken in its meridian, and plunged into disastrous eclipse. Napoleon's glory perished at once. The fame of his great companions in arms was to be more slowly undone; but the fated hour came to all.

The Spanish war broke out: Europe has never witnessed a darker outrage on public faith or personal honour. She has never witnessed a more rapid, intense, and sweeping retribution. Begun by Napoleon in a period when all human resistance seemed to be at an end, and he had but to wave his sceptre, and see Europe prostrate before his throne; the assault on the feebleness, confidence, and humiliation of Spain, was retorted with the most condign ruin of any empire since the days of Augustulus. The wielder of the thunderbolt, which had already burned from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, found himself enveloped in his

own clouds, and consumed by his own lightnings. The conquests of the French emperor had more resembled the work of magic than of the sword. But the magician was now to be baffled, not merely by the spirits that he had raised: a stronger power than he had ever known was come to control his art; he had lived, risen, and triumphed, under the name of the Champion of Republicanism—he was now to be met and crushed by the colossal resistance of the Spirit of Human Nature. In 1808, a year that will be memorable to the latest times, as the beginning of his fall, Napoleon flooded Spain with his armies. Soult, now Colonel-General of the Imperial Guard, was sent across the Pyrenees to command the second corps of the grand army. His march against the Spanish troops was a succession of victories; but at length an enemy of another rank was to try his powers. The British auxiliary force, under Moore, after waiting in vain the rising of the Spanish population, made the memorable retreat to Corunna, in January 1809. Soult, repulsed in every attack on their wearied and famine-struck battalions, determined to overwhelm them in the moment of embarkation. He attacked them on the 16th of January, in sight of the shore; but found he had encountered his masters. The British force of 15,000 men, without cavalry, and with but five guns, fought his 25,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery—broke them, drove them from their position with heavy slaughter, and, having thus taught the enemy a lesson which he was never to forget, marched unmolested to the beach, and left the Frenchman to look on at the operation.

Soult had now felt the British troops under a General, brave, but too unprepared for the full display of the qualities that distinguish the British from all other soldiers of the earth. Moore had showed their intrepidity. A great military genius was to arise, who, uniting bravery with the most brilliant conceptions of military science, and vivid and vigorous energy in council with unrivalled skill in the field, had no sooner set his foot on the Peninsula than he changed the whole aspect of the war; swept away, like so much tinsel, the old glories of his antagonists; and, delivering Spain and Portugal, opened the barriers of the Pyrenees for the universal "March to Paris." Soult was already master of Portugal; on the 11th of May, Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the head of an inferior force, attacked the French Marshal at Oporto, passed the Douro in his presence, drove his army from height to height, took all his guns, baggage, and ammunition, and finished this gallant enterprize by hunting the last remnant of his broken battalions a three days' journey into the mountains. This glorious achievement broke the spell of France; and from that hour it was never restored.

Nothing in human history is more extraordinary than the combination of events which fortune seemed perpetually to play into the hands of Napoleon. Soult's defeat might have been conceived to be among the bitterest strokes of disaster to a sovereign who lived only on the renown of his armies; on the contrary, it was probably welcomed by him with exultation. The French Marshal had become too powerful. He was openly charged with a design of making himself king of Portugal. Those were the days of sudden royalty. Napoleon's brothers were kings,—Murat was on the throne of Naples,—Bernadotte was Crown Prince of Sweden. Soult, inferior to no living French general in fame, and perhaps superior to them all in military conduct, must have felt his claims, and his power to enforce them, at the head of an army in full possession of the country, and with Napoleon a thousand miles distant, battling in the wildernesses of Germany. The actual proof of this hazardous speculation has never been brought forward. It was reported that all was prepared for the assumption of the Lusitanian throne by a new monarch; that the proclamations were ready, and that the House of Braganza was to be excluded for ever, by "Nicholas the First." But Napoleon was vigilant. A despatch from head-quarters informed the troops, that the proceedings not merely of the Marshal, but of all around him, were narrowly watched; and the sentence of immediate execution on an unfortunate man, Argenton, an officer of dragoons, who was supposed to be the principal agent in the transaction, strongly intimated to those of higher rank the danger of provoking the master of them all. The imperial wrath however was prudent. Soult's services were still too important to be thrown away, if his resentment was not too alarming to be roused into resistance. Napoleon wrote to him that "*He remembered* nothing but the day of Austerlitz;" and the bulletin relating the charges against Argenton, concluded with saying, that though "Reports on this occasion had risen injurious to the Duke of Dalmatia, they were hereby declared to be false, and that the Emperor proved his confidence by naming the Marshal Major-General of his army in Spain."

But the question of sovereignty, whether true or false, was speedily brought to a conclusion. The sword of Wellesley saved the Frenchman's character for loyalty; for it drove him headlong out of Portugal. The French flight from Madrid; Massena's Portuguese campaign of 1810, a series of defeats, which stripped that once famous general of all his laurels; the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo in the sight of one French army, and the storm of Badajos in the sight of another; the total defeat of Marmont at Salamanca; the second flight of Joseph from Madrid; and the

gallant advance of the British into the heart of Spain, all followed in quick succession, and made the year 1811 the most memorable year of Spanish war. The march of the victorious British on Madrid rendered Soult's possession of Andalusia no longer tenable. He was forced to abandon that fine province, which he governed with all but the name of monarch, and hastily effected his junction with the armies of the "Intrusive King."

But a new war burst out in Germany,—the final, fatal war of Napoleon's fortunes. The veterans of France lay entombed in the bed prepared for them by the insane ambition of their great chieftain. A last struggle was to be made, and Soult, baffled by the British General in Spain, was to be summoned for a renewal of his faded laurels, to the army of France in Germany. He crossed the Pyrenees at the head of 4000 men, who were to form the *nucleus* of the imperial guard, frozen in the deserts of Russia. In command of the infantry of the new guard, he was present at the doubtful battles of Lützen and Bautzen. But the day of ruin was approaching with giant strides; Wellington was striking those rapid and impetuous blows at the imperial fame, which were so soon to crumble the throne into dust. Napoleon had scarcely set his foot within the capital of Saxony when he received intelligence of the disastrous battle of Vittoria. His sagacity instantly saw that he had mistaken the true point of danger, and that, while he was fighting drawn battles beyond the Rhine, Wellington was marching to force the Pyrenees. But, to retreat in the presence of the Russian and Prussian armies was ruin. He attempted to negotiate, and in the mean time sent Soult to take the command of the entire remaining French armies in Spain.

A little family scene, long afterwards narrated by Napoleon himself, may form an expressive *home* episode in these annals of comprehensive toil and slaughter. "Soult," said he, at St. Helena, "had his defects, as well as his good qualities. His whole campaign in the South of France (his defence of the frontier against the British) was excellent. But it will scarcely be believed, from his style and manner, both which give the idea of great character, that he was far from being master in his own house. When I heard at Dresden of the defeat of Vittoria, and the loss of all Spain, I looked round me for some one fit to repair so many misfortunes, and I cast my eyes on Soult. He professed himself perfectly ready, but begged of me to speak to his wife on the subject, as she was determined to set her face against it. I desired her to be sent to me. She made her appearance with a hostile front and a high tone, distinctly telling me, 'that her husband should not go back into Spain; that he

had already done enough, and deserved to rest after all that he had done.' 'Madame,' I replied, 'I have not sent for you to listen to your nonsense, *I am not your husband;* and if I were it should make no difference.' These few words confounded her; she became flexible, nay, obsequious, and thought only of adding some conditions. To this I paid no regard, and limited myself to congratulating her on being able to hear reason. 'Madame,' said I, 'in great public emergencies, the business of women is to soften our labours; go back to your husband, and *torment him no more.*'"

Soult's campaign in the South of France deserved the praise given to it by the great master of modern war. It exhibited indefatigable perseverance, activity, and skill. But he had met with the true antagonists, who were to teach France and her Marshals the frail tenure of human fame. Soult made two desperate efforts to force his way back into Spain, but made them in vain. Wellington, with sixty miles of passes to defend, and liable to be attacked at any of them by the whole strength of his enemy, and so attacked during a long and diversified battle, or succession of battles, for three days, had no sooner assembled his troops on the point of the chief attack, than he drove the assailants before him, and proved in the slaughter of the French battalions the total hopelessness of coping with England on either shore or sea. Wellington now poured down his masses from the Pyrenees, and, like another Hannibal entering Italy, pointed out to his troops, from the summits of the hills, the luxuriant plains of the enemy's country before them. The French army fortified the banks of the Adour, they were forced; made a stand at Orthez, and were defeated; raised entrenchments round Thoulouse, saw them forced on the 10th of April 1814, suffering an acknowledged loss of 4000 men out of 25,000; and, to save the remnant of their troops, retreated in the night. The pursuit was on the point of being followed up, to their ruin, when a courier from Paris announced the fall of Napoleon.

All France was instantly loyal, peaceful, exulting, and *Bourboniste.* Soult was among the first to hoist the white cockade; and published an order of the day, declaring the adhesion of his army to "The Provisional Government for the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth to the throne of St. Louis and Henri Quatre." Within a few days, he and his companions in arms had a new opportunity of exhibiting their conversion to *Bourbonisme.* The Duke d'Angoulême visited the army. The official report of this scene was romantically tender. The Prince's reception by the troops was described, in the native style, as "a spectacle, at once martial and touching." Everybody wept, as

usual; a thousand shouts, a thousand times repeated, hailed the arrival of the Duke. "All cried, 'Vive Louis XVIII.!' Vive le Duc d'Angoulême!' A universal acclaim of joy, enthusiasm, and homage, burst forth at the presence of a prince worthy to be the descendant of the brave and good Henri. All hearts flew to meet him. His own was deliciously moved. The troops, in seeing him, recognized the blood of their legitimate sovereign; and, marching before him, under the lilies of peace, looked as on a day of victory. The Duke, in the midst of them, looked like a father in the midst of his children." How short a time was to elapse, before this new father was to be turned out of the bosom of his family, and the children to forget this charming reconciliation. In the mean time, loyalty was not to be without its reward. The Marshal was created Chevalier of St. Louis, and appointed to the command of the 13th military division.

The royal proposal to erect a monument at Quiberon to the unfortunate emigrants who fell in 1795 severely tried the marshal's submission. But the draught was swallowed, and the pupil of the republic and prince of the empire signalized his devotion to a king and a Bourbon. The programme was drawn under the marshal's inspection, and pledged him to every thing that a novelist could have written, or a Frenchman sworn to. "Among the ancients," said this classic document, "some vain ceremonies were used to console afflicted shades. But Christianity, all divine, follows its children far beyond the tomb. It places in the first rank of its affections those victims whom a glorious death has carried away in the midst of battles for the altar and the throne."

"The plains of Carnac, the shores of Quiberon, saw legions of those Christian warriors fall. As they died, their last words were devotion to their king, and prayers for their country. To day the king, after a long exile, the country, after a long silence, each answers to those touching farewells." The programme, having thus expressed the principles of the new loyalists, proceeded to direct that a pyramid should be erected at Quiberon and a funeral monument in the Chartreuse, at Auray, with a view of the return of Louis le Désiré on one side, and of the Duc d'Angoulême, paying honours to the dead, on the other. At the obsequies of Louis XVIII. and his unhappy queen, the marshal held a corner of the pall.

These little wanderings from the right line of Napoleonism must be forgiven, or may be forgotten in the multitude of fellow sinners. Loyalty was the universal business. This was the glorious day of the *girouettes*. All France was in a perpetual whirl before the court breeze. But girouettism was soon to flourish on a still larger scale. Formidable news came in the

midst of those days of bowing and smiling, orders of St. Louis, and dinners at the table of *Le Desiré;* Napoleon was on the land of France! The emotion in the streets was strong; at the council-table of the trembling government it was stronger still; but in the breasts of the gallant marshals and generals covered with the Bourbon ribbons and crosses, was strongest of all. They knew that Napoleon had a quick memory and a heavy hand; and the grand question now was, who should first mount the tricolor. The king proposed Soult for the command of the army which was to cut off the invader's march from Lyons. The marshal prudently declined the command, satisfied himself with laughing at Napoleon's temerity, and proposed Ney, a headlong and loose-tongued gladiator, who, in the pride of his new favours, made the showy declaration, "That he would bring M. Le Corse in an iron cage." The Tuileries was still blind beyond the ordinary blindness of thrones, and on the 8th of March, 1815, Soult, as minister of war, published the following order:—

"Soldiers! *That man!* who lately abdicated, in the face of all Europe, a power which he had usurped, and of which he had made so fatal a use, BONAPARTE, has landed on the French soil, to which he ought never to have returned. What does he want? A civil war. Whom does he seek? Traitors. Where are they to be found? Is it among those soldiers whom he has deceived and sacrificed so often. Bonaparte insults us enough to believe that we can abandon a legitimate and beloved Sovereign, to share the fate of a man who is nothing but an *adventurer*. This he thinks, madman! and his last act of madness completes our knowledge of him. Soldiers! the French army is the bravest in Europe, it will be also the most faithful. Let us rally round the banner of the Lily, at the voice of the father of his people, the worthy heir of the virtues of the Great Henry, &c. &c.

(Signed) *The Minister, Secretary of State for War, The Marshal, Duke of Dalmatia.*"

But the king grew uneasy at the unlucky defeat of every plan of his minister of war, and dismissed him with a letter overflowing with royal confidence and compliment. Within two months and a day from the date of Soult's address, he was announced, in the Paris papers, as major-general of the empire of Napoleon! (May 9,) and was made a peer!

The famous and abortive *Champ de Mai,* a pantomime in which Napoleon played Harlequin, and the whole generation of *girouettes* danced as Clowns and Pantaloons, made heavy demands on official eloquence, and the major-general again addressed the army. The effusion was not difficult, for he had little more to do than copy his former performance, changing the names.

"The destinies of France," said this new blazonry of a patriot's heart, "are accomplishing, and all the attempts of an impious league cannot

separate the interests of a great people from the *hero*, whom the most brilliant triumphs have made the admiration of the universe! * * * Every man in France is a soldier when the question is of the national honour and of liberty. The obligations which violence imposed upon us are extinguished by the flight of the Bourbons from the French soil, by the appeal which they have made to foreign armies to remount the throne which they have abandoned, and by the unanimous voice of the nation. * * * But a new career of glory opens to the army. The enemy are numerous, they will say; but what is that to us? It will be the more glorious for us to beat them, and their defeat will add only the more to our renown. The struggle is not above the genius of Napoleon, nor above our own strength. The signal will soon be given. Soldiers! Napoleon guides your steps; let us fight for the independence of our fine country. We are invincible.

(Signed) *The Marshal of the Empire, Major General, The Duke of Dalmatia!*"

But the days of the new monarch were numbered, and the triumph of *Girouettisme* was to begin again. The major-general attended Napoleon to Ligny on the 16th, and sent an exulting account of that dubious battle to Paris. His attendance was soon to close: he was at Waterloo on the 18th, and there saw the final fall of his master, the breaking up of the empire, and the extinction of the French army. It is narrated that Napoleon, stupified by the scene of this sweeping ruin, and unable to form any decision, was saved from death or capture by Soult's presence of mind. Towards the end of the battle, when the final advance of the British guards crushed the imperial guard, Napoleon, with Soult, Drouet, Bertrand, and Gourgand, were sitting on their horses under cover of one of the few remaining squares of French infantry. Soult pointed out to him the approach of the British cavalry, who were already within a few hundred yards of the spot. It is said that Napoleon made some exclamation about dying where they were, and finishing their career on the field of battle. But if he ever uttered the words, he was content with the heroism of the speech; Soult seized his horse's bridle, and saying, "Ah, sire, the enemy are fortunate enough already"—a speech which would deserve to be registered in an academy of courtiership in any part of the globe—turned his emperor's face to the rear, and giving his charger the true direction, left Napoleon to his own instincts to make the speediest way he could from the sabres of the British troopers. On the next day, Soult checked his flight at Philippeville, to receive the fugitives, as they came pouring in; while Napoleon hurried on to Paris, to be dethroned.

Another scene, equally characteristic, followed this grand display of imperial discomfiture. Wellington pursued the flying em-

peror and his *braves* to Paris; and there the question was, whether to fight or fly further still. Soult was summoned to the council of generals, for Napoleon was actually under arrest at Malmaison! His opinion was perfectly military and perfectly true. "The left bank of the Seine," said this able tactician, "is totally untenable. The possession even of the right bank, since the capture of Aubervilliers, is extremely dangerous. And if the last hope of the defenders, the line of the canal joining St. Denis to Villette, should be forced, the enemy would have nothing to do but to enter pell-mell with the French into Paris by the barrier of St. Denis." But, to save the "honour of France," an affair of words, which in France are always more important than things, another council was held, next night, at the headquarters of the unfortunate Ney, a bold swordsman, but whose conduct to both parties showed that he knew no more of honour than of Chinese. There the time was wasted in worn-out harangues on the grandeur of despair, the invincible things done by Frenchmen when they were defeated, the terrible treachery by which it was the ill luck of the French armies always to be ruined, and the beauties of a free constitution, under Napoleon! To these were added, the fortifications of Paris! and the warlike propensities of the rabble of the Parisian streets. Soult's answer to all this absurdity was practical and irresistible. "You think we can raise the *federés*," said he, "but how are we to give them musquets. You have none. A levy *en masse* is not to be disciplined in a day. Before you can have a single battalion ready, Paris will have before its weak walls 60,000 Bavarians, and 150,000 Austrians more to fight. What will you do then? The affair *must* finish by a surrender, and the blood shed by you will be only so much lost. But will not the enemy make you pay the penalty of your silly resistance. If the allies at this moment think themselves strong enough to refuse you a suspension of arms, what will they not do, when they have on your soil 1,200,000 soldiers? The dismemberment of France, and the pillage and devastation of the metropolis, will probably be the fruits of the giddy attempt which is now proposed to you."

This was plain speaking, without a shadow of that high strain in which the powers and prospects of France were usually blazoned; not a syllable was said about invincibility, the untarnishable glory of the Grande Nation; or the impossibility of taking possession of the last threshold or the last livre of France, by "barbarians," whether from the equator or the pole. The necessity of the case mastered the genius of the metaphor, and the glitter of the allied bayonets along the Seine reduced the established panegyric to common sense. It is true that the mob

orators harangued as long as they thought that they were safe from the cannon-shot of the invaders; that the fugitive troops from Waterloo were doubly indignant at not being suffered to fight; and that the generals, who were glad to escape along with them, boasted fiercely of determining to extinguish Wellington under the walls of Paris. It is true that they all swore, of course, to die on the spot, rather than abandon Paris; and it is equally true that Wellington's advance was a formidable test of the force of all this oratory. The higher personages knew how rapidly these national inspirations might vanish in a struggle with the Cossacks and Hungarians; and while some fled and others went openly to pay the homage of their new-born loyalty to the king, Soult, without noise, gave up the command of the army, and glided away to wait the current of affairs on his estate in Languedoc. Ney capitulated, and the army quietly marched out of Paris, and was sent behind the Loire.

Other hazards now awaited the host of unchangeable warriors, who had alternately hoisted the white cockade, and the traitor Soult was seized on his way through the prefecture of the Lozère, and finally escaped the popular rage only by the direct interference of the Duke d'Angoulême. Ney was shot; and a royal ordonnance of July, 1815, declared the marshal to be among the muster-roll of thirty-eight, who were ordered to quit Paris in three days, to retire to whatever part of France the government should direct, and consider themselves under strict surveillance, until the Chambers should decide which of them were to be sent out of the country, and which given over to the tribunals. Soult published a pamphlet in defence, but the attempt was hopeless. By a decree of January, 1817, he retired beyond the Rhine. In May, 1819, he was suffered to find his way back again, and was received into favour with a large pension.

Religion now was presumed to be the future business of a life spent so long amid the tossings of the world. No man seemed more deeply penetrated with a sense of the vanities of courts, camps, and cabinets. The missionaries rejoiced in their convert. Charles X., himself a devotee of the first magnitude, was charmed with the sudden conversion of the great soldier. Soult walked in procession to Nôtre Dame, carried holy candles, and eclipsed all the religious by the persevering spirit of his piety. The king honoured the saint still more than the soldier, and at his coronation, in 1825, Soult's scorn of the vanities of the world was recompensed by his being appointed chevalier of the royal orders! In two years after he was created a peer.

The later portion of his history may be despatched in a few words. The Revolution of 1830, which placed Louis Philippe

on the throne, made Soult once more minister of war. Liberty was on every lip, but those who knew more of the liberty of France than the orators in the streets or the scribblers in the journals, knew that the king, who was made by one "July," might be unmade by another. Soult's elevation astonished all the world of France but the king and the marshal. The king, a shrewd, active, and experienced judge of the popular mind of his country, remembered the lessons of his exile, and wisely determined not to leave it in the power of every coxcomb in the Chambers, or rabble leader in the Boulevards, to send him back to America. No Lafayette should tow him out of his palace, and no Brissot should sentence him to the scaffold. He adopted the natural cure for the revolutionary fever. He chose the ablest officer in his kingdom to be his defender, and the result has justified the choice. If Charles X. had done the same, he might have been, every hour since, sitting in the Tuileries, the grand regulator of fêtes and processions, listening to the murmurs of Jacobinism, as a man on shore listens to the growlings of the ocean, food for his complacency; and using the most furious of the journals to light his cigar. Soult's decision in the formidable affair of the funeral of General Lamarque shows the practical value of the man. He felt no sentimental pangs at doing his duty, and rescuing Paris from conflagration and the world from a French Republic. He was as plain, prompt, and decisive, in the streets of the maddened capital, as he had ever been in the front of the charging enemy. He had no more timidity or romantic tenderness in the presence of revolution, than he had when the fate of France depended upon his intrepidity, at the head of his battalions in Germany or Spain; and the result was equally fortunate for France, for himself, and for the general peace of Europe.

This eminent person has again left the French cabinet. Such is the caprice of human fortune, and the fate of statesmen in the moment of their highest importance to the welfare of the state. The causes of this change are lost in the infinite gossiping, chicaneries, and mystifications, that belong to all courts, and *par excellence* to the politics and politicians of France. But in him Louis Philippe has lost the most distinguished military man of France, and we have now to see how he will fight the battles of monarchy by the harangues of the doctrinaires. The condition of that great kingdom, at this moment, is made to baffle the pride of prophecy. Whether it will inflame into a republic within the year, or display to Europe a monarchy growing from strength to strength, casting off the ragged, gory relics of democracy, and assuming the dignity, gravity, and regal port of an established throne, is a doubt which no man living can fully solve. But it

must be acknowledged that Louis Philippe has shown singular fitness for the difficulties of his station. Without unnecessary violence, he has summarily put down all attempts at overthrowing his authority. Without straining the law, he has successively brought all political offenders within the hand of the tribunals; without violating mercy as a man, no monarch has more unhesitatingly executed justice on the disturbers of the state. While *he* lives, it is not improbable that France may remain a monarchy, that it may preserve peace with the Continent, and that it may even present the honourable and gratifying spectacle of a country gifted with the highest bounties, improved by the highest advantages of an active, wise, and paternal government. But when he is called on at length to give up crown and sceptre to the summoner who crushes crowns and sceptres so recklessly into the dust, on whose brow shall the diadem of France fall? or shall the diadem be exchanged for the red cap, or for some still more ferocious badge of some still more ferocious development of human passions, maddened by the sight of possession, drunk with the banquet of national vanity, and burning like the throats of the wolf or the tiger, for more blood at every fresh draught of massacre? The notorious irreligion, the habitual Jacobinism, and the inextinguishable ambition of the spirit of France in this hour of anxiety, fill the future with terrible shapes of evil. But whether the storm, already gathering all round the horizon, is to cast down its especial lightnings on democratic France, while its thunders shake the hearts of all surrounding nations; or whether, after a brief convulsion, the atmosphere is to be cleared, and the retiring tempest only to augment the glories and splendour of the political heaven; we say, "*Long live the king!*"

Art. IX.—1. *Geschichte des Teutschen Volkes.* Von Heinrich Luden. (History of the German Nation. By Henry Luden.) Vol. V.—VIII., 8vo. Gotha. 1830—1833.

2.—*Geschichte der Alten Deutschen, besonders der Franken.* Von Konrad Mannert, Hofrath, &c. (History of the Early Germans, especially of the Franks. By Conrad Mannert, Aulic Councillor, and regular Professor at the University of Munich.) Vol. II., 8vo. Stuttgart & Tubingen. 1832.*

In execution of the purpose intimated when closing our account of the earlier portion of the labours of these able but very dissimilar authors in the field of German History,† we again bring them under the eye of the British public. Mannert has now completed the task which, in the preface to this second volume, he tells us he had assigned himself, to wit, that of affording German readers such a manual of their national history prior to the accession of the House of Hohenstauffen, as may enable them the better to comprehend Raumer's infinitely more detailed development of events, in his History of the Hohenstauffen Emperors.‡ Luden,—whom we take shame to ourselves for not having in the first instance introduced to our readers as Professor of History at the University of Jena,—Luden does not in the four volumes now before us come down quite so low; pausing nearly at the beginning of those violent dissensions between the temporal and spiritual heads of Christendom, that broke out during the reign of the Emperor Henry IV., and the papacy of Gregory VII. These volumes comprise, nevertheless, a period replete with historical interest. They present us with the separation of France and Germany into distinct kingdoms, with the development of the feudal system in Germany, where, in spite of the efforts of such really great emperors as Henry I. & III., Otho I. and Frederic I. & II., it prevented that country from blending into one whole, and thus assuming the station that she was entitled to hold in Europe; with the gradual advance of the Papal power; with the rise or rather perhaps dawn of municipal and commercial freedom; with the devastating predatory inroads of the Northmen, or Normans, and their subsequent establishment, first in France, then in Italy and England; and with the similar inroads of the Magyars, commonly called Hungarians, and their establishment in Hungary, &c. &c. There are topics

* This volume was somewhat prematurely announced as published in 1831.

† F. Q. R. vol. vii. p. 145.

‡ For Raumer's History of the Hohenstauffens, see F. Q. R. vol. iii. p. 559.

more than enough for one review; and the reign which must occupy most of Luden's next volume opens a new scene of long-lasting importance in European politics. We have therefore thought it advisable, without awaiting this author's further progress, to give our readers some account of his fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth volumes.

Having already spoken fully of the different characters of Luden's and of Mannert's works,* it will, upon the present occasion, only be necessary to say that we find little or no change therein. Mannert is still wearisomely dry from brevity; a complaint at which the reader may perhaps wonder, conceiving that nearly 600 closely printed octavo pages, devoted to the annals of about three centuries, might afford room for some little of the detail that gives life and animation to history. But Mannert's number of pages must be compared not with the quantity of letter-press of Hume, or of our modern compilers of pocket histories, but with that of his own countrymen; and when we consider that Luden's eight, decidedly thicker volumes, do not contain as many years, by sixty, as Mannert's thinner two, we must allow that the latter work may bear all the characters of brevity, shortness alone excepted, shortness not being a German quality.

This second volume is more in the style of a manual, and therefore yet drier than the first; its general abridgment not being relieved, as before, by occasional detail. We must likewise notice a strange degree of inaccuracy or negligence in minor points, easily discoverable, which tends somewhat, though assuredly very slightly, to shake the confidence we formerly expressed in this writer's correctness upon points where, to ascertain it, a laborious investigation might be required. As an instance of this inaccuracy we may mention his calling Adelheid, the mother of Otho II., his grandmother; and this not once only, going on to say in the next sentence:—

"She arrives; grandmother and grandson fall weeping into each other's arms."

This occurs within a paragraph of Otho II.'s death, and the author was probably thinking of the next reign, when, as grandmother to the young emperor Otho III., Adelheid took an active part in the administration. But other mistakes of the same kind cannot be even thus, not justified, but, explained; as when he speaks of the sons-in-law of the childless Henry V., meaning thereby his nephews, the Hohenstauffen sons of his only sister Agnes. Are such trifles beneath the notice of a philosophical

* F. Q. R. vol. vii. p. 150.

historian? Or is the professor deficient in the genealogical organ? Perhaps this last conjecture might be corroborated by the great admiration Mannert expresses for the skill with which old chroniclers have recorded genealogies prior to the facilitating device of surnames. One other example, unconnected with genealogies, and we will leave the ungrateful but imperative duty of reviewers, that of pointing out small faults in a valuable work. After relating the election of Lothar II., the immediate successor of Henry V., Mannert says;—

"Lothar II. immediately solicited from the holy father the confirmation of his election, by a deputation of three highly respected bishops; this was not the obedience-embassy, usual ever since the time of Henry V—" Henry V. being the emperor just deceased.

Of Luden, it will be remembered, we formerly said that his pursuit of originality, his love of reasoning out, from the contradictions of his authorities, from the laws of human nature, &c. &c., what the course of events must have been, render him sometimes a little tedious, and oftener not a guide to be unhesitatingly trusted. But he is full of matter, full of detail, full of speculation; he gives, in copious notes, extracts from those authors whose statements he rejects or amplifies; and, especially with the straightforward Mannert for a corrective, he is a valuable historian. The glowing zeal of nationality, indeed, that awakened all our sympathies in his former volumes, we miss in these—inasmuch as Luden is a modern liberal, and therefore so bitter an enemy to the feudal system and every thing thereunto belonging, that he writes of the period now before us in a tone of virulent reprobation peculiarly disagreeable in an historian. On the other hand, this is in a great measure counterbalanced by a delightful spirit of optimism, which leads him to regard every event, every calamity, every condition of things, as essential to the development of European nationality, civilization and liberty. Nothing is excepted from these views, we believe, save only feudal institutions and judicial combat; and we confess ourselves surprised that he should not be softened towards these by observing how useful were the first in preventing European monarchy from degenerating into Oriental despotism, or the tyranny of the Roman emperors; and that the latter, when judges were as ignorant and barbarous as all men were superstitious, must at least have been nearly as efficacious a way as any other of eliciting truths sedulously concealed by self-interest. For ourselves, we must confess, unphilosophical as it may sound, our suspicion that the great majority of early judicial combats were wont to prove that

> "thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
> And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

It will be remembered that one of Luden's grand objects in his former volumes was to show how thoroughly the Franks were Germans, how decidedly the sovereignty of both Merovingians and Carlovingians over France and part of Germany, was a German sovereignty. As pertaining to, and completing, this subject, we shall now call the reader's attention to the decline, downfall, and severance of the Carlovingian empire; which is moreover highly important in some other respects; viz. relatively to our author's development of nationality, to the natural and political relations of the Netherlands, and to that connexion between Italy and Germany, which occasioned so much discord and bloodshed during the middle ages. We will begin with some of our author's philosophical political speculations upon the consequences of Charlemagne's coronation as emperor.

"The importance of the restoration of the imperial title is undeniable; but it regards a later generation. For the moment, the name of Roman Emperor only awoke obscure recollections, which perhaps brought German into some connection with Roman times, which probably generated strange notions of grandeur and supremacy; but these wrought mysteriously as preparations for the future. * * * It increased the movement of life, produced collisions and dissensions, and thus contributed to the development of various relations amongst the nations of the German world. * * * The imperial crown obtained its real importance through the Popes. When the Popes acquired the full consciousness of the power, which, in those ages of vicissitude and tempest, the wants of men had accumulated upon their see,—when in this consciousness they strove to bring the thrones of kings under their controul, in order to rule as absolutely over arms and civil society as over the minds of men and the united church; then did they seek to set up the imperial crown as the centre, as the very source, of all worldly power, in order to have a determinate object against which to direct their efforts, and in order to make their hard-fought victories over the man who wore the imperial crown available as gained over all kings and princes in Christendom. The exaltation of the imperial crown was to serve as a back-ground to the exaltation of the tiara. * * * Thus did futurity fashion itself into a form utterly different from that which, in all likelihood, it wore to the soul of Charles the Great; and the imperial dignity which, according to his views, might be regarded as the means of bringing the Roman see under due subjection to the throne, served only to aggrandize the Popes."

We must here observe that Luden, though, as we believe, a Protestant, esteems the papal authority to have been of inestimable value during the dark ages, as the producer of a degree of union throughout Christendom, indispensable to the promotion of the regular progress of events towards civilization, and its own eventual superfluousness, not to say noxiousness.

Adorned with the revived imperial title, whether useful or not, Charlemagne at length effectually conquered and converted to

Christianity the long-struggling Saxons; and his empire, at the close of his reign, extended from Rome and the duchy of Benevento to the North Sea, from the Ebro to the Elbe. To the north and east of the last-named river dwelt the still heathen and independent Danes and Sclavonians; the south-eastern provinces of Germany being likewise held by tribes of the latter nation, of whom some few acknowledged a sort of nominal subjection to the Franks.

This enormous empire Charlemagne bequeathed to his only surviving son, Lewis the Pious, a surname given him by contemporary Latin annalists (*Pius*), that the French have been pleased to translate, we know not why, the *Debonnaire*. Lewis was totally incompetent to the office with which the deaths of his elder brothers had burthened him. The great vassals, without denying, disdained his authority; the Sclavonians re-asserted their independence; the Danes and Saracens recovered most of the lands conquered from them; the Northmen ravaged the sea-coasts, and penetrated far up the rivers, carrying with them such ruthless and utter desolation, that, as we read, we marvel how any sort of society could continue to exist amidst such murder and destruction of all the *materiel* of life; and the Emperor's sons, to whom he had given portions of his dominions as so many separate kingdoms, rebelled against him. At his death, he left sons and empire in a state of complete anarchy, which terminated temporarily in the tripartite division of the empire, an event which Luden considers as the first step towards nationality; and he therefore rejoices that no second Charlemagne succeeded to hold the discordant parts, with a strong hand, together. Lewis had given Italy, with the title of Emperor, to his eldest son Lothar; Aquitaine to the second, Pippin; and Bavaria to the third, Lewis, afterwards surnamed the German. Pippin died before his father, leaving two infant sons. But the rights of grandsons were in those days little regarded. These lawful heirs were set aside, and Aquitaine was transferred to Charles the Bald, the offspring of Lewis's second marriage. Luden says,—

"At Lewis's death, his favourite son, Charles, now a youth of seventeen, hated by his brothers, was carrying on hostilities against his nephew Pippin (son of his deceased brother Pippin) in Aquitaine; and the contest gained new vigour from the death of the old Emperor. Lewis King of Bavaria, had retreated before his father, but not laid down his arms, and, upon the tidings of that father's decease, his first care was to gain over the collective German nations, and induce them to take the oath of fidelity to himself as their king and liege lord. Lothar likewise was at the head of an armed force, having been invited by his father to the general assembly appointed to be held at Worms; and, upon learning the

Emperor's death, he hastened over the Alps with enlarged schemes, conceiving that the crown and sword allotted to him by the expiring Lewis the Pious authorized his most ambitious pretensions.

"In fact, Lothar immediately assumed the imperial title, and despatched messengers to all parts of the realm, especially throughout Francia" (the Latin form of Frankland then in use) "to announce his accession to the empire. To all vassals he promised that they should retain the fiefs granted them by his father, and even receive more; he summoned them to meet him, and threatened with the punishment of death all who should hesitate to obey this summons. The Frankland vassals, impelled by cupidity and fear, thronged to meet the new Emperor, and received him with joyous gratulations at the foot of the Alps.

"Lewis meanwhile, full of his old anger against this faithless brother, and provoked anew by the pretensions which he now brought forward, was counter-working Lothar. He had assembled his Bavarians, and gained the Allemans (now Swabians). He had advanced to the Rhine, and there arrayed forces sufficient to foil his brother's attempt. Thence he had himself hastened to Saxony, in order there also to impress a conviction of the necessity that all Germans should hold hard together against the projects of a foreign king. Nor were his labours unavailing. But ere he could return from Saxony, Lothar, with an hourly increasing army, had descended from the Alps and reached the Rhine. The Emperor at the same time sent an embassy to his brother Charles, to cajole him and secure his friendship during his own war with Lewis. He caused the youthful Prince to be assured, that what he had promised their common father, he would perform to him the more faithfully for having presented him to baptism; and entreated, meanwhile, that he, Charles, would spare their nephew Pippin, until they, the brothers, should meet and converse. Lothar desired, in case of need, to preserve in Pippin an ally against Charles."

But to record the vicissitudes of the—shall we say civil or family?—wars carried on amongst the brothers and nephews, would be a uselessly irksome task. Suffice it to state that they lasted for three years, and that Lothar proved himself the falsest of the brothers, Charles the weakest, and Lewis, without any great superiority of head or heart, decidedly the best. In the course of the struggle, Lewis and Charles united against their elder brother. They met at Strasburg, on the 14th of February, 842, and we are told—

"Believing it necessary to give their alliance the greatest publicity and the utmost solemnity, they resolved to ratify it by oath, in the presence of their armies, and to cause them likewise to swear to its observance; so that the oath of the prince might be corroborated by the oath of every individual warrior. The oath was to be sworn by Lewis in the *Romane* language, by Charles in the German, so that no man in either army might entertain any doubt respecting the oath of his foreign ally. The two armies were assembled, and, in the first place, Lewis, as the elder, made the following speech in German."

The speech is a mere longish enumeration of Lothar's offences, and an announcement of the younger brethren's intentions.

"Charles repeated this speech in *Romane*. Nithard, the historian, who most likely was present, has preserved it in Latin. Then the kings swore one and the same oath; Lewis, as the elder, first in the *Romane*, then Charles in the German tongue. Lastly, the armies swore a similar oath, each in their own language. The same historian has transmitted these oaths to us, word for word, in the languages in which the kings and their armies swore them."

As a curious specimen of the languages of the times, we give the oaths of the two armies—the kings' is less remarkable—with a literal translation; but must observe that Luden thinks the German may be less authentic, as to spelling, &c., than the *Romane*, inasmuch as the oldest MS. of Nithard's history extant is of the following century, when his French copyist might not understand German. Nithard himself was a cousin of the two kings, being the son, it is supposed illegitimate, of Charlemagne's daughter, Bertha. The first is the oath of the *Romane* army, the second of the German.

"*Si Lodhwigs sagrament, que son fradre Karlo jurat,*
"If Lewis the oath, that his brother Charles swears,
conservat, et Karlus meos Sendra de suo part non los tanit, si jo
keeps, and Charles my Lord of his part not it keeps, if I
returnar non l'int pois, ne jo ne neuls cui eo returnar
disturn not him-there-from can, nor I nor none whom I disturn
int pois, in nulla adjudha contra Lodhwig non lui
therefrom can, in none aid against Lewis not to-him
ier.
will-be.

"*Oba Karl then eid, then er sineno bruodher Ludhuuige geswor,*
"If Charles that oath, that he to-his brother Lewis swore,
geleistit, indi Ludhuuig min Herro then er imo geswor forbrihchit,
observes, and Lewis my Lord that he to-him swore breaks,
ob ih ina nes iruuenden ne mag, noh ih noh thero, noh hein,
if I him not-of-it disturn not can, nor I nor he, nor any
then ih es iruuenden mag, uuidar Karle imo ce follust ine?
that I of-it disturn can, against Charles to-him of help
uuirdhit."
will-be."

Luden expresses his doubts of the French copyist's German, and we suspect that the *ine* which puzzles him, and which he does not attempt to translate, is one of the said copyist's blunders. Should it not stand thus, *follusti ne?* the *i* being the sign of the dative case, erroneously joined to the second *ne*, not?

Lothar at length, growing weary of indecisive and destructive wars, wrote to his brothers, saying:—

"He wished to send ambassadors to them to treat of peace: where and how should it be done? The brothers answered that he might send whomsoever he pleased, and could easily learn where they were. At the same time they resolved to march conjointly to Chalons on the Saone. When they reached Meaux, in the neighbourhood of Chalons, they were met by many distinguished men—amongst whom are named Counts Josippo, Eberhard, and Egbert—sent by Lothar, who had advanced to Maçon. The envoys said that Lothar acknowledged his fault towards God and them, and wished not to prolong the contest; if, for the sake of the imperial title, which he had received from their father, of the imperial dignity, which the realm owed to their grandfather, Charlemagne, they would allow him something above a third of the realm, he would be well satisfied; if not, let each keep his original share;—he himself, Lombardy; Lewis, Bavaria; Charles, Aquitaine; and the remainder be divided into three equal shares: then let each govern his own share as well as, under God's favour, he can, independently of the others; but each be ever ready kindly to aid the others, and so an eternal peace, grounded upon reciprocity, subsist amongst all three. Of his nephew, Pippin, Lothar said not a word."

Lewis and Charles accepted the last proposal, but the difficulty was to agree upon the division. Negociations ensued, and, after much discussion,

"the envoys of the younger brothers proposed to Lothar that Lewis and Charles should divide the empire into three equal portions, and he, the emperor, should choose amongst the three. To this proposal Lothar agreed. Hereupon the three brothers met in the month of June, in a little island in the Saone, called Ansilla, opposite to Maçon; when they solemnly swore that an honourable and brotherly peace should henceforward subsist between them. They settled to meet again on the 1st of October, at Metz, when each should name forty of his principal adherents, to effect the equitable partition of the empire; and the decision of this great body of men was to be final. So they parted in peace and friendship.

"Each of the three brothers now went his own way, all three proceeding, impelled by wrath and vengeance, to several, but alike horrid, deeds."

These were to be acted against and upon insurgents. When the time appointed for the next meeting of the brothers approached,

"Lewis and Charles left their armies at Worms, and repaired to Metz, against the first of October, accompanied by those of their partisans whom they had selected to act for them in the division of the empire. To Metz came likewise Lothar, with his plenipotentiaries. But it appeared that, contrary to agreement, Lothar had brought his army to

Diedenhofen, eight hours' march only from Metz. The vicinity of Lothar's troops appeared dangerous to the younger brothers. * * * * * At length, they proposed that the negotiations should be removed to some other place, equi-distant from both armies; in no case would they expose to danger eighty distinguished men, whose loss would be to them irreparable. This was agreed to; and Coblentz chosen as the most convenient place.

"* * * * But reciprocal mistrust and the storm of passion had not yet subsided; and to prevent quarrels it was thought best that the plenipotentiaries of the allied brothers should take up their abode on the right bank of the Rhine, and Lothar's theirs on the left. They held daily meetings in the church of St. Castor. But claims and counter-claims were quickly advanced, rendering accommodation impossible; then followed complaints and counter-complaints, reproaches and recriminations. The plenipotentiaries were to swear that they would, to the best of their knowledge and abilities, divide the empire into three equal parts. But it soon appeared that the plenipotentiaries were inadequately acquainted with the empire. * * * * How could they divide into equal parts a whole imperfectly known to them? Was it not perjury to swear to divide equally that which was unknown? The bishops, to whom these difficulties were submitted, differed in their judgments. Those of Lothar's party thought that the business should be terminated as speedily as possible; that it mattered not though the parts were not quite equal; that he who sinned through his oath might make atonement; and that this would be, at all events, a less evil than the longer sufferance of robbery, incendiarism, murder, and adultery, by the Church of God. Those who were adherents of Lewis and Charles were of opinion, on the contrary, that there was no need of sinning against God; that the existing peace might be prolonged, and the plenipotentiaries meanwhile travel over the empire thus to acquire the requisite information."

This was the measure adopted; but before proceeding to the division, we must extract Luden's sketch of the miseries which the empire to be divided was enduring.

"The hard winter, this year so pernicious to man and beast, had already begun. The distress was everywhere great. Social order was everywhere dissolved in the long-continuing disorder. Whatever the vassals in their criminal expeditions had spared, was plundered and destroyed by bands of robbers, whom the distress had created and supported. In Gaul, which had suffered most from the contentions of kings and vassals, such a scarcity prevailed, that men mingled a little meal with earth, fashioned the whole into loaves, and therewith assuaged their hunger. The south coasts of Italy and of Gaul were hardly ever free from Moors, for no where could those miscreants be repulsed. With like temerity did the Northmen devastate the north and west coast of Gaul, and even as far as the Pyrenees no security against the violence of these adventurous heroes was to be found. If the German coast was spared, it was only because it offered no booty worth taking. In Aquitaine, hostilities were carrying on between Pippin and the partisans of

Charles the Bald. In Saxony, the *Stellinga*"—this was the name assumed by the lower orders of Saxons, who, prior to their subjugation, had been a sort of free yeomanry, in their rebellion against the feudal oppressions of the Frank lords, against the exactions of the Christian priesthood—" the *Stellinga*, driven to madness by Lewis's frightful revenge, had risen anew, to try once more whether it were not possible to regain life's chief blessing, liberty."

At length the plenipotentiaries re-assembled at Verdun, with the requisite knowledge.

" The negociations at Verdun produced a convention which, in essentials, differed but little from the former proposals of Lewis and Charles: whence it appears that the well-informed plenipotentiaries could not improve upon what the uninformed had planned. The treaty was concluded in August, 843, but has only been handed down to us in general terms. Lewis obtained what he desired, to wit, all the German provinces to the right of the Rhine, and on its left bank the cities and districts of Spires, Worms, and Mainz; in order, in the first place, indisputably, to facilitate his crossing the Rhine in case Charles should need his assistance against the perturbator Lothar; but, in the second place, with a view to what was more important, that the bishops, whose sees were in those cities, might remain attached wholly to the kingdom in which the larger part of their dioceses lay. Charles obtained all the land west of a frontier line, which, beginning from the mouth of the Scheldt, ascended that river, crossed from its source to the Meuse, ran up the Meuse, passed over to the Saone, and finally went down this river to its confluence with the Rhone, and down the Rhone to the sea. Lastly, all the land lying between the allotments of Lewis and of Charles fell to Lothar's share."

Thus it will be observed that Lothar's allotment north of the Alps consisted of the lately constructed and more lately dissevered kingdom of the Netherlands, *minus* Flanders, which was assigned to France, and *plus* the Prussian possessions upon the Rhine, Switzerland, and a large slice of France, including the old provinces of Lorraine, Franche Comté, Alsace, Dauphiny, and Provence. Upon this division Luden remarks:—

" The treaty of Verdun, which founded both a French and a German realm, and gave to Charles the Great's grandson, Lewis, a claim to the surname of the German, was undeniably the work of existing circumstances; but these circumstances had, in the course of events, so fashioned themselves, that the profoundest wisdom of men could hardly have devised or accomplished any thing better. Since Italy, Bavaria, and Aquitaine were considered as kingdoms, of which the sons of Lewis the Pious, having once received them from their father, could not be deprived—and since Lothar convulsively clung to the imperial dignity, of which the title was derived from Rome, and the seat was Aachen (*Gallicè*, and thence *Anglicè*, Aix-la-Chapelle)—it became inevitable that Lothar must choose as his addition to Italy that

portion of the empire which contained Aix. By this choice he certainly constructed a most unnatural empire, the durability of which was impossible; for, beginning from the shores of the German Ocean, betwixt the Rhine and the Scheldt, and running down Italy, it had no breadth proportionate to its length; except in Italy, it had no assured boundaries; and the long lever, at the two ends of which hung Rome and Aix, instead of being supported and held in equipoise by the Alps, was broken by them into two parts, that had little or nothing in common. * * * But by severing the land betwixt the Rhine and the Scheldt, Meuse, and Saone, Lothar rendered a service, of which he had no suspicion, to civilization, since he obliged the kingdoms to the east and to the west, that he resigned to his brothers, to develop themselves in their respective nationalities. West of the Meuse and Scheldt, the *Romane* language prevailed; east of the Rhine, German was universally spoken. The transition from one language to the other took place in the provinces between these rivers; there a confusion of tongues prevailed. The previous constant intercourse, and passage of troops from one region to the other, had spread this confusion over Gaul and Germany. Nor were the languages alone thus mingled together, and thereby impeded in their independent formation: equally so were manners, customs, and all the relations of social life. This commingling of languages and manners was now limited by the frontiers of that kingdom; and the Germans were the better secured against the intrusion of *Romane* words and ways, because, in all that portion of Lothar's dominions which bordered upon Germany, life and speech were exclusively German."

But harmony could not be thus introduced into the Carlovingian family, where, as amongst the supplanted Merovingians of yore, guilt and discord reigned. With these matters, however, we need not concern ourselves, but must speak briefly of the subsequent fate of Lothar's unshapely empire. This emperor, at his death, divided his *lengthy* strip of dominions amongst his three sons. The eldest, Lewis, inherited the imperial title, with its then esteemed inseparable adjunct, Italy, or at least Lombardy. Lothar, the second, had the portion north of the Alps, which now received the name of Lotharingen or Lothringen, meaning the possessions of Lothar; a name since Frenchified into Lorraine, and gradually restricted to the single province so called until the French Revolution. From Lotharingen some south-western provinces were severed for the youngest son, Charles, and, upon his untimely death, divided between Lewis and Lothar. In 869, Lothar likewise died without legitimate children, and Lotharingen became the subject of contests and wars, ending in a division; from which, however, the natural heir, Lothar's brother, the emperor Lewis, was excluded, according to Luden, for the following reasons:—

"The unnaturalness of the connexion of the Netherlands with Italy and the severing mountains was generally felt. It was perceived that the Emperor Lewis, who had constantly to struggle and to fight in Italy, could be nothing to the Netherlands unless he deserted Italy, and nothing to Italy should he reside in Lotharingen. Italy, if still to belong to the Carlovingians, must needs have a king of her own; and the vassals seem to have thought themselves at liberty to select any prince of Charles the Great's descendants for their lord.

* * * * *

"On the 28th of July, the two brothers, (Lewis the German and Charles the Bald,) met at Mersen, and remained together until the 10th of August. In this time they arranged a division of Lotharingen, in great detail, to prevent the possibility of future misunderstandings. Generally speaking, Lewis obtained all the country beyond the Rhine contained within a frontier line, beginning from Basle, and running past Metz, Aix, and Utrecht, which towns were assigned to him; giving Toul, Verdun, and Cambrai to Charles's kingdom, together with all to the west and south, Burgundy and Provence"—

meaning by Burgundy, be it observed, not the province of Burgundy, but the southern kingdom of the old Burgundian kings.

Neither brother seems to have been content with his share in this very reasonable partition, which gave the most German provinces to Germany, the most French to France. The successors of the brothers were still less so; and Lotharingen continued to be, as in truth it has ever since been, the cause and the theatre of constantly recurring wars.

In November, 887, the last legitimate male Carlovingian, Charles the Fat, was deposed, and with him (who died two months afterwards) ended the sort of amity which, amidst all its divisions and subdivisions, had hitherto existed in the empire of Charlemagne, from the rights of mutual succession amongst the several kings. Arnulf, Duke of Carinthia, an illegitimate grandson of Lewis the German, and a distinguished warrior, aspired to the whole empire, and at once possessed himself of the crown of Germany; but whilst he was engaged in securing the submission of the different German nations, (*i. e.*, the Franks, Saxons, Thuringians, Bavarians, and Swabians,) Eudes, Count of Paris, ascended the throne of France, whilst a Duke Rannolf proclaimed himself King of Aquitaine. Lewis, a Carlovingian by the female side, reigned in the kingdom of Arles, as the provinces of Lotharingen lying between the Rhone and the Alps were now called; and Rudolph, another descendant from the daughters of that family, established a kingdom of Upper Burgundy in the Alps, extending northward over more level districts of Lotharingen; the northern provinces of that kingdom being overrun by, and some

actually in the hands of, the Northmen, whilst the Sclavonians assailed the north of Germany. In Italy, Berengar, Duke of Friuli, son of a daughter of Lewis the Pious, and Guido, whom both our German authors denominate Wido, Duke of Spoleto, contended for the sovereignty, and were successively and severally crowned by the Pope, as King of Italy, and Emperor. With Eudes Arnulf presently concluded a treaty of mutual acknowledgment and friendship. Lewis of Arles at once owned Arnulf for his *suzerain*, or superior lord, as Rudolph, after a long war and the loss of his lowland provinces, was compelled to do. The Northmen Arnulf defeated and drove out of Lotharingen, which, now wholly German, he gave as a tributary kingdom to his illegitimate son Zuentibald. The Sclavonians were again reduced to their usual state of sullen submission, and Arnulf found leisure to visit Italy. Here the struggle was long and arduous, but at length the Emperor Guido died, King Berengar was vanquished, and Arnulf received the imperial crown from the Pope, and oaths of fidelity from the Romans. But with Arnulf died the last gleam of Carlovingian splendour. His son and successor, Lewis the Child, died under age in 911, and Germans and Italians were free to choose their sovereigns out of other houses.

The condition of Germany was, at this period, more disastrous than ever. The Northmen devastated the sea-coast, extending their ravages far inland. The Sclavonians emulated those ravages on the north-eastern frontier, as did the Magyars, who had recently possessed themselves of Hungary, yet more destructively, in the south-east; whilst the powerful vassals excited and kept up internal broils and disturbances. These last, as well as the absolute inefficiency of the resistance opposed to external enemies, Luden ascribes to the selfish feudal system; and it is certain that this system had all the weakness of a federal government, which it in fact was. We cannot, in this sketch, pretend to unfold the form and effects of feudalism in Germany, but will here extract from Mannert a few statements that may be useful in elucidating the relations of the higher classes amongst themselves:—

"The Count usually took his title from the *Gau*, or district, of which he was governor, and in which considerable *beneficia* (fiefs) were assigned for his maintenance. In his hereditary possessions he was a commander over subjects; in his official situation he administered justice, in the king's name, to the freemen of the province.

"These Counts were the true *Fürsten* (*principes*) or princes, the first amongst the people—a designation which, springing from the forests of Germany, maintained itself through subsequent ages, and has finally assumed the form of a sovereign. The king could undertake nothing without first obtaining their concurrence at one of the

frequent diets; * * * without their solicited support, he could neither wage war nor carry a law into effect.

"The Dukes were an excrescence of these counts; they were not those old hereditary lords of the soil who could not bear the title of king because they acknowledged the supremacy of the Franks,* still less those *duces* who only received the title whilst executing some mission intrusted to them, but the king's lieutenants in some of the principal nations, the union of which constituted the German nation. Necessity was, as we have seen, the creator of these Dukes. Neighbouring enemies frequently harassed the adjacent German nation; and the king, involved in family broils, could not always afford immediate succour. By his order, or without his knowledge, the suffering nation sought to help themselves, placed the most considerable of their counts at their head, and followed his banners. The earliest instance is found in Thuringia, where the adjacent Sorbes and Daleminzians harassed the borders. Here the king named a governor, called sometimes count, sometimes margrave, (march-count, whence marquess,) sometimes duke, and displaced him again at his pleasure. * * *

"Amongst the Saxons, the ducal dignity became perpetual. Here, too, it was the produce of necessity. Bruno, the first to place himself at their head as duke, was, together with many counts and bishops, slain by the Danes. Precautions against future accidents were the more indispensable, as the Obotrites, &c. sought to profit by the disasters of the Saxons. We accordingly find Otho, Bruno's brother, and his son, King Henry I., succeed uninterruptedly as dukes of one family, without opposition, as without support, from the king. * * Duke Otho took the opportunity to unite many fiefs in his own person, and thence give weight to the dukedom.

"* * * We have called these leaders of their several nations official dukes; and such they were, created by the exigency of the moment, without any view to a continuous dignity. Commonly the exigency proved continuous, and then so did the duke; in other cases it vanished, and with it the duke. * * *

"The most considerable Counts of their several nations, were the original Dukes, and bear, with contemporary writers, now this title, now that. But if a family wished to maintain itself in the new dignity, it was requisite to acquire great additions to its estates, as well as to gain the favour of the people."

To Otho, Duke of Saxony, the mightiest amongst these German dukes, descended in a right line from the old Saxon monarch Witikind, by females from Charles Martel and the Frank Billung, and married to a grand-daughter of Lewis the Pious, the crown of Germany was first offered. He seems to have been little tempted by an exaltation so uneasy; and, excusing himself upon the plea of advanced age, recommended as his sub-

* Charlemagne got rid of most of these old hereditary dukes of the several German nations or tribes, as being, from their great power, detrimental to the royal authority.

stitute the Franconian Duke Conrad. Luden, however, doubts Conrad's having come so honourably by the crown, and suspects that he had not only conspired against Lewis the Child, but actually made away with him. We cannot pretend to investigate the fairness of the new king's proceedings, but however he may have obtained the crown, Conrad's reign, in spite of the energies of the man, was neither tranquil nor glorious: Lotharingen revolted and attached itself to France, where an illegitimate Carlovingian, Charles the Simple, now reigned. Bavaria, Swabia, and, after Otho's demise, Saxony, were in constant insurrection; the Sclavonians, who had flung off the little more than nominal yoke, harassed the frontiers; the Hungarians carried their predatory incursions into the very heart of the kingdom, and the new monarch had not a moment even to think of Italy and the imperial crown. Conrad left no children, and at his decease is said to have recommended as his successor, Henry, Duke of Saxony, Otho's son.

Having now reached another bright period, another great family, inferior only to the early Carlovingians, we shall indulge in something more of detail; and, inasmuch as Henry I. appears to us, as well as to the two Professors, Luden and Mannert, really far superior to his son Otho, surnamed the Great, though less celebrated, we propose, alternately abstracting and extracting, according to our usual practice, to give some account of his reign; but must preliminarily observe, *à propos* to the first appearance of a king, not a Frank, that Germany and France were still called East and West Frankland or Francia; and that, all other German nations being deemed of inferior rank to the long-governing Franks, the Saxon duke seems to have been considered as transformed into a Frank, by the very circumstance of his being chosen king. We shall begin with the domestic incidents of Henry's early years, which Luden introduces into the midst of his reign.

"When Henry succeeded his father as Duke of Saxony, he was already six or seven and thirty years of age; and up to this time, with the exception of his expedition against the Daleminzians, above related, the only thing known of him is the following incident, recorded by Dithmar, Bishop of Merseburg*, but very confusedly, and without any detail. Henry heard of the beauty and opulence of a lady named Hatheburch or Hatburg. She was daughter and heiress to Count Erwin, chief proprietor of the town of Merseburg; but she was a widow and had taken the veil. For her Henry burned with all the ardour of youthful passion, and found means to prevail upon her to

* One of the most valuable annalists of his day.

forget her conventual vow, and become his wife. * * At this time Sigismund, a man of great talent and learning, and of zealous piety, was Bishop of Halberstadt; to him the unlawful marriage could not remain unknown. Grieved at the sin committed, he prohibited, under pain of excommunication, all intercourse between the offenders, convoked a synod, and summoned before it the Prince and his nun-bride. Henry, dreading the prelate's wrath, had recourse to Conrad, then king; his revered father likewise applied to the monarch in his behalf, and by Conrad's mediation the threatened blow was averted."

Some years afterwards, when Henry was Duke of Saxony, his opinions or inclinations appear to have undergone a change.

"Henry was now convinced, it is said, that he had deeply sinned in contracting, and persevering in, his illicit marriage, and transferred his love to a virgin named Matilda, the daughter of Count Theoderic by Reinilda, who is believed to have been a descendant from Witikind. Certain it is, that Henry dismissed his first wife, although she had borne him a son, Tammo or Thankmar, and espoused Matilda. This lady, who appears not to have married the Duke without some scrupulous hesitation, was yet more distinguished by talent, high-mindedness, genuine virtue, and exalted piety, than by her beauty. Seldom do we meet with such unanimous and unmingled praise as in all recorded opinions concerning this Matilda."

After the death of Conrad, that king's brother, Eberhard, carried the ensigns of royalty to Saxony; and, as Mannert informs us,

"with his gladsome communication surprised Duke Henry, when engaged in the sport of hawking. This circumstance, mentioned by later writers, does not appear in Witikind and other older annalists; nevertheless, it must not be rejected as fictitious. The tradition was preserved amongst the people, and received from them by the annalists, who distinguished Henry by the surname of the Fowler, for which there must have been some foundation."

Luden, who takes no notice of this little incident, tells us that Eberhard, by Henry's desire—

"convoked an assembly of all the Franks at Fritzlar, for the beginning of the year 919. Thither Duke Henry repaired, accompanied by the princes and lords of the Saxon people, who triumphed in the honour done to their noble Duke. In this assembly, Count Eberhard proposed Duke Henry as king. Franks and Saxons with one accord gave him their votes, and Henry, the first of his name, received the oath of allegiance from all. Hereupon Heriger, Archbishop of Mainz, the first ecclesiastical prince of the empire, offered to place the crown upon his head, and to confer upon him in the church the priestly anointment and benediction. But the new king, wise, experienced and ready-witted, sought to avoid this holy ceremony, and actually did avoid it, concealing his reluctance under a veil of devout modesty.

'Sufficiently glorious for me,' said he, 'sufficient exaltation above my ancestors is it, that, by God's grace and your favour, I am called king—I am king. Let us reserve coronation and anointment for those who shall be worthy of them, which I am not."

Mannert nevertheless asserts that Henry *was* crowned, and only declined anointment, and in fact the old authorities seem to contradict each other upon this, more curious than important, point. Both Professors, however, agree as to the object of the king's refusal, namely, the holding the crown independently of the clergy.

At the moment of Henry's election, Burkhard, the turbulent duke of Swabia, was engaged in war with Rudolph II. of Burgundy, whom he had just defeated.

"Henry, judging the moment propitious, immediately sent envoys to Burkhard, requiring his acknowledgment of him as king. Burkhard, seeing in Henry only Conrad's successor, rejected the demand. He thought it good, however, to make peace with Rudolph, and the vanquished did not hesitate to accept the fair offers of the victor. Burkhard gave his daughter Bertha to the young king in marriage, and gained, as he hoped, a useful ally in his son-in-law. With heightened confidence did he now fancy he might venture to slight King Henry. But this monarch, meanwhile, was hastening with an army to Swabia, to show the audacious duke the difference betwixt himself and Conrad. When Burkhard saw the united force of Saxons, Thuringians and Franks; when he observed the spirit of joyous harmony with which the combined host followed the standard of the new king, his courage sank, and his stubbornness gave way to prudence; he bowed before the king, and submitted himself and his people."

Henry next turned to Bavaria, where Duke Arnulf was deliberating upon the propriety of acceding to the people's wish, and assuming the title of king of Bavaria. But Arnulf, like Burkhard, at once saw that he was no match for Henry. The king invited the duke to a conference.

"Arnulf accepted the invitation, and issued from the gates of Ratisbon in full armour. The king met him unarmed. This confidence subdued the duke, and his crabbed spirit softened at the words of friendliness. Henry now spoke of the German realm, of the German people and fatherland, of the necessity of union against friends and foes, of the blessings of internal peace, of honour and shame, of renown and infamy, so mildly and impressively, that Arnulf, laying aside his wonted stubbornness, yielded to the king, acknowledged his dependence upon the German empire, and promised to be Henry's vassal for evermore. * * * Henry left the government of Bavaria, with kingly authority, to the duke."

During these German disturbances, Charles the Simple had invaded and nearly overrun Elsass, the original German name of

Alsace, then, it will be remembered, included in Lotharingen. But in 921, Henry advanced against him with an army; Charles retired before the German monarch, evacuating Alsace; and negotiations ensued.

"At length, in the month of October, an interview took place near Bonn, in a vessel anchored in the mid-channel of the Rhine, on board which the two kings, attended by some of their bishops and counts, with all due precaution, simultaneously repaired from the opposite banks. On board of this vessel peace was concluded betwixt the kings of the West and East Franks, Charles and Henry, according to the form of older treaties, and it was reciprocally ratified by oath, in presence of the bishops and counts. The terms were, that each king should retain the portion of Lotharingen that he possessed before the war."

But soon after this transaction began that French insurrection, which ended in the deposal and imprisonment of Charles the Simple, and the usurpation of one great vassal after another; until, after another Carlovingian interval, Hugh Capet finally fixed himself and his dynasty upon the throne. The attachment of any part of Lotharingen to France was solely loyalty to the very shadow of a Carlovingian; and, now—

"The Lotharingians were divided. One party, headed by Witger, Archbishop of Metz, addressed themselves to Rudolph, the new King of France; another party, whose leaders were Duke Giselbert and Rotgar, Archbishop of Treves, invited the German monarch to take possession of Lothar's realm. Rudolph hastened to Lotharingen, and, at the instigation of the Archbishop of Metz, first turned his arms against Zabern, in Alsace, where Henry had stationed some troops for the protection of the country. He could not vanquish the German warriors, but wrung from them a promise to remain quiet. Henry, on the other hand, did not loiter. In the year 923, he led an army across the Rhine. Immediately, one party of the Lotharingians joined, another opposed him. Hostilities ensued, accompanied by devastation and misery. Henry seems to have been obliged to retreat beyond the Rhine. But he soon returned, probably the following year, pressed irresistibly onward, attacked Metz, and constrained his most violent adversary, the archbishop, to submit. And now all Lotharingen acknowledged the sovereignty of the King of Germany.

* * * *

"But those Lotharingians who did not speak German were still disaffected. Hence constant disorders, constant confusion. With all his superiority of mind, Henry could never rely upon the Lotharingians. Now he awed them by a display of German forces; now he thought it better to court them by conciliation and kindness, to purchase the fidelity of the great nobles by every sort of favour, and to secure the greatest, Duke Giselbert, now by stratagem, now by the ties of consanguinity, giving him his daughter Gerberga in marriage."

Of the advantages of this last measure, Mannert thinks highly. He says,

"The whole state of affairs henceforth assumed an altered aspect. Giselbert had hitherto been duke in his own possessions; Henry now gives him his daughter Gerberga to wife, names him Duke of Lotharingen, and consequently confers upon him a superintendence over the other nobles. Lotharingen thus rose to the dignity of a national duchy of the realm of the East Franks. In this situation it continued, though in after-times claimed vainly by France. By nature it was and is German, its inhabitants being originally Germans, speaking the German language."

But whilst Henry was recovering the former frontier of his kingdom to the west, his hereditary states, as well as the southern provinces, were suffering grievously in the east.

"The Hungarians were again in Germany. Since Henry's accession, the country had been spared by them, they having found enough to plunder and to do in Italy, where they had fought the battles of the contending kings, readily serving whomsoever would pay them. * * * They now revisited Germany. * * * * In 924, whilst Henry was beyond the Rhine, they passed in swarms through the Sclavonian territories, conjointly with the Sclavonians, burst into Saxony, where they overran the undefended land, and wrought frightful devastation. The following year they again appeared, it should seem, in two bodies. One body fell upon Swabia, not unaware probably of the absence of Duke Burkhard, who had marched into Italy to assist his son-in-law, King Rudolph. Bishop Ulrich's gold saved Augsburg; Constance saw its suburbs in flames; the abbey of St. Gall was visited, and, though found deserted and stripped, was soiled and polluted; and if Count Luitfrid in Alsace repulsed the terrible horde, he did not prevent their penetrating into France, whence they carried off an immense booty. The other body invaded Saxony, which they ravaged with fire and sword. Henry, it is averred, would not risk a pitched battle against the barbarians, because his warriors were unacquainted with their mode of fighting. He therefore patiently awaited a favourable opportunity in the town of Wörla; and not in vain. An Hungarian prince, most likely Duke Zoltan himself, fell into the hands of the Saxons. The Hungarians were in despair at this misfortune. They could not storm Wörla; to return home without their prince seemed an impossibility. They therefore offered the king any ransom for their captive prince. * * * Henry rejected every offer of the kind, and required a lasting peace. The Hungarians were reluctant, but had no choice. They concluded a peace for nine years, not only recovering their prince, but, under the name of a present, obtaining a tribute that was to be paid to them annually. Henry thus procured for his kingdom an interval of repose that had become indispensable, whilst he himself obtained leisure for preparations, institutions, fortifications, that he did not allow to pass unused. And with such advantages, he

might well deem the disgrace, that the payment of tribute must be confessed to have brought upon Germany, excusable."

Henry's internal administration, during this period of not very honourable peace, is but imperfectly known, such matters not being of the kind that interested the old chroniclers. We find, however, that he wisely conciliated the different German nations and their dukes, whose submission he had extorted, thus keeping them ever willing to obey his summons to the field; and that he retained his hereditary duchies of Saxony and Thuringia in his own hands. With regard to military measures, he seems to have thought first of defensive precautions, and directed his attention to the towns, as yet but scarce in Germany, as capable of affording personal security against savage inroads.

"He strengthened and enlarged the fortifications of the existing towns; he provided them with suburbs and churches for the reception of poor people, and for recalling the misled and perverted to quiet and order. He founded new towns, and endeavoured to obtain them a permanent population; he favoured both old and new, and in every way promoted their importance."

He next provided garrisons for his towns.

"From amongst all the land-owners who owed vassal-service, or were bound to obey the king's summons to arms, the ninth man was selected to reside in a town. He prepared dwellings for himself and his eight companions in arms, as also store-houses; inasmuch as the other eight were to sow, reap, and harvest for themselves and for the ninth, the townsman, and to convey one-third of the produce into the town, there to be preserved and secured. In case of danger, all were to betake themselves into the town, and there find protection, military resources, and provisions. And now the building of towns was urged on with zealous diligence, by day and by night. Further, what would be needful in war was practised in peace. Lastly, in order to render the towns more agreeable to the Germans, whose free spirit had of old entertained an aversion to walls, the king ordered that all public diets, provincial assemblies and tribunals, ay, all social meetings, should be held in towns only."

Mannert has collected somewhat more information respecting Henry's military preparations; and in the first place offers some remarks touching the ninth men selected for garrison duty.

"Were these levies free men, already experienced in war, or villeins? Boldly may we answer neither. The proper *miles* (warrior) was worthless as a foot soldier, or for the defence of walls, and the villein might not bear arms without his lord's command. Free or partially dependent* peasants composed the new infantry, which was in fact merely a

* This is the sense in which Mannert seems to use the term *hörige*, as describing men who partially sacrificed their independence, for the sake of a great lord's protection.

regular revival of the general call to arms in the times of Charles the Great, when every five men were bound to equip the sixth for war, and to support him. * * * Now, effective men only were raised; they were armed, and their weapons were always the property of the eldest son of the family; they were regularly trained, not only to the defence of fortified towns, but to service in the field. * * *

"A serviceable infantry was thus provided, but the heavy-armed cavalry, constituting the chief force of the kingdom, likewise required improvement. * * * These warriors were exercised in arms from their youth, but in no regular order. As the several bodies, each under its own banner, collected into an army, so they stood ready for the onslaught, and were assuredly superior to the Hungarians, if these could be brought to encounter them. But how rapidly to open and close their ranks, to overtake and compel to pitched battle the Hungarians who evaded their shock, of this they knew nothing. These warriors then required to be exercised in bodies, and were so by Henry in person. * * * One of his orders was, that the warrior who had a good horse must not gallop away before the rest, in order to show his courage, but remain in his place. * * * Light cavalry was still indispensable, to engage the restless Hungarians, and give the heavy-armed time to come up. For this a resource offered, applicable only at that season. We have already seen that great numbers of highway-robbers disturbed the country, under the Carlovingians; their bands had prodigiously increased during the late feeble reigns. * * * * Few were ever caught; they found assistance even amongst the nobles. Now appeared the king's proclamation: 'Pardon for the past: the criminal, in expectation of his amendment, shall be fed, and admitted into honourable military service.' By this one measure Henry obtained a numerous light cavalry. Horsemen, and expeditious horsemen they had ever been; for on foot no one could hope to make any progress in his notable handicraft; he would at once have been taken. The robber now followed his trade in honourable guise. His horse he mostly brought with him."

Whether Henry found difficulty in enforcing these innovations, devised by an intellect far in advance of his age, is not known, but Luden is convinced that—

"The beneficial effect of his measures must have been universally felt and acknowledged. * * * The German nations saw in him the first man of his age; the dukes and princes, their pattern, and therefore their king. * * * * The king showed himself more and more good and noble, more and more deserving of love and admiration. He practised all the observances of religion with humble piety, and left no fault unexpiated. He was liberal to all, and never refused a request made to him. He loved cheerful jests, but, even amongst his most intimate friends, so maintained his dignity, that no one ever forgot himself in his presence. In bodily exercises he excelled all competitors in strength, quickness, adroitness, agility, and endurance."

The military preparations just recorded were carried on du-

ring the nine years' truce with the Hungarians; but no such armistice existed with the ever-restless Sclavonian tributaries, and it should seem that the growing prowess of the troops was often tried against these less formidable enemies, before it was put to the proof against the dreaded Magyars.

"Henry's first enterprise seems to have been against the Havellans, so named by the Germans, probably from their inhabiting the banks of the Havel. These he wearied out in several engagements. Then, in the depth of winter, he suddenly appeared before their town, Brennaburg, now Brandenburg, encamped upon the ice, and reduced the place, as much by cold and hunger as by the sword. He next turned his arms against the Daleminzians, those old friends of the Hungarians, upon whom he had, in early youth, proved his military talents and valour. They occupied the left bank of the Elbe, not far from the Bohemian borders. He attacked their town, Grona or Grana, and took it by storm on the twentieth day of siege. And cruel was the lot to which this town was doomed. It was given up to be sacked; all adults were put to the sword, and the children carried off as slaves. These horrors seem to have struck all other Sclavonian nations with terror. * * * The Bohemians, likewise, had again tried to shake off the German yoke; and had not even been able to quell internal discord. Two brothers, Wenceslaus and Boleslaus, seem at this time to have governed Bohemia, one on either bank of the Elbe; sub-kings held single provinces under them. Wenceslaus was a Christian, and Prague his capital; Boleslaus adhered to the religion of his fathers. If they concurred in wishing to be free from the Germans, difference of religion, jealousy, and other passions prevented a cordial union betwixt them. So much the easier was it for King Henry to reduce part at least of Bohemia to subjection. He advanced with a large army upon Prague, and the king was constrained to surrender. Henry levied a tribute from the Bohemians, and endeavoured to secure their submission by clemency and humanity, in all possible ways favouring King Wenceslaus. He thus confirmed that prince's fidelity for the remainder of his life; but at the same time inflamed the dissension between the brothers to implacable enmity.

"Whilst Henry was engaged in Bohemia the Redarians made another attempt to regain their liberty. They surprised the town of Wallisleben, murdered such of the inhabitants as they did not drag away into slavery, and then set the place on fire. At sight of the flames all those Sclavonian tribes whom the German arms, or their own fears, had rendered tributary, revolted. * * * Henry sent an army against the Redarians, under Counts Bernhard and Thietmar. * * * The battle was hard fought. (The other Sclavonians had joined the Redarians.) * * * The whole Sclavonian army was destroyed; two hundred thousand men are said to have fallen. The Redarian town Luncin surrendered,—men, women, and children giving themselves up to slavery. Hereupon the collective Sclavonian nations bowed anew to the fate they had proved unable to avert, and the frontiers of the Ger-

man empire were advanced further eastward than those of the Frank empire had ever been.

"* * * Henry now felt himself strong enough to encounter the Hungarians, and resolved no longer to endure the disgrace of paying tribute. The historian Wittikind gives us the following words, as addressed by him to the assembled Saxons, in order to gain their sanction of the intended war, and, simple as they are, they do not ill mark the condition of the times. 'How distracted the empire formerly was, and from what great dangers it is hardly rescued, you yourselves best know, you, who have suffered so much from troubles at home and foreign wars. You now see all quiet and united, through God's mercy, our exertions, and your courage; you see the barbarians conquered and reduced to slavery. But one thing still remains; it is necessary that we rise in common against our common foe the Hungarians. Hitherto I have robbed you and your children to fill the treasury of these Hungarians; henceforward I must rob the churches and the servants of the Church; for to us nothing remains but our lives and limbs. Bethink you what it were best to do. Shall I plunder the churches of their valuables, and give them to God's enemies? Or shall I use the money for the honour of God, that we may be freed through HIM who is our Creator and Saviour?' At these words the people lifted hand and voice to heaven, and swore to assist their king against the savage race."

Luden rejects the old chroniclers' tale of the manner in which Henry refused the accustomed tribute, deeming it unworthy of so great a man. But as we suspect that what appears ungentlemanly to Professor Luden may, in the tenth century, have been thought merely ingenious and spirited, we take the anecdote from Mannert.

"The nine years' truce with the Hungarians had now expired. They sent ambassadors to prolong it, or at least to receive the tribute, as during its continuance. In lieu of tribute they received a dog, whose tail and ears had been cut off. A heinous insult in those days, though not now, when dogs thus mutilated are seen in every street."

It should seem that Henry either was not quite as thoroughly prepared as he should have been at the moment of sending such a message, or had miscalculated the constant state of preparation of the foes he defied, who, living a life of foray, were, like the Napier, Ready, aye ready.* That same year, 932, the Hungarians poured through the Sclavonian territories into Germany; in the first instance defeated Henry himself, and, dividing into two bodies, committed their usual atrocious ravages. One of these bodies, that took a southern course, was afterwards defeated in Thuringia, by the Saxon Counts Sigefrid and Hermann.

"The other body, which had turned to the right, suffered its march to be delayed by lust of plunder. The King had a half-sister, borne to

* The motto of the Napier family.

his father by a concubine, and married to a Thuringian named Wido, with whom she dwelt in a town called Widonsburg, which may, perhaps, be the present Wittenberg. The Hungarians had heard of this princess, and of her great wealth in gold and silver. They quitted their direct road, turned towards Widonsburg, and crossed the Elbe, thinking to take the town and carry off the treasure as they passed. They met with a resistance as obstinate as it was unexpected. Meanwhile King Henry was assembling an army, at a considerable distance to guard against interruption.....When assembled, he marched towards the Hungarians."

The Hungarians heard of their comrades' defeat and the King's movements. They raised the siege; but it was to go in search of Henry.

"With their wonted rapidity they reached his neighbourhood before he knew of their march. They pitched a camp in which to secure the booty already collected, and then hastened to the attack.

"Henry led his troops from their camp and drew them up in battle array. He rode through their ranks, and spoke words of encouragement to all.....The warriors shouted their cheerful reply, and the king's anticipations of success were at once fulfilled. The Hungarians fled at the first sight of the Saxon cavalry.....Those left to guard the camp were seized with the general panic; they likewise took to flight, leaving all their booty to the victors. And the victors not only found abundant riches, but had the joy of releasing great numbers of German women and virgins from woful slavery, and restoring them to their families!"

This had been rather a casual rout than a thorough defeat, and Henry expected that the Magyars would seek to avenge it, when spring should again favour their predatory inroads. He accordingly established a winter camp in northern Thuringia, and fixed his own residence at Wörla. Towards spring it was known that the Hungarians were in motion, and the note of preparation resounded throughout Germany.

"The Hungarians came on; the king remained quietly in his camp, avoiding a battle. He wished first to accustom his forces, especially those who had joined the army since autumn, to the aspect and ways of the Hungarians. For the same purpose he sent some squadrons of cavalry to skirmish with the Hungarians. At length he led forth his army in battle array.....The battle was long and terrible. Victory more than once fluctuated. The left wing of the Germans, under Count Hoger, defeated a large body of the barbarians, who fled in the utmost confusion, and were impetuously pursued by the victors, over a disadvantageous country. This threw the Germans into some disorder; and now the Hungarians, suddenly rallying, renewed the conflict with such fury, that the Germans were, in their turn, put to flight. But Henry sent the requisite succours to his hard-pressed troops, and the fight was maintained. At length victory decided for the Germans. It was com-

plete. But the Hungarians fought with the fury of desperation. Hence their leaders fell; their banners were lost; the great majority slain, and few remained unwounded. Their camp, with all its contents, including their booty, fell into the hands of the Germans. The army, as touched with inspiration, hailed King Henry Emperor."

During these wars with the Sclavonians and Hungarians, the Danes had invaded and ravaged Saxony. Henry resolved to secure his northern frontier.

"For this great object two things were essential. First, a March or Margraviate must be established beyond the old German frontier, the experience of a century having proved the Eyder and its fortifications to be an insufficient defence: secondly, the Danes must be converted to Christianity; since the incessant opposition between Christianity and paganism suffered no peace to subsist, no social intercourse to arise, between the neighbouring and kindred nations.....

"In the year 934 he undertook this expedition.....He gained a great victory over the Danes, by which he broke their power, and forced them to conclude a peace, ceding to him the country between the Eyder and the Sley. This land Henry erected into a Margraviate, that took its name from Sleswick. The Margrave resided at Sleswick, surrounded by Saxon warriors; and Saxon colonists were established throughout the Margraviate. In the autumn Archbishop Unni, of Hamburgh or Bremen, visited Sleswick, that he might not prove inferior in pious zeal to his revered predecessors, but extend, as far as possible, his diocese and episcopal cares. He was followed by great part of the Bremen clergy, and crowds of monks, all actuated by the like zeal, and by veneration for their devout pastor. Gaurm, King of Denmark, with whom Henry had waged war and made peace, was a virulent enemy to the Christian faith. Upon him Unni's eloquence and doctrines proved unavailing, as did Henry's threats. But Gaurm's son Hariold was more docile. With the people the struggle was arduous; but Christian ecclesiastics pressed in, through the doors that Henry's victory had opened, and churches arose here and there. Archbishop Unni named pastors for these churches; and then repaired to Sweden, there also to preach the Gospel.....

....."It has been said that Henry, when he had vanquished the Sclavonians, Hungarians, and Danes, contemplated an expedition to Italy and Rome. But this tale deserves little credence.....Had Henry wished to extend his power further, he might have found a more convenient opportunity nearer home!"

This refers to the then distracted condition of France, which, Luden thinks, Henry might easily have conquered. But he contented himself with such interference as might keep his still fickle son-in-law, Duke Giselbert, steady to his German allegiance.

"But whatever designs Henry might have cherished, he would have had no time to execute any. To him was allotted the happiness of

being called from this life in all the freshness of his glory, that no ill-judged attempt might impair his renown, no imbecility of age obscure the recollection of his days of energy. Already, in the year 935, he had suffered a paralytic stroke. He had recovered from it, and stood with unweakened soul. But a consciousness of his approaching end remained, urging him to pious foundations, to cares for the future weal of the empire and of his own family.....His eldest son was Thankmar, borne to him by Hatburg.....What might be King Henry's feelings towards this child of his impassioned love, we know not. But it is conceivable that Henry should not wish Thankmar to succeed him. An ineffaceable stain rested upon his birth.....Matilda had borne to Henry, besides two daughters, three sons, all distinguished in mind and in person; youths endowed with the fairest virtues, the noblest qualities, who justified the proudest hopes. Their names were Otho, Henry, and Bruno. Bruno's youthful soul early inclined to study and a contemplative life; he was accordingly destined for holy orders; and it might be hoped that, as a prince of the church, he would be able effectually to assist in confirming the greatness of his house. Otho and Henry seemed alike in genius and energy, equally fitted to take their father's place. Otho was the eldest, and the king deemed it proper to respect the rights of primogeniture.....But Henry, who, as the younger, had remained longer with his mother, enjoyed her especial favour; and the queen, with all her high-mindedness, desired to seat her darling on his father's throne. This wish she justified upon the plea, that Otho was born when his father was only a duke, Henry after he was a king.....The king invited the princes of the empire, spiritual and temporal, to hold a diet at Erfurt. There he proposed the question, which of his sons would they choose for his successor? No one expressed a doubt but that a son of Henry's must be king, or that the son must be Otho....

"When this great affair was terminated Henry left Erfurt for Memleben on the Unstrut, where he had a palace. Here a second paralytic attack laid him upon his bed. He never rose from it more. When he felt his end approaching, he summoned his consort to his bed-side, spoke long with her in private, and then pronounced the following words in an audible voice: 'I thank my Saviour that I do not survive thee. Never had man a wife of more approved fidelity and piety. Take my thanks. Thou hast tempered my wrath, hast in all things given me profitable counsel, hast kept me stedfast to justice, and awakened in me compassion for the oppressed. I now commend thee and our children, together with my departing soul, to the Almighty God, and to the prayers of God's saints.' The deeply agitated queen, after hearing these words, betook her to the church, and prostrated herself before the altar. At that moment died King Henry. Before Matilda quitted the church, the Presbyter Adeldag, a kinsman of her own, was chanting a requiem for the deceased monarch. This was the 2nd of July, 936. Henry was in the seventeenth year of his reign and the sixtieth of his age."

The genius, sound judgment, and exertions of Henry I., bequeathed a splendid inheritance, in dominions, resources, and

fame, to his son Otho, whose coronation, for that reason possibly, offers the first imperfect sketch of the honours subsequently paid to the emperors of the holy Roman empire. The description of the ceremony is on this account curious, and we extract it.

"After Otho had again been acknowledged as king by the united Franks and Saxons, a general diet was convoked at Aix, the consecrated seat of Charles the Great, that the other German nations likewise might pronounce their recognition and assent. At this diet appeared the dukes and princes, the generals and public functionaries, of all the German nations, together with no small multitude of ecclesiastics. They were attended by a numerous escort of vassals.....

"..... The dukes, princes and officials assembled in a large hall adjoining the cathedral built by Charles the Great. The youthful duke Otho appeared in the Frank garb. The princes placed him on a throne, then they and the functionaries of the empire came forward, gave him their hands, and swore to be true to him as their king, and to aid him against all his enemies. Meanwhile the three archbishops of Mainz, Treves, and Cologne, were in the cathedral, with all the clergy and a great crowd of people. A contest had arisen between the archbishops of Cologne and Treves, as to which should perform the priestly office in the ceremony; Aix lying in the diocese of the first, the second asserting that his was the oldest episcopal see, founded by St. Peter himself.....As a compromise, they both resigned the office to Hildebert, archbishop of Mainz.....

"When Otho had received the oaths of the princes and functionaries, archbishop Hildebert invited him into the church. He received him at the door, with his left hand took the king's right, and, bearing his crozier in his own right, led him into the nave of the church, so that he might be seen by all. Then, turning to the people, the prelate said, 'This is King Otho, chosen by God, named by Henry, acknowledged by all the princes. If you are content with the election, hold up your right hands.' At the priest's word all hands were raised, a general cry of joy resounded, and called down the blessing of God upon the new king. After this homage the archbishop led the king to the altar, upon which lay the ensigns of royalty.....Hildebert took the sword and baldric from the altar, delivered both to the king, and spoke thus: 'Take this sword; with it shalt thou, in the authority committed to thee by God, and with the power of the united empire of the Franks, vanquish the enemies of Christ, and the barbarians, and the bad Christians, and establish peace in Christendom.'"

With similar symbolical explanations, the archbishop invested the king with the other ensigns of royalty. Then

"the crowned king was attended by the ecclesiastical princes to a magnificent throne, erected between beautiful marble columns; and whilst he sat there, seeing, and seen by all, a hymn of thanksgiving was sung, and high mass performed.

"When the church ceremony was over, the king repaired to the palace of Charles the Great, where a festal banquet closed the day. ....The dukes defrayed the cost of the entertainment....Giselbert, Duke of Lotharingen, Otho's brother-in-law, had the ordering of the whole, and, as Aix was in his duchy, furnished all that was needful for the service of the table and for the decoration of the banquet. Eberhard, Duke of Franconia, brother of Conrad I., undertook for the supply of provisions, and Hermann, Duke of Swabia, for that of drink. Lastly, Arnulf, Duke of Bavaria, had the care of lodging and feeding the troops of horsemen who were present."

Saxony took no part, as having no other duke than Otho himself, though he speedily transferred that title to Count Hermann Billung. This allotment of the several offices of hospitality has been often considered as, in a manner at least, the original institution of the subsequent great imperial offices of the electors. But this appears to have been a mere arrangement of the princes amongst themselves, for their own convenience in entertaining their king, and as such only was repeated at the coronation of Otho II. Besides, the offices, in our estimation menial, held by the several electors, need no particular origin, the like having usually been held hereditarily by great vassals at all feudal courts. The noblest youth performed such duties during their education in a noble castle. From this practice no sort of degradation could attach to such services.

Otho's government was long disturbed by family broils and civil wars. First, his half-brother, Thankmar, revolted, and his rebellion ended only with his life: he was shot by a soldier through the window of a church in which he had taken sanctuary. Then Otho's full brother, Henry, followed Thankmar's example, and was supported by their common brother-in-law, Duke Giselbert, who aimed at rendering Lotharingen an independent kingdom. This rebellion also was quelled, Henry was pardoned, and Giselbert drowned in his flight after a lost battle. He was succeeded by his infant son, upon whose early death Otho bestowed the duchy, with the hand of his own daughter, Luitgard, upon Conrad, a Franconian count and celebrated warrior. But Henry, who proved himself little deserving of the eulogies previously lavished upon him by Luden, a discrepancy of which, by the way, this author takes no notice, continued at every opportunity to provoke civil war, until, in 947, he was finally conciliated by his nomination as Duke of Bavaria, a dignity conferred upon him to the exclusion of the sons of the deceased Duke Arnulf; but, as a sort of compromise between hereditary right and the king's claim to appoint every new duke, Henry married Arnulf's daughter, Judith.

But if Henry now became a loyal vassal, he did not the less remain his brother's evil genius. He now excited dissensions between Otho and Ludolf, Otho's only son by his first queen, Edid or Edgid, an Anglo-Saxon princess, bearing in her own country the name of Edgitha. These dissensions arose after Edgitha's death, and became more vehement after Otho's second marriage, with the romance of which we shall now endeavour to relieve the painful tale of war and desolation that we have had to relate, and which, if we do not continue to relate, it is to spare ourselves and readers, not from any deficiency of such subjects. But even this fragment of romance will need, to render it intelligible, a brief introductory glance at the internal distractions of Italy.

Even from the time of the emperor Arnulf's death, had that fair but unfortunate peninsula remained a prey to contending kings and emperors, to say nothing of Saracens, nobles, and popes, with whom we have no concern. During the conflicts of the first-mentioned personages, a certain Count Hugh of Vienne,—who, without assuming the kingly title, had, in point of fact, deposed the kings of Arles, or, as it is sometimes called, Lower Burgundy, and possessed himself of their authority,—sold that state to Rudolph, King of Alpine Burgundy, or rather bartered it with him for the title of King of Italy, the mountain sovereign being one of the candidates warring for the peninsular monarchy. Hugh's son, Lothar, married Adelheid, Rudolph's daughter, and for a while maintained the struggle against a second king Berengar, grandson to the first. At length, upon Lothar's untimely, sudden, and, as Luden thinks, suspicious death, Berengar became, and for the moment remained, undisputed King of Italy: and now we proceed to the adventures of Lothar's youthful widow, Adelheid of Burgundy.

"This beautiful princess, now in the twentieth year of her age, was celebrated as much for her beauty and winning manners, as for her piety, virtue, and understanding. These qualities, and the misfortunes that had befallen her, even in the bloom of early youth, had given her a hold upon the hearts of all men in whose bosoms generous feelings dwelt; and of such men there was no want in those any more than in other times. Berengar, therefore, whether he were or were not the author of her widowhood, dared not hold her cheap.....His wish was to marry the beautiful widow to his son Adalbert, and by this union to gain over to his side not only all those who had been followers of Lothar, but likewise all whom Adelheid had won to her interest since her husband's death, or might still win. But Adelheid, in the depth of her sorrow, rejected Adalbert's suit, whether it were that the young prince himself were disagreeable to her, or that she

could not reconcile herself to the idea of marrying a man, whose father she regarded as the murderer of the husband of her youth, of the father of her infant daughter.

"Adelheid's refusal exasperated Berengar.....He found means to seize her person, and shut her up in a castle upon a rock of the Lago di Garda. Here she was undoubtedly subjected to harsh and unworthy treatment: since she had rejected the tender addresses of a wooer, she must be reduced, by want and privation, to long for that deliverance, which was offered her only on condition of her marrying the detested Adalbert.....But the story of Adelheid's imprisonment, and of the ill usage with which it was accompanied, has been worked up by report, tradition, and poetry, into a fairy tale. The chroniclers took delight in placing the humiliations that the illustrious lady was constrained to endure in glaring opposition to the grandeur and splendour to which she was subsequently raised, in order to enhance the recompense awarded by divine justice to stedfast virtue. The facts seem to be these:—

"Queen Adelheid was released from captivity by a priest named Martin, who managed to elude or deceive Berengar's vigilance. From this moment until she found an asylum, she ran many risks. Attended by a single maid, she lay hidden during the day amidst reeds or in corn, and at night resumed her wanderings. She suffered hunger and thirst; she found refreshment and safety only in a poor fisherman's hut. Meanwhile her situation was made known to Adelhard, bishop of Reggio, her devoted and trusty adherent. The bishop consulted with Marquess Azzo, who held the castle of Canossa, in vassalage of the church of Reggio. This castle stood on a steep solitary rock; Azzo's skill had aided nature, and Canossa was deemed impregnable. Queen Adelheid was secretly introduced into this rock-fortress, and here she first found solace under her afflictions."

But the marquess and bishop could not rely upon their own force to protect the persecuted widow, and perhaps were unwilling to brave king Berengar, without some effective support. They despatched the priest Martin, Adelheid's deliverer, to solicit the aid of the most potent monarch of his day, Otho I., who, by this time (951) had subdued all his domestic foes, and quelled an insurrection of tributary Sclavonians. It is by no means unlikely that Azzo and Adelhard may have offered the hand of the beautiful widowed queen to the widower king, as the price of his services; and Berengar's very persecution of Adelheid showed the political importance of the offer; but we fully adopt the opinion of our two authors, that, if the princess herself wrote to Otho, it could only be to ask his gratuitous protection. Otho, whether impelled by chivalrous gallantry or by ambition, at once resolved upon an expedition to Italy; and, to save time, whilst he was assembling his more northern forces, he first sent forward his brother and son, the dukes of the southern duchies of

Bavaria and Swabia, with their troops. Ludolf had been invested with the latter duchy, upon marrying the only daughter of the deceased Duke Hermann.

"Henry crossed the Carinthian Alps, conquered Aquileia, and penetrated further into Italy.....When the Swabian army, under its duke, descended from the Rætian Alps, and entered Italy, Ludolf found every city closed against him, every where met with unexpected obstruction, and vainly did he call upon the Italians to submit to his father. The young prince, whose first essay in arms this was, who was bent upon gratifying his parent, and upon showing the world that the genius of his father and grandfather was not wanting in him, fell into the greatest embarrassment."

This, Luden, as it should seem upon Ludolf's authority, imputes to the artifices of Duke Henry. What is certain is, that Henry retained his conquests, and that Ludolf retreated into Germany; afterwards returning southward with his father, who now advanced at the head of a powerful army.

"By his very arrival every thing was at once decided. Berengar, terrified at the might of the king, formerly his protector, fell back, and retreated into the western mountains. The cities opened their gates without resistance; even Pavia, then considered as the capital of Lombardy, peacefully admitted the German army. Milan alone seems to have been carried at the point of the sword."....

"But along with this prosperity, discord entered the German host, and there found abundant food. The king had not seen his son's failure without annoyance. He might probably ascribe it to imprudence and inexperience, and therefore look less kindly upon his son. Ludolf endeavoured to throw the blame upon his uncle; but Otho would not listen to him * * *. Ludolf, who thought his father unjust, became shy and mistrustful. And whilst he was brooding over his anger, Queen Adelheid came, upon Otho's invitation, from Canossa to Pavia. At her approach the king sent his brother Henry with a guard of honour to escort her. Her reception at Pavia was most ceremonious, most magnificent. And quickly was every thing settled; the widower king was to marry the widowed queen."

This projected marriage excited the most violent jealousy and resentment in Ludolf; and Henry, we are assured, blew the flames.

"Ludolf, in youthful impetuosity, formed an unfortunate resolution. Without permission or leave-taking, he quitted Italy with his Swabians, and crossed the Alps into his own country. And he went not alone. Many princes of the empire accompanied him."

These discontents did not, however, break out into rebellion before the year 935, and the immediate cause seems to have been a slight put by Otho upon his son-in-law Conrad. Ludolf

and Conrad conjointly rebelled, and for a while success attended their arms. But gradually they were overpowered, and the sentence of the College of Princes deprived them both of their respective duchies. Otho now divided Lotharingen into two duchies, Upper and Lower Lotharingen, and committed the general superintendence over the whole to his brother Bruno, now Archbishop of Cologne.

These civil wars revived the hopes of the Hungarians; they renewed their devastating inroads, and Henry and Ludolf reciprocally accused each other of having invited them into the country. We have no intention of wearying our readers with further details of the wars with barbarians, with which Otho's reign, like his father's, was harassed. But the battle of the Lechfeld was too important to be passed over in silence. In the year 935 the Hungarians in great force penetrated to the river Lech in Bavaria. There Otho, with an army drawn from all parts of Germany, met them on the 10th of August. The Hungarians were the first to attack. The battle was hard fought and long contested. In the end Otho triumphed, being mainly indebted for his success to the prowess and skill of his son-in-law Conrad, his confidence in whom appears to have been little impaired by that prince's revolt and punishment. The victory was purchased with Conrad's life.

"The joy was nevertheless great and universal. The king ordered a solemn service to be performed in every church throughout his dominions, giving thanks to God for the victory he had granted to the German arms. To Pope Anapet II., likewise, he, in the joy of his heart, sent tidings of this victory gained, not for Germany alone, but for all the Christian nations of the west. Those nations acknowledged that the victory of the Lechfeld was the greatest gained by any monarch for the last 200 years; and the victors, in exulting inspiration, hailed the king as emperor, and father of the country. In fact the consequences of this victory were most important. * * * The Hungarians never again invaded Germany collectively. * * * * Scarcely a quarter of a century had elapsed since that battle, when many of the Hungarians knelt to the Cross: and, before the end of the tenth century, the princes of that people had acknowledged that the only security for the welfare and existence of the nation lay in the Christian religion, the universal Church, and the institutions of German life in peace and war. Such were the consequences of the victory of the Lechfeld."

When Germany was tranquil within and without, Otho revisited Italy, and, with Adelheid, received the iron crown of Lombardy at Milan, from the hands of the Archbishop of that city, and the Imperial crown at Rome, from those of the Pope.

He established his authority over the Romans, as well as his right to inquire into, and ratify, every Papal election, before the new Pontiff should assume the tiara. Upon his return from Italy, Otho visited his mother in a nunnery that she had built and endowed at Nordheim; and we cannot resist our inclination to soften the picture of these rude and troublous times, by extracting the simply touching account of their parting.

"Both felt that this parting would be their last. On the appointed day, the mother and son repaired early in the morning to church, to hear mass. After service Matilda thus spoke to the emperor: 'Once more, my dearest son, I repeat my request,' (for his favour to the nunnery). 'In this town I gave birth to your brother Henry, whom, because he bore your father's name, I have dearly loved. Your sister Gerberg likewise was born here. Therefore I have founded this convent, chiefly for the salvation of your father's and your brother's souls. Favour it. We speak together for the last time; let the recollection of your last sight of your mother always remind you of this convent.' Otho promised. She then embraced her son with tears, and accompanied him to the church-door. Otho mounted his horse. Then was he told that his mother had returned into the church, and was there upon her knees, covering his footsteps with tears and kisses. This message moved the strong man so powerfully that, springing from his horse, he hurried back into the church, flung himself once more into his mother's arms, and could with difficulty tear himself from her heart."

Otho's last years were much occupied in founding bishoprics, throughout such Sclavonian districts as really owned his authority, in order thus to promote the conversion of the heathen inhabitants. In 973, in the 62d year of his age, Otho I. died suddenly; and with him again died the splendour of a dynasty. Ludolf had preceded his father to the tomb, and Otho I. was succeeded by his second son, Otho II. The short reigns of this prince and of his son, Otho III., offer nothing beyond the calamities usual to weak sovereigns of feudal kingdoms. They were followed by a yet feebler prince, Henry II., grandson to Otho I.'s troublesome brother of the same name; and he, who died childless in 1024, was the last of the Saxon kings.

Again the German princes were free to choose themselves a sovereign, and their election now again fell upon a Franconian, Count Conrad, the great-grandson of Conrad, Duke of Lotharingen, and of Luitgard, daughter of Otho I. Conrad II. distinguished in history by the surname of the Salic, was an able prince; but his reign was chiefly occupied by wars against the insurgent Sclavonians, who had cast off the imbecile Henry's sovereignty, and in recovering the authority that this, his feeble predecessor,

had lost in Italy. Conrad II.'s principal achievement was annexing Burgundy, both Swiss and French, to Germany. He claimed that kingdom, either as the husband of Gisela, the heiress, if the succession were open to females, or, if not, as a fief lapsed to the crown for want of a male heir; and he accomplished his purpose, though not without some harshness and perhaps injustice to Ernest, Gisela's son by a first marriage.

Ernest, who, though his mother, the lineal heiress of Swabia as well as Burgundy, was still alive, had become Duke of Swabia upon his father's death, strove in arms against his step-father; and in many successive feuds the mediation of the Empress Gisela, wife of the one and mother of the other, succeeded in restoring peace, or at least mutual forbearance. At length the interference of third and fourth parties drove matters to extremities, and the end of this dispute offers, we think, a happy illustration of the manners and opinions of these times.

"A Swabian Count, named Welf, began a feud against a Swabian prelate, Bruno, Bishop of Augsburg, to whom Conrad had committed the education of his little son Henry. * * * Duke Ernest perhaps took no part; certainly he did not oppose Welf; whence it is clear that he was no stranger to the Count's enterprise."

This might seem a hasty conclusion of our historian's; but from the context there can be little doubt of Ernest's having been from the first intimately connected with Count Welf, (an ancestor, we believe, of the House of Hanover,) and well acquainted, at least, with all his schemes. We cannot give the whole of this civil and domestic broil, but must select the most striking parts. Luden thus relates the catastrophe of the war between the Count and Bishop.

"In the following spring the Count took Augsburg, and put the Bishop to flight. Bruno, with his royal pupil, escaped across the Alps, and joined Conrad in Italy.

* * * * *

"The Emperor summoned Duke Ernest and his partisans to a Diet at Ulm, that the Swabian disputes might be legally decided in Swabia. The Duke appeared, but not as a suppliant. He came in hostile array, surrounded by his Swabian vassals, either, thus armed, to conclude an honourable agreement with the Emperor, or to depart as an enemy and try the fortune of war. * * * Before entering into negotiation, he again assembled and addressed his followers. He reminded them of their oath of fidelity; exhorted them not to forsake him, not to endanger his honour: he bade them remember their fathers, who had ever been true to their lords; and promised them, provided they would act as good Swabians, great present rewards, as well as future honour and glory. When he ceased speaking, the Counts Frederic and Anselm stood forward. * * * They said, 'We purpose not to deny that we

have sworn fidelity to you against every man, him only excepted through whom we are subject to you. Were we the thralls of our King and Emperor, and by him given as thralls to you, then we might not sever ourselves from you. But we are free men; and the chief protector of our liberty is our King and Emperor. Should we desert him, we should therefore forfeit our liberty, which a nobleman resigns only with his life. So long as you require of us what is just and right, so long will we obey you. Should you demand other than that, we shall return freely thither, whence, conditionally and as free men, we came to you.'

"This declaration opened Duke Ernest's eyes. All, indeed, were not thus disposed. Many were resolved to run every risk with him; either because they had pledged themselves so to do, or because, knowing themselves the instigators of the insurrection and seducers of the young prince, they feared the Emperor's wrath. Of these Count Wernher of Kyburg was the bravest and noblest. But Duke Ernest felt that these few could not protect him. He saw the precipice upon which he stood; he saw his only resource, and, submitting unconditionally, threw himself upon the Emperor's mercy. Conrad accepted his submission, but judged it fitting to confine the untractable youth for a while in the Saxon fortress of Gibichenstein. All the Duke's followers at once submitted. * * * Only Count Wernher disdained to yield. He flung himself into his strong castle of Kyburg, and there awaited the Emperor."

Of course this single Count could not resist the Emperor. His castle was taken, he became a fugitive, and the duchy of Swabia was Conrad's. But the fate of her son lay heavy on the heart of the Empress Gisela, whom Conrad tenderly loved; for her sake he resolved to release his step-son, and give him the duchy of Bavaria, instead of Swabia; since there, where he had no family connexions, his restless temper would be less able to excite rebellions. But untoward circumstances prevented the fulfilment of this wise and generous plan, and the Emperor now resolved to bestow Swabia upon him, first however completely separating him from his misleaders. He thus executed his purpose:—

"The Emperor kept his Easter at Ingelheim. He released Duke Ernest, and invited him thither. The Duke appeared. Conrad restored Swabia to him, but upon condition that he should swear to pursue, as a public enemy, the still contumacious and fugitive Count of Kyburg.

"Conrad, who had conceded so much from affection for his Empress, might deem this a fair and moderate condition. * * * But Ernest, exasperated by his captivity, looked upon the restoration of Swabia, as only giving him back what was his own; whilst he thought himself wronged by the denial of his right to Burgundy: and for this was he required not only to abandon Count Wernher, who had fought for him, had lost all for his sake, was for his sake living the life of an outlaw—must he even persecute this faithful friend? Ernest rejected the Emperor's proposal, and fled, to share the lot of those who had proved true to him.

"The young prince's flight threw the Emperor into perplexity, the Empress into despair. * * * To console the sorrowing mother, Conrad conferred the duchy of Swabia upon the younger son of her first marriage, Hermann, under the guardianship, during his nonage, of Warmann, Bishop of Constance.

* * * * *

"Duke Ernest, bursting with grief and anguish, with rage and affection, with all feelings, noble and ignoble, joined Count Wernher and a few faithful followers. * * * He was now abandoned, even by his mother, and saw no resource but in his sword and the fidelity of his friends. With them he returned to the land of his birth, of which even in childhood he had been Duke. The little troop concealed themselves in the most inaccessible ravines of the Black Forest, supporting their wretched existence by plunder and by the chase. When armed men were sent out to seize the Duke and his band, the outlaws flung themselves into the rock-fortress of Falkenstein; and thence, compelled by hunger, plundered the neighbourhood. Want of food for themselves and their horses soon obliged them to extend their excursions. Count Manegold was now commissioned by Bishop Warmann to watch Duke Ernest and his companions, to prevent their marauding expeditions, and to shut them up in Falkenstein. The Count found means to seize at pasture the fine horses upon the strength and fleetness of which they relied in their adventurous excursions. The loss was irreparable. Ernest, Wernher, all, saw that no choice now remained but death in battle, death by famine, or a dastardly surrender at discretion. The choice could not be difficult. Having supplied themselves with horses, though of an inferior kind, they left the castle and the forest, on the 17th of August. They met Count Manegold and his men; few against many. The fight was horrible. Manegold and his warriors fought, like brave men, for honour, fame, and reward; Ernest and his comrades, like heroes self-devoted to death. Manegold and many of his party fell; Duke Ernest, sparing none, spared by none, covered with wounds, found the death he sought; so did his friend Wernher;—and the fight ended when the last of his band was slain."

And thus, partly from the unsettled state of the law respecting succession, and, indeed, respecting most other points, partly from the habits of fierce independence and self-reliance belonging to a rude age, the son of an Empress, the descendant, and perhaps heir of Kings, the legitimate and acknowledged Duke of a wealthy and powerful Duchy, fell as the leader of a band of robbers.

Conrad II. at his death transmitted the uncontested sovereignty of Germany, Burgundy, and Lombardy to his son Henry III., a prince as able and yet more energetic than himself; who, had his life been prolonged, might perhaps have secured the permanent union of Italy with Germany, and the subjection of the Popes to the Emperor. Luden, of course, rejoices that he did not live to effect this, and thereby change that course of events

which has produced good. During the seventeen years of his reign, Henry III. reduced the Duke of Bohemia to actual faithful vassalage, and compelled the Hungarians to acknowledge Peter, the nephew of their first Christian king, the subsequently canonized Stephen. He subdued insurrection, and enforced tranquillity amongst the great German vassals. He supported the citizens of Milan against the nobility, and thus helped to found the subsequent liberty of that republic. He acquired the right of naming the Popes, and cordially concurred with Hildebrand, then Papal adviser and director, afterwards the formidable Gregory VII., in his endeavours to purify the Church of Rome from the vices that defiled and deformed her, especially from simony. But Henry III. was cut off under 40 years of age, leaving his crown to a child five years' old, and the regency to his empress Agnes, a French princess. And here, for the present, we lay down the pen. The troubled reign of Henry IV. is, under every aspect, not to be reviewed but at length, and as a whole; and Luden, whom we cannot desert for the uncircumstantial Mannert, gives us in these volumes, as before said, only its earlier portion.*

Art. X.—1. *Souvenirs d'Orient*, par Henri Cornille. 1831, 1832, 1833. Paris, 1 vol.

2. *Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient*, 1832, 1833. Par A. De la Martine. Paris, 4 vols.

3. *Moniteur Ottoman.* Weekly Newspaper; Turkish and French. Constantinople.

We cannot afford to remain any longer in such absolute ignorance of the state of the East. We cannot remain ignorant as hitherto of the ties that bind together a society, which appears on the very surface so differently constituted from our own. The public, if we only judge from the extensive demand for works professing to give an insight into the state of Turkish society, has shown that it takes a deep and lively interest in the inquiry. It is no idle curiosity that seeks to be gratified—it is not the curiosity of the enlightened few that would understand our nature better by studying mankind living under institutions different from what they have been accustomed to—it is imperative necessity that urges on the European community to investigate the nature of that social system, which has so long single-

* The appearance of Luden's ninth volume, since this was written, does not induce us to change our purpose. We reserve it for a future article.

handed arrested the tide of Russian encroachment; whilst Russia has been aided by the ignorance, the errors, of her antagonists, has been supported by the whole weight of the moral influence of the kingdoms of Christendom, and has had the dexterity to turn against her rival the arms of those most deeply interested in her preservation, and that too at a moment when she was the least capable of resistance.

In spite of such a formidable confederacy against her, Turkey still survives. The public then desires to have this extraordinary vitality satisfactorily accounted for. It seeks to know what are those ties that bind together populations differing so essentially in every respect, that, judging according to notions drawn from the centralized administrations of Europe, there seems to exist no common bond of union. It would know the reason of that deep repose, observable in every part of the Ottoman dominions, which so strongly contrasts itself with the actual state of Europe; of that absence of all revolutionary feelings, of that restless, reckless desire of innovation, of those principles of *mouvement*, the absence of which Monsieur De la Martine noticed in a speech pronounced from the tribune, but which he did not—shall we say, could not?—account for. Has the government been obliged to imitate the example of our continental neighbours? Has it had recourse to those strong and vexatious measures, and that formidable organization, by which the cabinets of the Continent seek to arrest the progress in their dominions of the moral contagion? It has not. But is this war of principle an evil of our day only? Ever since European society has been fashioned on its present basis, has not every century had to record its tale of popular convulsion, which has shaken society to its centre—its tale of domestic strife and civil bloodshed—of monarchs hurled from their thrones, not by a foreign foe, but by an angry and excited multitude—of dynasty succeeding dynasty—of principle supplanting principle—system changed for system? and yet how has the mass profited by these violent changes? We appeal to history for the answer. If, after some terrible crash, there has been a pause and temporary reaction in the popular mind, it is because the people stand aghast at their own handiwork. In amazement they find that, in their work of destruction, they have failed to arrive at the source of their disquietude, to eradicate the root of bitterness.

To this confusion, what a forcible contrast does Turkey, and Turkey alone, present! To this day, the race of Othman sits on the throne it has occupied for six centuries, and governing its subjects according to the same fixed fundamental principles. This, be it remarked, is not predicable of any other eastern go-

vernment. It is not predicable of Persia, India, or China. Any one, reflecting for a moment on this remarkable fact, must admit that the institutions which form the links of this society cannot but contain principles at once natural and strictly conservative. The public would inquire what these principles are? and this question is not one of speculation, but to be turned to immediate account, that we may oppose the progress of Russia.

Now, how have the travellers who profess to exhibit a picture of the social system of Turkey discharged their duty to the public? How have they answered these questions, which meet them at the very threshold? How have they accounted for facts of such a startling nature? There is not one observation, in the numerous volumes that yearly issue from the press, under the title of Travels in the Levant, that intimates that the mind of the writer was in a state to feel the importance of these facts—the necessity of their being accounted for. We are not therefore surprised at finding that the traveller has only recorded those facts which he could hardly have failed to notice, without shutting his eyes—and that he has been quite contented with the picture he has given of eastern society—that he has mistaken the exception for the general rule, the general rule for the exception, so that the falsehood of an opinion often rests on the correctness of a fact. Just as we should have expected, after a hurried journey, a superficial view of the country and its inhabitants, and a necessarily slender stock of information; the traveller decides off-hand on all the subjects that connect themselves with such a vast and extended question—subjects of so diversified a nature that the very giving an opinion on them would presuppose at once an intimate acquaintance with military tactics; political science, whether administrative or financial; the principles and details of commerce; and not only a minute comprehension of the habits, local usages, and trains of thought, of all the different races and populations that inhabit this extended empire, but also a profound insight into the feelings and motives that actuate the human heart.

When conclusions are formed so hurriedly, it is no wonder that facts, as they come to light, show the invalidity of these conclusions —that the anticipations based on them are disproved by time. Whilst industrious to record and prone to condemn the individual instances of misrule and abuse which have come across them, we find them clinging to the very causes of the abuse, as if they were the conservative principles to which the Sultan owes the stability of his rule. Had they taken the trouble of tracing the abuses up to their source, whilst, on the one hand, their opinions respecting recent changes would have been of more

value, on the other, the spirit of research would have probably led them on farther, and, finding the true principle of conservation, they would have been able to separate the good from the bad in the institutions of Turkey. Were we to draw our moral code from their writings, we should come to this conclusion, that honesty, integrity, and a regard for truth, may be domestic virtues, but must be looked on as political defects; and that institutions which foster their growth, and with which their development is inseparably connected, are radically and incurably bad;—that hospitality and politeness are signs of barbarism, when divested of certain conventional usages which mark a feudal origin;—that simplicity and docility of character are barriers to improvement, and that a high state of civilization and refinement is necessarily one of falsehood, pauperism, political fermentation, and crime. Whilst protesting in the strongest manner against doctrines so abhorrent to our better nature, we are combating no ideal phantoms; we have marked with pain these sentiments gradually gaining force in the public mind. We have heard them put forward in society and defended, as justifying the notorious neglect of our political interests in the East. That neglect and all its consequences, together with the disposition to observe and judge uncharitably, we cannot but attribute to the absence of correct information respecting Eastern society.

But the question naturally suggests itself, why it is that only writers of the stamp we have described have taken up the subject? Are there not others who might give the public more correct information? If so, why have they not done so? We ourselves know several who have seen the question in its true light. But these are naturally men of a logical turn of mind; cautious by temperament and habit; and not inclined to appear before the public rashly. The mass of evidence they have collected bearing on the question appears to them insignificant when they compare it with what they deem necessary for discussing with satisfaction to themselves a subject of such gigantic dimensions. They in fact have felt the real difficulties of the question. The difficulties that a man has to encounter, who would penetrate beyond the veil that conceals the East from the West, are not few or easily overcome. Indeed we should be inclined to place more confidence in the published accounts of travellers, had they shown symptoms of their feeling these difficulties. These difficulties the Moniteur Ottoman indicates to us in language equally forcible and comprehensive.

"In order to understand Turkey, one must disencumber one's-self of an immense load of prejudices, and when the investigator has put off the old man, the man of Europe, he has to surmount numberless obstacles,

which arise from the difference of manners, ideas, and language. The very terms he is accustomed to use characterise but imperfectly every step of the social question, and express erroneously every part in detail of the social system. Then what a void in the absence of all those facilities which the publicity of facts and statistics afford in Europe! There is no spirit of analysis to be found among the Orientals. He that would observe them as a nation must collect all this information for himself. To the European, Turkey is a political accident—an assemblage of facts essentially differing from the facts of Europe. Not one of these facts has been classified by political economy, and yet the knowledge of these facts would enrich that science, and extend its bounds."

Here then we find difficulties which the observer of the Turkish social system has to overcome, sacrifices which he is called on to make, and a vast field of inquiry opened to his view, which we should have never dreamed of had we seen only with the eyes of the tourists in Turkey. In order to be able to appreciate the merits and demerits of any of the societies which form branches of the grand European family, the traveller must divest himself of all his national prejudices. Our neighbours on the continent have failed in their attempts at forming a just estimate of society in our own island. Why? The traveller had perhaps freed himself from the pre-conceptions peculiar to his nation, but he had forgotten to divest himself of his continental prejudices. Yet what advantages does he not enjoy! He possesses our language, or at least a language in common—he enters into our society—he has access to our newspapers, reviews, pamphlets, and parliamentary reports, our ballads, proverbs and histories, illustrating our society at different periods; and our own social system, in that it has a common origin, bears somewhat of a family resemblance to that on the continent. But he that would appreciate eastern society at its just value is called on to divest himself of the more abstracted prejudices of the European. This requires no little exertion. Nor is this all. He must learn to think in a foreign language; for the words in which he is accustomed to clothe his thoughts, and which seem to stand for things that bear the closest analogy to what he observes in Turkey, are most calculated to lead him astray. He must go forth without a guide to direct his inquiries, and then he must break up new ground; he has to study a new science of political economy—he has habits and national usages to familiarize himself with—he must penetrate into a society which has been described by those who never saw it—he has histories to study—the languages in which the histories are written to acquire. In order to comprehend Turkey as a whole, he must remember that the system of government is not uniform as in the centralized administrations of Europe, but diversified and adapting

itself to the local exigencies of the different regions and districts. Not one faith but many—not one race but many—not one region but many—a generalized view of the whole can only be taken after an intimate acquaintance with all the parts. An acquaintance with any one of these branches requires many years' labour and calm investigation; yet, before this investigation can be effectual, the master-key must be found, and that is, a correct understanding of the general principles of the economy and administration of the government.

Now, what are the qualifications which enable the travellers that have published on this subject to form any thing like a correct estimate? What information did they possess which would enable them to generalize? Which of these conditions have they fulfilled? With the exception of the lamented Burckhardt and Colonel Leake, which of them has examined satisfactorily any of the details? And neither of these two touched even remotely on the principles that bind together eastern society. They did not treat of the action of government on the different parts, nor of the ties that connect these parts with the government. They had not the advantage of witnessing events of recent occurrence, which have rendered the task of anatomizing Turkey, and of discovering its principle of vitality, one of less difficulty than formerly. But, coming to the others, what one of these conditions have they fulfilled? and, not fulfilling them, they are exposed to all the dangers incidental to a man who cannot distinguish false information from true.

We know what it is to travel in Turkey. We have had to struggle against all the difficulties which beset the path of the inquirer, and we have found that it is only by coming in constant contact with the natives—by witnessing the manner in which they conduct the concerns of their families and their villages, and the economy of the local administrations—by diving into the minutest circumstance—by abstaining from forming any opinion until one has frequently shifted his ground and examined the subject in different lights, that one can hope to preserve one's-self from being deceived by the false medium which surrounds every department of the Turkish question. We have ourselves had opportunities of observing many of the travellers who have since published the results of their inquiries, when engaged in collecting what they look on as information, and think that we can point out the sources whence this information is derived, and account for their works bearing such a strong family resemblance. The traveller, on landing at any seaport in the Levant, is immediately struck by a number of moral phenomena which are contrary to any thing he was prepared for or accustomed to. He enters into a

new world, where every thing astonishes and confounds. Like the blind man restored to sight on a sudden, he sees objects quite new and strange to him, but they present themselves in a confused manner. It appears to him like a chaos. Institutions, manners, habits, customs, trains of thought, nay, every thing, from the most trifling conventional usage to the very foundations on which the society is based, appears to him, and indeed is, the very antithesis to what he has witnessed in Europe. He would come in contact with natives; but he is ignorant of any languages in which to hold communication with them,—but he would learn them. His enthusiasm is cooled by the information that the two languages most current in these countries would each of them require at least ten years hard study to gain a competent knowledge of them; and then these are only two of a dozen, at the lowest computation. Resigning all hope of deriving information immediately from the natives themselves, he turns to the European population, expecting to gain at least from them what he is in quest of. Travellers have over and over again described what is the character of the society of the Frank population in the seaport towns of Turkey; in fact they have devoted so many pages to the description of this society, that we suspect they gave more of their time to studying it than they did to that society which they came professedly to examine. They have set it in the strong light of caricature. They have ridiculed the ignorance, presumption, and corruptness of these people, little imagining that they were breaking the ground from under their own feet; that they were invalidating their own testimony; for, such being the character of their informants, their information was good for nothing. Much as we may think the pictures they have given of this society overcharged,—much as we must disapprove that heartless levity which could wound the private feelings* of individuals, and violate the sanctity of hospitality, frankly offered and as eagerly accepted,—we think their description in the main correct; and it is natural to expect that a European should be better qualified to judge of European society than of Asiatic, especially as he saw the one and did not the other.

The Frank population, either at Constantinople or Smyrna, (and these two cities give the tone of opinion to the Franks all over the Levant,) is as ignorant of the nature of Turkish society as the mass in England with the difference of their pretensions.

* One writer sets down a young lady at Smyrna as an ignoramus, because she said she did not know what a nightingale was. The poor girl said to us, with tears in her eyes, "French is not my language; I did not know what a *rossignol* meant: had he addressed me in Greek, and spoken to me about the *andŏn*, I should have said 'I hear multitudes of them at Budjà, where I spend the summer.'"

The Franks have no sort of intercourse of a friendly nature with the natives; instead of mixing with them and instilling into their minds more civilized notions, if so superior in civilization as they pretend to be, they are exclusives! The Turks have more than once endeavoured to establish amicable and social relations with the Franks, and that not only latterly—but they have been invariably repulsed. The merchant transacts his business with the people of the country. How is it that this does not lead to more familiar intercourse? The Turkish purchaser and the European merchant were ignorant of a common language, separated by feeling and custom; thence arose a class of persons—brokers—or μεσηταὶ, who transacted all business between them, and whose interest it was to render all direct communication impossible. What Frank merchant has been able to emancipate himself from this interference, and to do business directly, if ever so well acquainted with the language? It has been tried and failed, we know, in Smyrna. Thus naturally arose prejudice between the two parties, which has led to ill will, opposition, and mutual injury.

Formerly the Frank merchant, particularly the English, was, though prejudiced against the native, blindly attached to the government. Recent circumstances have changed his opinions. The Frank merchant, now no longer a member of a privileged body, has to compete with the superior knowledge, activity, and economy of the native trader. His position daily rendered more slippery—his profits diminished—his feelings soured—he exclaims, "Trade decays and the government is detestable." The answer of the Moniteur Ottoman is conclusive:—

"It may be granted that commerce, especially in Turkey, has diminished for each establishment in particular; but it has increased considerably for the mass. The proof of this is, that in all the ports of the empire there are twenty times the number of establishments that existed in the time so regretted, reckoning only European establishments; and all these are placed in a state of affluence and luxury which they could not enjoy elsewhere, without considerable capital and more sedulous attention. Forty years ago, the French almost alone monopolized the commercial resources of Turkey," (during the existence of our Levant Company.) "Compare the exports and imports then with what they are now, and you will find them increased more than tenfold. But it is said, that the productions of Turkey have decreased; with what then does she pay for the enormous importations from England, America, and France, which existed not before? It is notorious that she can only pay in kind. If the French have fallen behind their rivals, they must thank the monopoly created by the sanitary system at Marseilles. Turkey has never known the *scientific madness of a balance of trade.* In consequence, every part of her territory is supplied according to its wants and at a moderate price. Paying with her productions, the internal production has in-

creased with increased consumption—which is sufficiently proved by the increasing demand for the rich cargoes from England and America, of which none remain without buyers and consequently without payment."

Besides, the atmosphere of Pera and Smyrna is designedly impregnated with maxims favourable to Russian designs; and it is not to be supposed that Russia, who makes her influence and her gold be felt in every country of Europe, should neglect to poison the sources whence the traveller receives his information. But do not the *employés* of the different governments move about and examine for themselves? Yes: the Russian and Austrian do; and we know how anxious they are to make out the best case possible for Turkey. Well—but the dragoman? Here we come to the ultimate cause of the line of demarcation drawn between the Frank and native society. The system of using interpreters at first was only contemplated as a temporary measure. It never could have been imagined that any friendly intercourse could exist between two nations, when that intercourse was carried on through the medium of men who lived by non-intelligence and fattened on the misintelligence of their employers. How can we expect to have any beneficial intercourse with the Porte, so long as the channel of our communications is not only not one of our own nation, but one who knows no country, is connected to us by no tie, and is thus ready to sell our secrets to the highest bidder? The power that pays is Russia; therefore she is the only power served. The dragomans are the noblesse of Pera. They, with the different missions, give the tone to opinion; consequently that power, which has the most of these attached to her, will impregnate the society with maxims favourable to her views. This power is Russia, and she has at her disposal the Prussian, Austrian, Danish, Dutch, and Swedish missions, all which openly and notoriously work for her,—others do so not less effectually, because in secret. But what opportunity have the dragomans, if ever so conscientious, of understanding the Turk? They are Franks—members of that community which is neither eastern nor western by virtue or intelligence, but both in vices, prejudice, and ignorance. How can the Turk unbosom himself to one whom he has so little reason to trust?* Besides, this small isolated society is bound up in an endless chain of relationships and connections. Our present head dragoman is brother of the first dragoman of Russia! What a field for Russian intrigue to work in. Then for *espionage.* We know a consul at Smyrna, representing a nation whose guns once shook the windows of

* A delicate matter was in treaty between one of our former ambassadors and the Porte. Our then dragoman revealed the secret to his wife, she to her paramour, he to the Prussian minister, and thus did it reach London through St. Petersburg.

Catherine's palace at St. Petersburg, to make a diversion in favour of Turkey, who is invited on board every English ship of war that visits the bay; is on the most intimate footing with our consul; and gets acquainted with every traveller. We observed one of the highest orders of Russia glittering on his breast, and we had ourselves observed enough to justify the recompense.

Such is one source whence the traveller derives his information. Let us examine another. There are some Greeks acquainted with the European languages, who possibly have travelled in Europe. They have been dazzled with the glittering varnish that covers the exterior of European society and conceals its defects from their eyes. Perceiving that we in Europe are free from that peculiar class of abuses, which they have experienced in their own country, and dreaming of no others, they imagine that our system must be perfect, and conclude that the government in Turkey, in that it differs *toto cælo* from European governments, must be radically bad. They turn an eye of hope to the new kingdom of Greece. Their hearts' desire is, or rather was, until very lately, its aggrandizement, which is incompatible with the existence of Turkey. Many such individuals went to Greece enthusiastic in the idea of a government established on the European model. They have found with amazement that the system does not work—that the people sigh for their old institutions——that the peasantry in bodies and whole communities emigrate to Turkey. If some travellers, who have built their opinions on such testimony, were to visit Turkey again, they would find the sentiments of their informants essentially changed.

The traveller, in his peregrinations through the capital, in his visits of ceremony to the officers of the Porte, or in his journeys into the interior, is accompanied by an interpreter; and he cannot well escape seeing every thing with the eyes of this *fidus Achates*. In fact, the occupation of the interpreter would be well-nigh gone, and his gains decreased, if his master were to burst his trammels, and to come to any thing like an understanding with the people of the country. It is his interest therefore to spread before the eyes of his employer a beguiling medium. Nor is it intentionally alone that these people mis'ead you. Their position, ignorance, and disposition, unfit them for rendering any useful assistance to the traveller's inquiries. They generally are men who have been driven by their vices from their native land—who perhaps have only a smattering of the language they pretend to interpret; despised, they hate in return; but they are clothed with the immunities of a Frank—the privilege of censuring what they do not comprehend, and flippantly designating their superiors among the natives barbarians. The traveller,

soliloquizing with himself on observing different occurrences that strike his senses, and thinking them anomalies, exclaims, "This is a most extraordinary country!" His companion replies, "*Quest' è Turchia, signore.*" "Who is that man with such a dignified carriage?" "*Ba! è Turco.*" "That shopkeeper is a rogue." "*Che volete, signore? E Turco.*" It is on *such* testimony that the traveller builds his opinions, although unconsciously. Nay, we have traced to no better authority than this, tales which travellers have recounted as facts; while they have sought to conceal, by metaphor, point, and antithesis, the spuriousness of the source.

What confidence is to be given to those who have enjoyed the greatest advantages may be seen from the following circumstance, which places the difficulties of this inquiry in a different point of view from any we have as yet touched upon:—A French consul stationed in Albania during the war, and who, by long residence, by acquaintance with the language of the country, by travelling into the interior, and by his very position, one would imagine, was better enabled than any one else to give an exact description of the state of the country and its resources, returned to Paris with the materials which he had collected, and, above all, valuable statistical tables of the productions and resources of the country, compiled with great care and attention. The results of his experience and observations were calculated to leave a favourable impression, in the main, of the action of the Turkish government, and to make the commercial world alive to the importance of that country remaining in the hands of a government which, with all its abuses, maintains the principle of free trade. A high Russian functionary, then at Paris, and now in our own capital, accidentally saw the MS. when the work was in the press. The result was, the picture was changed, and the resources of the country diminished one-third,—but the author since then has been an opulent man!

But we think that the traveller is not only unfortunate in his having every source of information poisoned, but the public whom he addresses must come in for its due share of blame. Whether seeking emolument or reputation, the writer depends for both on the public. Now, how would the public receive, at least until very lately, a description of the state of Turkey that only observed the modesty of nature and the simplicity of truth? From our infancy we have been accustomed to look on the East as a land of romance and fable; in our nurseries we have assigned it as the "local habitation" of genii and monsters, armed with supernatural powers and inhuman propensities. The untractable taste of the writer and the public alike *must* find in the East

associations, impressive scenery, costumes, and drama; it will not endure investigation, reasoning, statistics, all important but sober every-day occurrences, and scouts the homely narrative of facts recorded and accounted for. To prove this assertion, we will give one instance out of the many which have come to our knowledge: A distinguished member of the French chamber, several years ago, published the result of his observations in the East. He had remarked the high state of morals in Turkey, so strongly contrasting itself with what he lamented in Europe. This phenomenon he traced to the financial system in that country, which had not the effect of arraying interest against interest. This he conceived removed the manifold causes of uneasiness, animosity, wretchedness, and crime. He traced to this cause the absence of pauperism and idleness, the parents of crime. He found this so contrary to the public conviction, that he bought up the first edition of his work, and put forward a second, more in harmony with the notions of the day.

We think it necessary to make some apology to our readers for having dwelt so long on this branch of our subject; but when we look on this question as involving interests dear to us as Englishmen, and affecting our future destiny as men, we feel that no consideration ought to prevent us from removing whatever stands in the way of its being fully and clearly understood. Our brother critics have done little to expose these mis-statements; nor was it to be expected that they should possess the necessary information to do so. It requires no small acquaintance with a subject to be able to detect error when put forward in an abstract form. This is a subject on which every part of the community, however well-informed on other matters, has been notoriously in the dark —a subject on which only now light is beginning to break—and, in the absence of correct data to go upon, even critical acumen becomes dangerous, because it systematizes error. Whatever may be the wholesome influence that the periodical press has exercised on the mind of the public in this country on the generality of the subjects which it is called on to handle; whatever may be the learning and talent it has evinced for the most part in exposing error and supplying information where wanted; whatever may be the consistency, impartiality, and discrimination, with which it has generally discharged its high office of censor, we find on this subject—we had almost said alone—the periodical press exhibiting a remarkable exception. Every new author is cordially welcomed, his tale listened to with marked attention, his assertions admitted unquestioned. His judge descends from the bench, conscious that he is not possessed of a body of evidence sufficient to decide. He feels it useless for him to attempt to hold the

critical balance, not possessing the weights for trying the testimony. He knows of no test by which to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the statements. Thus we find in the same review statements approved of and argued on in one number, and subsequently contradicted. Nay, we have observed two works on this subject, containing statements so contradictory that, if one was true, the other was altogether false—we observed these two works reviewed together—both authors equally commended; the testimony of both admitted; no attempt made to sift out the truth; a syllabus of the opinions of both drawn out: and, presenting it to the public, the reviewer said—" Decide for yourselves, we cannot."

This confusion and uncertainty of opinion shows that ideas on the subject are in a state of transition, incidental to the birth of a new science; for the study of the Turkish social system involves in it a new science, important in its results, wide in its bearings, extensive in its application. Whilst then we have seen that there exists in this country no standard of opinion on the subject, we congratulate our readers on one having arisen (where indeed it was most natural to look for it), that is, at Constantinople. Availing ourselves of this new and most important light, we shall proceed to examine the different false positions that some of the most popular or most recent among European writers on the subject have taken up.

One of the most popular English writers on Turkey is Mr. Slade. If compared with those only that went before him, we may say he deserved his popularity. He enjoyed great advantages, from the position into which he was thrown by accident, at the time he made his tour, and his having taken the trouble to obtain some small acquaintance with the Turkish language, which saved him from being haunted by a vagabond interpreter on ordinary occasions. These advantages, however small, compared with what was requisite to understand Turkey, might have led him to greater results, as we shall show. But, first, we shall do him the justice of pointing out what he has done well. The insight he gave us into the state of the Russian invading army of 1829 is important. This was comparatively easy; for, as we observed before, there is no reason why a European should not form a correct estimate of what is European. He sets before us the degraded and demoralized state of the Russian soldiery; their ignorance as contrasted with the intelligence and independent spirit of the peasantry of the country invaded; the wretchedness and starvation of that army, occasioned by a peculating commissariat and a defective medical department; the excesses the soldiery were thus driven to commit, which, together with bad

faith and other causes, had disgusted for a time the Russian predilections of the Christian natives. He ridicules the ignorance* that could make us fear Russia's menaces of attacking our Indian possessions until fairly at Constantinople, and thus holding Persia. He exposes the falsehoods published by the authority of that government. Nor did the deep mystery with which Russia carries on all her operations in this quarter, concealing them carefully even from those mixed up in them, escape him. Officers were ignorant of the most trifling incident passing out of their encampment. "They asked me of the state,—strength of regiments,—existence of officers, &c. They knew not in one station what passed in another. The death of a general officer could scarcely transpire ten miles off. The estafette carried no private letters: indeed none would be written for the commander-in-chief's inspection." In fine, he gives much information which would lead us to form a correct idea of the designs of Russia, and the means employed to realize them; but gives nothing by which we can even suppose that there exist in Turkey elements by which we may foil them. It was with society, as it exists there, that he had principally to do. So have we. We therefore turn to what he says of Bulgaria.

He was the first and only traveller that has given a description of that country, with something of detail, and true as far as it goes. He shows the ease and affluence which the inhabitants enjoyed even in the midst of a war, and quotes passages from other authors, showing that the comfort he observed there is not confined to Bulgaria. He describes the domestic peace and contentment in the main to be found there, the industrious habits of the people, the development of their agricultural resources. Finally, he finds an absence of crime and a consequent absence of punishment. This is correct; indeed, we may say, that whatever he saw with his

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* We have heard it stated that when there was an idea that our fleet was likely to come in collision with the Russian at the Dardanelles, in 1829, *secret* orders were despatched by the government for a formidable army to hold itself in readiness to march to India. This was one of her *stage* whispers. Let us hear what Mr. Slade says: "The penury of the Russian government renders its armies inefficient when dependent on their own resources. We have seen how the army that reached Adrianople suffered from the common casualties of wind and rain in this fine climate; yet there are some who seriously think of a Russian army being capable now of reaching India. Russia may in time grow to India, if we allow her to continue extending her Persian frontier. At present, if 200,000 men left *her* frontier, not 2000 would reach *ours*. Russian officers, with all their boasting, treated this as visionary, for at least the next twenty or thirty years. By that time they hope to have Persia organized, cultivated, intersected with roads, the Persians Russian vassals and their resources theirs," &c.

In a preceding article we have shown that Russia, if once she establish a camp at Herát, will be able to dislodge us without the expense of sending troops so far by means which she has already created.

own eyes is generally so. But he is a careless observer, and as seldom penetrating beneath the surface as any of his predecessors. His very manner of mistaking misplaced levity for wit leads us to expect it. We shall give one remarkable instance of this, to illustrate our meaning: After a tiresome journey, "three hours wading through deep mud," he seeks refuge in a Bulgarian hamlet, in which the only house unoccupied by the Turkish soldiery was one "where lay a child with a bad fever. This was offered to us; but, preferring filth to disease, we crept into an adjoining shed. Our host and hostess (parents of the sick child) were unremitting in their attention; they gave us a good soup, eggs, and a dish of fried meat (*perhaps from the next dead horse*)." Comment on this observation would be needless. While noticing the strict attention to cleanliness of this population, both with regard to their persons and their dwellings, he seems to forget that it extends to what they eat, drink, or touch; that it is considered a religious duty, not only by Mussulmans, but by all the different races and populations. Thus the bare intimation of the possibility of a peasant's serving up fried carrion, shows such an ignorance of the habits and feelings of the people, that it is no wonder he falls into graver errors. It is a notion common in the East, that all Europeans are unclean, and will eat carrion or any filth; an idea taken up and exaggerated by seeing some Franks not over-nice. We have observed a Greek peasant relieved from a load of horror, when we succeeded in convincing him that the guest he harboured belonged to a nation that prided itself on its cleanliness. It may be said that the observation above was a mere slip of the pen: perhaps this little slip may better account for the want of hospitality on the part of English merchants to English travellers, and particularly the navy, which our author complains of, than the supposition that the merchants, as a body, have taken it into their heads that the navy swarms with Don Juans.

But, little fitted for judging what we call things of sense, what can we expect when he comes to grapple with abstraction. He says, the prosperity the Bulgarians enjoy, is the result of the country being thinly inhabited. We have seen elsewhere the misery, mendicity, and discontent of the Greeks under the rule of Capodistrias, ascribed to the same cause—thinness of population. We can conceive Nature having fixed some limit to a nation's population; but what is that limit? Is the number of paupers a criterion? Then long before Elizabeth's time this country was over-populated. Has a system of government nothing to do with creating paupers? Has a change nothing to do with diminishing them? Look at France since the revolution. With all her errors, only one-twentieth part of her population are

paupers. Ours amount to one-sixth. Mr. Slade contradicts himself elsewhere—noticing "the superior condition observable in their flourishing towns and abundant fields. "Witness," he adds, "Tarnova, Gabrova, Rusgrad, Selimnia, Yamboli, Aidos, &c., all *thickly peopled*, wealthy, and *possessing manufactories of cloth*." Besides, the quotation above contradicts the implied assertion, that the inhabitants derive their revenues from the land. This is so far from the fact, that, calling to mind the manufactories of woollens, silk, and cottons, as well in Philippopoli and its environs, as all over Bulgaria, and the articles for which different places are famed;* remembering the magnificent khans with extensive magazines, that we remarked on our road from Constantinople to Philippopoli, which, of themselves, show the activity of the trade between the capital and that town, chiefly in the hands of the Bulgarians; having seen the immense numbers of Bulgarians that at a particular season of the year regularly repair even to Syria to meet the Persian caravans, and exchange their own manufactures for the rich stuffs of Syria, Persia and India; not to mention their coasting along Asia Minor, when homeward bound, and making further exchanges—judging from these simple facts (if we had not the surer grounds of statistics to go upon) we should not hesitate to assert that the most apparent portion of their prosperity depends on their manufacturing energy and commercial enterprize.

Having shown what is *not* the reason of this prosperity, we shall show what *is*. In Mr. Slade's work, we find no mention of the Codjà Bashi, though we doubt not that he, as well as ourselves, was more than once indebted to the municipal officer for lodging and entertainment; but this authority has higher functions to discharge than merely to attend to the wants of the casual traveller. He is the intermediary between the government and the people of his district; but, elected freely by the suffrages of every tax-payer, or (which is the same) householder, he represents public opinion. It is as much the interest of the government as of the people that the communications between them should be as easy as possible; and whenever the municipal authority does not represent public opinion, opposition to authority follows, which there is no organized system to overawe. Being thus the focus of public opinion, and placed in such a situation, one can conceive what influence he possesses, and how naturally he turns it against any thing that might disturb the peace of the community. Thus he prevents the commission of crime rather than punishes it when committed. Further, when the Turkish

* To adduce an obvious instance—the otto of roses.

government demands the payment of the taxes, he convenes and presides at an assembly of the tax-payers. The sum required is stated, and the tax-payers assess themselves, distributing his share to each, or throwing the burden on whatever, looking at the locality, can best bear it. It is not a central administration, deciding on what demands at once a perfect knowledge of minute detail and immense powers of generalization. Industry and commerce are left entirely free, because it is impossible to use difficult methods of raising the revenue, therefore the government does not vexatiously interfere with men's buying where they can cheapest, and selling where they do so to the best advantage. The interest of the community is not sacrificed to a few by fiscal artifices: there is no collision of interests, each interest striving to shift the load of taxation from its own back to that of another. National interest is felt as *one*, and therefore the central administration has not more work than it can do, in trying to reconcile interests, which it has first brought into collision. It is betrayed into the enactment of no laws creating fictitious crimes, the commission of which holds out great advantage, and insensibly leads on the mind to transgressions against the light of nature and Divine commandment. It is not tempted to enact laws thwarting Nature, by "unequally distributing wealth, to the great deterioration of social happiness" (Slade). It is not tempted to enact laws, which give a few dazzling results, at the expense of widely diffused misery.

Such is the social system which we observed in Bulgaria. We might have scrupled to lay this statement before the public a few years—perhaps months—ago, fearing to be met with an incredulous smile. But now these accounts have received confirmation, and we know that the enlightened at least, of the public, will admit the correctness of our statements.

It would be curious to trace in history the origin of institutions which have converted hordes that once menaced Europe into the peaceful husbandman, the industrious artisan, or the enterprizing trafficker. Did the Bulgarians bring them with them? Possibly; as nearly similar institutions are found among all the tribes that travelled westward from the East about the same period. But there are institutions, resembling these, which the Turks brought from Tartary, and the Arabs from Arabia. This circumstance leaves us in doubt as to who planted them, but prevents us from forming a contemptible idea of the skill with which the social system was founded as a whole. Speaking of the institutions of Turkey, we feel the danger of treating them in general terms. The system is not uniform, it being the distinguishing feature of the Ottoman government,

not to interfere with the genius of the place, but to suffer its attachment to its natural predilections. Thus the constitution of the local authorities in mountainous tracts is somewhat different, but their intercourse with government, as regards taxation, nearly the same. In champaign countries (not the deserts) the system is much the same as in Bulgaria; in some places worked out with more purity, in others less so. In different places, more or fewer abuses prevent the free action of the system; but we have invariably found, in the low lands, comfort and prosperity in proportion to the purity with which the municipal system was worked out.

Mr. Slade, having allowed this to escape him, blames the government for having acted up to the very principle which is its strength, thus :—

"The more we examine the conduct of the early Ottoman conquerors, the more we are convinced that *religious toleration* is the rock they split on in Europe. They should have either *extirpated* the Greek religion, which has ever been a cancer to the Mussulman power, as they could have done, or they should have made its professors dependent on the government for salaries, whereby *they would have ceased to care so much for the affection of the people.* Amurath II. adopted the former plan in Albania. [?] He succeeded. [?] The Christians that are now there are later settlers. [?] After all, conversion by the sword, though it sound horrid, is as good as any other way—certainly more efficacious. There may be doubts as to the insincerity of forced proselytes, but their children are certain of being born in the faith; and this assurance in the converters of saving generations in future counterbalances the injustice of making one generation forswear itself."

What a host of reflections rush on the mind while reading the above paragraph! The monstrousness of the opinions (if such a term be applicable) is paralleled by the perversion or ignorance of historic events, and may suffice to render the author's conclusions suspicious by the very fact of his having arrived at them. We were inclined to think that the Ottoman government was obnoxious because it had not allowed sufficient freedom to conscience. We had hailed with pleasure the recent enactment of the Porte, which went still farther towards equalizing the rights of all sects, especially as the Porte showed that it felt "that equality of rights involves an equality of duties."

The Porte may thank its stars that it has rejected all fellowship with all such counsellors, who would parade, for its initiation into civilized existence, the worst errors and vices for which civilization has to blush. Have "salaries, which made religious teachers dependent on governments," removed "the cancers to their power"? Has not the system broken up sympathies, because these teachers "ceased to care so much for the affections of

the people"? Mr. Slade says elsewhere, that the Bulgarians, of the Greek Church, "lived tranquil, and never, until 1829, formed one of the jarring elements of the empire." Neither did they then, unless momentarily. He has shown how soon they learned to hate the Russians. Recent events have proved the strong and increasing attachment of all the Christian subjects to the Porte; but if it ought to extirpate the Greek Church in Europe (the religion, by-the-by, of the Cossack refugees, the most faithful adherents of the Turkish government), why not also in Asia Minor? why not the Armenian Church? why not the religions of the Maronites and Druses, in the mountains of Lebanon?—that of the Jews every where? "Amurath II. adopted such a plan in Albania, and succeeded." Where is this fact to be found? It is not a century since the mass of the Albanian tribes became Mussulmans. It is worth while to compare with the above quotation one on the same subject from another writer on Turkey:—

"What traveller has not observed the fanaticism, the antipathy, of all these sects—their hostility to each other? Who has traced their actual repose to the *toleration* of Islamism? Islamism, calm, absorbed, without spirit of dogma or views of proselytism, imposes at present on the other creeds the reserve and silence which characterise itself. But let this moderator be removed, and the humble professions now confined to the sanctuary would be proclaimed in the court and the camp; political power and political enmity would combine with religious domination and religious animosity; the empire would be deluged in blood, until a nervous arm—the arm of Russia—appears to restore harmony by despotism. Did not the animosities of the eastern and western churches lay the Greek empire at the feet of the Turkish conqueror? Open abruptly the political arena to similar contentions, the same scene would be reproduced; and, even if the Christian sects alone remained, the theologian and sectarian acrimony of Mount Athos, of Etchmiadzin, and the Vatican, would re-appear, unaccompanied by the remnants of the science and philosophy of Athens and of Rome, England, France, Russia, and Turkey."

We think a great number of Mr. Slade's miscalculations may be ascribed to his imagining that the government held its tenure by force and religious fanaticism. This explains his idea, that the annihilation of the corps of the janissaries is the ruin of Turkey; that the body of the Ulemas is its "sheet anchor," &c.

"It is to form of government in general a very contracted and gross idea, to believe that it resides alone in the coercive element, particularly that it resides in its force to make itself obeyed. Without doubt force is originally mixed up in every institution; doubtless it has something to do with its progress; but, whenever you find results established and continually occurring—whenever you find a great event develop itself

and reproduce itself during a long series of centuries, and in the midst of different situations—you must not attribute it to force.

"Whatever part force plays in human societies it is not force that governs, that presides over their destinies; but principles and moral influences, which, concealing themselves under the accidents of force, regulate the course of societies."

Such is the philosophic Guizot's view of the influence of the *element coercitif*, even in societies where there are strong standing armies, not to repel foreign invasion, but to keep the people under—where a formidable and costly organization constrains the free action of thought.

But in Turkey, where is that organization of force to which the long stability of the empire is to be ascribed? The population of European and Asiatic Turkey amounts to thirty millions, at the lowest computation; the standing army to 40,000 men, and that not an element of internal conservation. Contrasted with this, the population of Egypt is two millions. Mohammed Ali, before he was possessed of Syria, could hardly keep down a tame, dispirited people of Fellahs, chained to the soil, and whose daily bread is the condition of their slavery, with an army of 60,000. In Candia alone, an army of 10,000 was necessary for a population of 90,000. Such is the practice of *civilization* as applied to the East. Further, in Independent Greece, with a population of 850,000 to 10,000 troops, the people are always, whether under the Germans or Capodistrias, on the verge of a revolution. The police of Constantinople (a population of 600,000) consists of 150 men. Was it ever greater? Since the destruction of the janissaries, the executioner has found his office a sinecure. Are there prisoners immured for political offences, or rather opinions? In fact, where are the state prisons? Capodistrias filled Napoli with spies;—is there one in Constantinople? Do not the Turks, &c. meet every evening at the coffee-houses, and freely discourse on every topic? Could they not hatch treason during the nights of the Ramazan, the Saturnalia of the Turks, inasmuch as all discipline is then relaxed? Finally, so strongly is the idea of individual liberty rooted in the habits of the people, that no sooner is any one, no matter who, put in confinement, than every influence is at work to procure his liberation.

But the Turkish government held its tenure by force, and the organization of this force was the janissaries. The most superficial glance at the history of the Turkish empire, and of this corps, shows, that ever since the days of Murad IV., if not before, the existence of this body was a source of internal weakness—a reason why the real strength of the government could scarcely develop itself. They were the first to mutiny, whether

in peace or during war. It was this body that resisted every change, whether beneficial or the reverse. What hold had they in the Mussulman's affections? Selim III. contemplated their destruction; but before, he had rendered himself unpopular by the enactment of some erroneous financial measures derived from Europe. The janissaries, whose interests were in common with the body of consumers, found the people enlisted on their side, and he was deposed. His fall, while it taught Mahmud a lesson, made the military oligarchy miscalculate its own power. Mahmud did not mix up with foreign matter the simple question, whether the janissaries were to govern Turkey or he; and they fell without enlisting one partisan—nay, out of their own body proceeded that man, who was the immediate instrument of their downfall. He is allowed on all hands to be one of the ablest administrators in Turkey, the one best acquainted with her history, and consequently best acquainted with her real elements of strength. All the janissaries were not cut off, only the ringleaders and those found in arms. How came it, then, that Russia tried to awaken the janissary feeling during the last war? Should not this very circumstance have opened Mr. Slade's eyes, knowing, as he does, the designs of Russia, and how she works to effect them, namely, by fostering every element that can weaken the Porte, and alienate the affection of his people from the Sultan? She attempted to enlist a body of them in her service, and failed. This experiment was tried in the North of Roumelia and Asia Minor. Since then the Albanians in the West of Roumelia made an insurrection—Ibrahim Pasha marched through Asia as far as Kutahia. Neither attempted to resuscitate the janissaries; for they knew that the people had, with a unanimity seldom witnessed, passed on that body the sentence of condemnation; the Sultan only carried that sentence into effect.

It is quite new to us, that a measure which gives universal satisfaction should have a tendency to weaken the hands of government. But are the disasters of the late Russian war attributable to the extinction of the janissaries? Would the janissaries have compensated to the Porte for the destruction of her fleet, which gave the Russians the command of the Black Sea? Would they have prevented us from throwing in the whole weight of our moral influence against Turkey, and on the side of Russia? Turkey was attacked at a moment when least capable of defending herself, being without an organized military force. But he must have read the Turkish history to little purpose, who has not seen that this military body, in

her wars with Christian and other powers, acted invariably as a drawback on the inherent power of Turkey.

Akin to this error is the supposition, that the abolition of the Derebeys has weakened the power of the Porte. So much did Mr. Slade understand the constitution of the Derebeys, that he confounds them with Ayans. The former were usurpations against the principles of the government. The Ayans were the municipal officers of the Turkish population, originally elected like the Codjà Bashi. Some of these had also made successful usurpations, and rendered their office hereditary. The Porte, putting an end to these usurpations, showed the intention of returning to her original principles.

We come to the question of religious fanaticism. This is generally supposed to be the vital principle of Turkish power; so that we are not surprised at a superficial observer setting down the Ulema as "the sheet-anchor of Turkey." What is this body of the Ulema? is it a body at all? What is its constitution? what its constituency? what its revenues? what its rights, influence, functions? These points should have been defined; they ought to be self-evident. A body which is the anchor of hope of an old and tottering empire must force itself on the attention of the most superficial observer of its agonizing throes. Can Mr. Slade answer the questions we have asked? can any traveller tell us satisfactorily what the Ulema are? If not, is not the supposition merely gratuitous? Does Mr. Slade suppose the Ulema is the body of the Church? If so, he is mistaken. He cannot suppose they are merely the body of the law, and call them the sheet-anchor of Turkey. But he supposes that they are possessed of immense revenues—revenues so large as to be visible means of accounting for the existence of the capital, namely, the revenue of the vakoofs and mosques, or a full third of the rental of the empire. It happens most unfortunately for Mr. Slade's theory that the administration of this property has been lately taken into the hands of the government. The proposition was coolly, calmly discussed. It was decided. A firman of thirty lines appeared in the Gazette. A week sufficed for the new arrangements to be understood and acted on; nor was there opposition or convulsion among the Ulema; and though some of the individuals of the body may have suffered in their pocket, neither did the body consider itself injured, nor was it lowered in public estimation. We have not undertaken to say what the Ulema are: we merely cite this fact to prove that our author understood no one branch of what he decided on so summarily.

It is too bad to see fact, morals, history, institutions, and futurity, dealt with in this heedless style, and the compound considered

a work of authority on Turkey—we turn for relief to something satisfactory, something intelligible on the principles of conservation of the Ottoman Empire. A cotemporary has this remarkable passage, when speaking of the Crusades:

"Christianity," or rather Catholicism, "then put on all that warlike character to which the success of Islamism is ascribed. The tide of Mohammedan conquest was rolled back, Christian kingdoms erected, and Gothic dynasties established in the centre of the former conquests of Turks and Saracens. Mussulman enthusiasm, ardour of conquest, and zeal for proselytism, might be deemed extinguished by defeat and the triumph of a hostile creed. From what series of causes then should Christian princes fail to consolidate their dominion in the East, and reap the fruits of their labours? Why could they not, by virtue of civil institutions, retain conquests won by religious zeal and superior military prowess? The difference in the mode of civil government pursued by Europeans and Asiatics offers the solution. The causes of the disastrous results of the religious wars are to be found in certain points of contrast between the administration, political maxims, and practice of Europe and the East; and these points are chiefly the introduction of feudalism and all its concomitant evils by the Norman and Gallic princes, together with the commercial despotism of the trading republics, the carriers of the crusaders, and the ascetic severity of a political church government. Against these are to be placed a government despotic in name, but never exercising its despotism in the local administration of the country; occasionally oppressive in its burdens, but leaving commerce and industry free; intolerant in its creed, but without a political church or inquisitorial police. *The establishment, remarkable prosperity, and permanency of Islamism in countries where that creed does not predominate, can only be attributed to its political character.*"

But we will give other instances of Mr. Slade's carelessness, and self-contradiction. Looking at the immense number of buildings at Constantinople, he says,

"The question naturally suggests itself—how do their inhabitants exist? for Constantinople does not offer the same resources as the great Christian capitals for those who live by their wits. *Vice, the great alimenter of idleness, is kept under by the strong arm of religious law!* There is little commerce, few arts, no great influx of travellers. The rich men of the provinces do not congregate to it. The commonest necessaries come from distant parts; corn from Odessa," [this, we observe, is not the fact, but the reverse was the case during the year of Russian famine,] "cattle and sheep from Asia Minor, &c., rice from Philippopoli, poultry from Bulgaria, fruit and vegetables from Nicomedia and Macedonia. Thus a constant drain of money was occasioned without any *visible* return except to the treasury or the *property of the ulema*. The places mentioned may be considered foreign parts; their inhabitants never visit the capital to restore the equilibrium. Though I cannot precisely solve the problem of the incomes of the Constantinopolitans, I may give a rough sketch of them, &c."

"The manufactures of Constantinople consist chiefly of sword-blades, gun-barrels, pipes, saddlery, gold-lace, muslins, silks, leathers. Their gun-barrels are singularly good, made of heated wires beaten together, often inlaid with gold, producing a beautiful wavy appearance, the stocks generally inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the locks bad. Flowered muslins; embroidery of all descriptions, sometimes in gold and silver, executed in a manner superior to any thing of the sort in France or England. Great skill is shown in chibouques, silver coffee saucers, and every thing relating to horse furniture. The excellence of Turkish woollens, especially carpets, and the temper of Turkish blades, is too well known. Wonderful art exhibited in MSS. Korans, well-written and illuminated, are beautiful things, as also the Perpetual Almanacks, on long rolls of parchment. The Osmanlees carry the art of dyeing to great perfection; their vegetable dye, *sang de bœuf*, is inimitable and unsurpassed in durability. The art of coining, in which they are the only people except the Venetians that preserve the same colour in every piece of their gold money."

We might extract from other parts of the work, what would swell the number of the arts of the Constantinopolitans. Had the writer observed caravans and boats at their departure from Constantinople, as well as at their arrival, he might have seen how the equilibrium is restored between the capital and the provinces, just as it is between the capital and the provinces of this or any other country.

Again, we are informed the Turk is externally decorous, but his harem is a scene of obscenity. Does the writer speak from personal observation? We had imagined that unlimited gratification of brutal lust had a tendency to smother all the kindly sympathies of our nature; to break up the ties of kindred; and yet we find these sensual animals make the tenderest parents—the most dutiful, respectful, and obedient children that are to be found. By his own confession, by the laws of Mohammed the Turks are allowed to take four wives. The availing one's self of this license is the exception; *one wife* is the general rule.

In regard to the individual Greeks he happened to come in contact with he is pretty correct. They were in a certain manner "the most favoured subjects of the Ottoman Porte," and this was "an abuse that crept in with time." Hear him further:

"Visit any part of Grecian Turkey, the peasant is well clothed and well fed—his property protected—his wife and daughters held sacred—(excluding periods of revolt) his great hardship is being obliged to lodge and feed troops on the march, and to receive government officers. The Turkish peasant is equally exposed. The Armenians, though *not more oppressed*, are less considered, because not so completely a nation; the Jews absolutely despised; the Fellahs of Syria slaves in comparison." [It is not the fact.] "The Fellah in Egypt is in a state disgraceful to humanity."

He concludes, then, that the Greeks had nothing to complain of. The simple fact of their revolution is a sufficient answer. Men in these countries do not fight about theories; when they complain, they do so about something tangible, although it may escape the observation of the European speculator, who expects to see in the clouds what lies at his feet. They did suffer under oppression, on which foreign intrigue was able to work. It is true their wrongs have been exaggerated and misunderstood. Their condition was infinitely superior to that of the peasantry in most countries of Europe, but there was not that complicated organization to keep them under. We think that the view which the official organ of the Turkish government has given on this subject is more intelligible. Speaking of the unwholesome influence of the janissaries:—

"If Greece is objected to us, we answer that events in Greece come precisely in support of an opinion which we have entertained so long. Detached, because the municipal principle was deprived of free action by military preponderance, Greece took up arms in the very sense of those reforms which were beginning to form themselves in the mind of Sultan Mahmood. Tbis very revolution has contributed to his success, and if Greece be now separated, it is because, during the first five years of the insurrection, the government and the Ottoman people were still under the fatal and stationary dominion of the janissaries."

Mr. Slade seeks to lower the character of the Greeks, and to do so, says that Greek literature has had little influence on the development of mind in this country. Mr. Slade, we believe, makes little pretensions to scholarship, yet, even on such a subject as this, talks of what he has never had opportunities of understanding.

We dismiss this author, on whom we have spent more time than really the intrinsic merits of the book might claim. We have done so, because a happiness of style and facility of expression have served him as a passport to public favour, and given currency to his most erroneous opinions. In conclusion, whatever Mr. Slade describes from personal observation is generally to be relied on. Whatever he took on the testimony of others is the reverse. Whenever he attempts to analyse, abstract, and reason, he goes beyond his tether. Take his facts—avoid his opinions.

From what we knew previously of Monsieur Cornille's character, we should have said that he was the last person from whom was to be expected not a description of Turkish institutions, but even a faithful picture of the most obvious parts of that society. There is a frivolity and flimsiness about all he says or does—a jumping to conclusions when he should be looking for premises—a tendency to erect theories on small foundations

—to establish analogies where little or no similitude exists, that totally unfit him for a work which demands patient investigation and cautious deliberation. His political bias makes him necessarily see every thing through a distorted medium. The modern republican, if we are to take our author as a fair specimen, is one attached only to outward forms, substituting theories for practice, and taking words for things. If he wants to know whether a nation enjoys liberty, he looks for charters in black and white, not perceiving that the very writing down that "Tous les Français sont égaux devant les loix," is the severest satire on his nation. What faculty for observation of society can he have who looks on religion as a matter of taste and treats it as a theme for jesting! He observes amongst the Turks great moral virtues, and the use to which he has applied this observation is to cast a stigma on the Christian religion.

Religion has been on all occasions brought forward as the mode of explaining effects of political and moral causes beyond the observer's reach. In no country has that word stood more in the way of inquiry than in Turkey. Habits, institutions, there, are the reverse of our own. Islamism is called in to account for them all. To-day we find Islamism the cause of political prostration, and to-morrow we meet with it as the cause of the successes of the Califat. In one author we find Islamism productive of turpitude, corruption, and crime; in another bearing the goodly fruits of chastity, sobriety, honesty, and truth. In fact, we see in the lucubrations of our wanderers over the East the counterpart of the impressions which some Turk, ignorant of the manners, history, languages, and differences of Europe, might carry home to his own country, after a visit to the West. All that was not eastern, correctly or incorrectly observed, he might trace to the effects of Christianity. Let us imagine what our feelings would be on finding, in a Turkish tourist, our dogmas called in to account for the victories of Napoleon, the Reform Bill, Arkwright's spinning-jenny, saving banks, and street prostitution.

We admit Mr. Cornille's observation to be quite correct. What we have ourselves seen of the Turks, subsequently, of course, to the first two or three years of false observation and difficult apprenticeship, induces us to give our unequivocal testimony to the truth of the observation, that the Turks (excepting always government *employés*,) are a people "that speak only the truth and always act honestly." If there be truth in this proposition, and we fear no contradiction from those whose contradiction would be of weight, it proves that no institutions seriously affecting the moral and political state of this people

can be radically bad. But while we deny that religious dogmas have produced this political prostration, we also deny that the faith of Islamism accounts for the moral virtues of the Turks.

There is a passage in the fifth edition of "England, France, Russia, and Turkey," that so illustrates this position, that we extract it. Speaking of Lazistan, the author says,

"The Dereh Bey system sprung up, and this, with the discredit attached to Christianity by the proximity of Russia, has led to the apostacy of the Lazes. Russia, in separating them administratively from the Porte, has unexpectedly brought about their union to the Sultan: she has also raised their character; for, it must be observed, the difference here is not between the Bible and the Koran, between Christianity and Islamism, but between the superstition and idolatry of the Greek church and the simplicity of the Mussulman practice, but between two systems, the apparent differences of which are religious, but of which the material differences are *political* and *social*.

"The Georgians are proverbial for drunkenness and debauchery: they are not brave; they are superstitious. Those who have become Mussulmans have also become sober, chaste, and hospitable—these are habits of their new faith. In confirmation of this change of spirit it may be mentioned, that the village schools date in each from the period of its conversion."

M. Cornille treats of the Mahommedan religion. His first observation shows that he knew nothing about the most trivial circumstance connected with it. He confounds the Ulema with the Emirs or descendants of the Prophet, whose distinguishing badge is, as any child knows, a green turban. Hear him—this is a man who was three years in the country—speaking of the Ulema. "Cousins and children of Mahomet, if one may believe their own story, they bind their heads with a triple green handkerchief, as a mark of their boasted descent. We know that green was the favourite colour of the Prophet. The Ulema alone have the right to wear their master's livery."—"The Ulemas," he goes on to state, "enjoy high consideration from wearing green turbans;" whereas, in what estimation the "turbans verts" are held, may be learned from their obtuseness of intellect having passed into a proverb. He then tells us that the Ulema are "a privileged body, immoveable in the enjoyment of their property." He does not tell us what property belongs to the body, but he lets us into the secret of their privileges, or at least one of the most important of them—the being allowed (if condemned to death) to be pounded in a mortar! The address he puts into the mouth of a poor Ulema going to suffer capitally, and revolting at the idea of being hanged like a dog, is excessively witty—"You must pound me, Sultan—pound me, for it is written (we suppose in the Koran) 'Thou must be

pounded.'" We thought that this privilege was confined to the Sheikh-El-Islam; at least we do remember that one Sheik Islam, in the reign, we believe, of Murad II., about to be executed for his misdeeds, claimed that his blood could not be spilt. The Sultan ordered (in wanton waggery) that his brains should be dashed out with a stone. Thus originated the story of the mortar. Our author's three years in the East were certainly not necessary for him to acquire this information: he might have got it in his nursery. Every thing is in the same character. We feel that we have done him too much honour in noticing him at all. We have only done so, to show the public what trash will be foisted on them, if they do not show a disposition to resist imposition.

We make some observations on a trite parallel which he reproduces, between Peter the Great and Sultan Mahmood, not because brought forward under such auspices, but because we have heard it so frequently repeated, and think it perfectly unfounded. We introduce it in the garb in which we find it decked out by M. Cornille.

"Mahmood has commenced, they say, the work of Turkish regeneration. Like Peter the Great, he combats the prejudices of his people, and imposes on it civilization. But Peter had to do, as it were, with a new people. He had not to do with a people grown old in its opinions, unattackable in its faith. Branches are not revived when the root is dead. One hopes every thing from a new sprout. It has every care taken of it. The oak, which shows above the young forest but two long branches, blackened and worm-eaten—the tree contemporary with bygone ages—is left to die in peace."—p. 69.

Now, wherein lies this analogy? Peter destroyed the Strelitzes, Mahmood the Janissaries; both military bodies—it goes no further. The constitution of the two bodies was different: the influence they wielded: every thing different. We have seen it elsewhere asserted, that Mahmood *copied* Peter. He had as much thought of imitating Peter as any of his predecessors who, before Peter was born, contemplated the same thing, and for the same reasons. Monsieur Cornille remarks a striking difference between these two sovereigns, but instead of following it out, immediately rushes off into a labyrinth of analogies and similes. The common-place parallel between the infancy, youth, maturity, and old age of individuals and nations, has been demolished by the profound Playfair. In his work on the decline and fall of nations, he shows that nations have nothing analogous in their constitution that causes them to decay—that no law in nature condemns them to death—that nations, the institutions of which were originally good, are only in danger if corporate

bodies grow up with interests distinct from those of the community, with chartered privileges, exclusive rights, and a strength of organization by which they divert to themselves the nourishment that should be equally distributed over the whole body. He says, if such corporations exist, and the nation has not sufficient energy to shake them off in time, they must lead to national extinction. Now Turkey has shaken off the only corporation that had the consistency to prevent her institutions from working as they were intended to work, and the machine of government from performing the necessary functions. Peter, M. Cornille says, had to do with a new people. What does that mean? A people that had then no institutions capable of giving them national strength and consistency. He was thus necessarily a creator. Mahmood reigns over a people whose institutions had once made them formidable to Europe. He does not harbour the remotest idea of imposing on his people *French* civilization, and if he did, he could not; for his people are too sober-minded. His reforms, hitherto, have a tendency to lead the nation back to their original principles. We mean not to say that he has not committed errors, but of these very errors M. Cornille has not the slightest idea.

The nonsense that M. Cornille talks about the people being "grown old in their opinions and unattackable in their faith," shows that he knows nothing about the matter. As he can never get beyond externals, we suppose that he means the change of dress. What complaint did he hear in 1833 among the people? The Sultan feared that contemptuous depreciation of every innovation had too long co-existed with the turban and a particular style of dress, for the two ideas not to have become associated. Consequently, he laid aside the turban and appeared in the simple *fez*, which he had always worn underneath—a head-dress that abolished, too, all vexatious distinctions, because common to all, and the only part of Eastern costume that is so.

To say, as M. Cornille does, that the turban is as much the sign of Islamism as the cross is that of Christianity, shows that he knew as much about one religion as the other. He should have known that there are many individuals, many classes, among the Mussulmans who never wore the turban—the artillery, bombardiers, and dehlis, among the military, for instance, and the dervishes, or monks, among the religious community; and that there are many who never wore it from choice. We have entered into this absurd question further than its importance demands. It makes a great noise in Europe: it is rarely spoken of in the East. We do it to descend to our author's level, and to show the style of observation of Eastern travellers. On this

subject we add, that we know many Turks deeply interested in the regeneration of their country, who desire, not to return to their ancient costume, but to change their present attire for something more oriental, merely because they apprehend that, by too near an approach to European systems, their national character and spirit may be impaired. In this wish we cordially concur. This notion is gradually gaining ground among the influential portion of the community, and we entertain no doubt that the Sultan, when relieved from his political embarrassments, will turn his attention to the subject; and from his innate good taste may be expected a change to something more national, convenient, Eastern, and picturesque.

We respect the personal character and talents of M. de la Martine. We feel that we should wrong him by contrasting his full-toned mind and piety with the flimsy superficiality of his sceptical compatriot. But he seems not the person to be able to appreciate Eastern society. There were impediments in his way peculiar to himself. In his manners, conversation, and writings, whether prose or verse, we see scarcely anything that denotes his belonging to any particular nation in Europe. But he has not those cosmopolite qualities so necessary for examining the comparative merits and demerits of a society so differently constituted to that of Europe, in order to give an impartial verdict. He is essentially a European. He had been accustomed to move in society where there was much that was trifling, but much that was agreeable and brilliant. He had too long been accustomed to give the tone to opinion in his own country to consent to modify his opinions — too long a doctor to become a disciple. His character of poet alone disqualified him for political investigations. Poets, in simpler states of society, were the best instructors in legislation, were the best builders up of social systems, because their study is nature, whether physical or moral; —but, in the European system, nature and politics have been so long disunited, that the observer of nature is disqualified for political investigation; so unused to the task that, even where he may find political institutions based on natural principles, he fails, as M. de la Martine has done, to observe the connection.

But there was another impediment. It has long been the object of M. de la Martine's writings to arrest the progress of the *mouvement* in France. The means by which he proposes to accomplish it, is the revival of the attachment of his fellow-countrymen to Catholicism. Coming into a country where he found the faculties of the Maronite Catholics developed by education, by contact with Italian priests, by their own natural quickness, (if we may use the expression), contrasting them

with their neighbours the Druses, the mass of whom is uninitiated into any creed, whose ignorance is a by-word,* he perceives their superiority. But then he finds that the Catholics do not enjoy that consideration in Syria which would please his predilections: for the Mahommedans, who give the tone to opinion in the country by their numbers, by their connexion with the religion professed by the chief of the state, and by their superior intelligence, cannot disguise their real sentiments; they despise Catholics as idolaters and inferiors. He then observes the tolerance, the dignified forbearance, of the Mussulmans. He feels the moral superiority of Islamism over what he had mistaken for Christianity: but he dares not hint it to himself. Thus he is overpowered, confounded. His convictions receive a rude shock, but his prejudices remain unchanged. He was labouring too under considerable irritation of mind when he visited the East, where he wandered an involuntary exile. He left France in a moment of disgust at seeing the turn things were taking; still he longed to have an excuse to return. We witnessed his delight when his nomination as deputy for Dieppe furnished him with that excuse.

With such conflicting feelings, he was too preoccupied and prejudiced to look at any thing in its true light. He had not the spirit of investigation. In his conversation with a distinguished lady, who, in spite of all her eccentricities, might, had he better chosen his subject, have supplied him with much correcter local information than he did obtain, he neglected any topic that was connected with the spot. He converses with two intelligent priests,—not on the nature of a society on which he was to pronounce an opinion. He asks not how they account for its existence; he touches not a theme, on which, in discussion, either he or they might have thrown out some new view whereby to account for that which has never been fully explained. His heart turns to Europe: he speaks of Paris, London, Florence. He travels to Syria to discuss St. Simonianism, and makes greater progress in their doctrines than in Syrian customs.

Yet what a field of inquiry does not Syria present? Let us take, for instance, the commercial emporium of Damascus. We meet there the nomade Arab, the mountaineer, and the inhabitant of towns, of villages — their character partly agreeing, partly disagreeing—we there see mingling specimens of the patriarchal system preserved in the desert—of mountain clanship—of the

* Little is known of the religious tenets of the Druses. They are divided into two classes:—a few called Accals, Intelligent, or initiated into the mysteries of their Creed. The mass are Jaheels (Ignorant)—literally, believing they know not what. Their only religious tie is implicit obedience to the Accals.

municipal system prevailing in the plains. Were these distinctive features not to be remarked by an inquiring mind? Were not these apparent contradictions sufficient to call forth the analytical powers of a man of superior and logical intelligence? Would not the first appearance of classification lead on to further inquiry? And, to take in a more immediate point, does not the practical, though certainly neither the intelligent nor systematic, reverence of the Porte for different institutions, that is to say, its non-interference, explain the greatest phenomenon of present history, the permanence of its dominion?

The high state of cultivation in which he found the mountains of Lebanon strikes him, but only as regards the picturesque. He admires the precipitous and terraced sides clothed up to the summit with vines and mulberry trees. The high cultivation of the plain, wherever the presence of water enables the inhabitants to struggle against the aridity of the soil, does not strike him, as not being so obvious; and, while he imagines that he is giving a history of the government of the mountains, he does not attempt to trace this prosperity to any causes. Our readers may well imagine what it is to be ascribed to, when we say that, though the local administration is in the hands of an hereditary governor, this governor is easily removed, if he opposes the feelings of the people, another, of the same family, being set up in his stead. The revenue is collected by self-assessment, as in Bulgaria, and we thus find in these two countries similar results;—property equally distributed—absence of crime and punishment, except in times of high excitement—and great manufacturing industry, great commercial enterprise. Would Monsieur de la Martine trace these results to religion, because the Maronites are Catholics? This prosperity is common to the Druses, Mutuales, &c. as well as the Maronites.

He says that he ventures to entertain hopes of a brilliant *avenir* for the Maronites. But he neglects to state what it was that allowed him even to entertain hopes which we think delusive. Did he know that, had it not been for the supremacy of Mahommedanism, the Maronites would now be extinct? Fakr-eddin was the last Druse Prince of the Mountains. The Maronites were then a small sect, their numbers few; but they were more enlightened than the Druses. The prince naturally favoured his own race, and harassed the Maronites. For this reason, the Turkish authorities discontinued the Druse princes, and placed a Mussulman chief of the race of Chab, under the title of Emir Beshir, over the mountains. Thus, justice being in the hands of one that could judge impartially between the contending creeds, the continual jar was removed, the resources of the

country developed, as we have seen, and the natural power of superior intelligence felt, insomuch that the Maronites now are equal in numbers to the Druses, and are augmenting their converts. Take off the balancing weight, and you will have discord again. This is proved by events of no very ancient date.

The Druse population, perceiving the inroads that the Christians were making on their body by proselytism, raised a storm, which forced the Emir Beshir to fly. He was reinstated by a small body of troops sent by the Pasha of Acre. This shows that the mountains are not inaccessible to Turkish troops. Besides, the Maronites are far from united; for amongst the party opposed to the Emir Beshir were many Christian chiefs; and thus we do not exactly discover the brilliant prospects which Monsieur de la Martine holds out to them, to prop up his confederation theory. The Emir Beshir, he seems to think, is a Christian: we know that this is an opinion entertained by the Franks at Beyrout; but we imagine that they have as little means of judging as Monsieur de la Martine or ourselves; for this distinguished personage does not let out his private opinions to casual visitors. As he is a man of enlarged mind, he may possibly see something superior in the tenets of the Christian religion; but he governs the country according to the administrative maxims which have become incorporated with the religion of the Mussulman. The Maronites are promised this brilliant prospect, because they are of the same creed as Monsieur de la Martine. The external form may be the same, but the practice is essentially different, as the priesthood forms no corporate body, separated from the community by vows of celebacy or by such a provision "as makes them careless about the affections of the people." The Jesuits, who have penetrated into almost every country in Europe, and succeeded in distracting the settled march of government, whether courted and caressed by the chief authority, or discountenanced and frowned on,—after having made repeated efforts to gain a footing in Turkey—after having spent such sums to erect vast edifices for monasteries, &c.—have failed to establish themselves even in the mountains of Lebanon, where there are so many Catholics. It must be premised that it is contrary to the principle of hospitality acted on by the Porte to expel the stranger. Should not this failure then be tried to be explained as well as noticed by M. de la Martine?

M. de la Martine goes on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and there alone he observes the beneficial effect of the Turkish system. It *forced* itself on his notice. He approached the Holy Sepulchre with notions highly exaggerated, and with worked-up feelings. He expected that the priests (of his persuasion at least),

from residing within an enclosure which was hallowed to him by every association, would be men devout and pious, who had long withdrawn their thoughts from earth to heaven. He found them mercenary, ignorant, degraded, demoralized; jesting and blaspheming near the tomb itself; with their utmost might fanning the flame of superstition and fanaticism, in order to turn it to profit. In the moment of bitter disappointment, he looks at the conduct of the Mussulman guardians of the church. What a mortifying contrast!—Dignified and decorous; showing respect for the feeling that led the pilgrim to the spot; they watch over the Sepulchre, to prevent one religious communion from interrupting the devotions of others, which they are well disposed to do; such is the rancour of the several sects against each other. But for the Turks, he says, the tomb would be a scene of constant strife between rival creeds; would pass into the hands of some one, to the exclusion of every other communion. "I see no grounds," he observes, "for accusing and abusing the Turks: their alleged brutal intolerance only shows the ignorance of those who prefer the charge—*they are the only tolerant people in existence.*"

Is not this one fact worth all his lucubrations, as showing, what he did not himself understand, the nature and spirit of the government of the country? In every other part of her dominions, and with very few exceptions, the impartial toleration of the Ottoman government has calmed down the irritations of religious animosity. Here, the associations of the place keep alive angry recollections; but even here, all record of the fierce disputes between the Christian churches of the East and West would have died long ago, had it not been for the intrigues of Italian monks, supported by foreign powers. But we do not attribute this toleration to dogma, because we find the same feeling taking upon itself a character purely institutional; because we find the Porte not only respecting difference of creeds, but difference of local laws, usages and customs; because we trace to this spirit, combined with hospitality, the privilege that the Porte confers on the stranger of every nation—the privilege of living under his own laws though in her dominions, enjoying his own customs, gratifying his own tastes, amenable only to officers appointed by his own government. These are the obligations which M. de la Martine and every eastern traveller have been under to the Porte; and the way in which these individuals have, for the most part, repaid her, is, by misrepresenting her people, her institutions, and her system; by publishing mis-statements that favour the designs of her ambitious enemy.

We have not space to enter into all the erroneous opinions that

have given a false colouring to all M. de la Martine's pictures of Eastern society. A *resumé* of his opinions is to be found in a speech which, on his return, he pronounced in a deliberate and solemn manner before the assembled representatives of his nation. How well he understood Turkey may be seen from his mistaking her vital principle for symptoms of dissolution. So well had he appreciated the reforms of the Sultan, that what had curbed the arbitrary exercise of power, repressed military tyranny, secured property from rapacity, and increased the resources of his people, was characterized as elements of weakness; so well had he studied the spirit of the different races and creeds, that a confederation of states was to be formed—that they were to be bound by sympathies when the Ottoman supremacy ceased to connect them; so deeply had he penetrated into Russian policy, that such a confederacy was to prevent a power so artful in sowing dissensions from occupying a position, which was not with her a question of more or less importance, but one of life and death; so well had he read history, that the ground (once Turkey) was to be proclaimed by a simple treaty neutral; and that thus, amidst jarring interests and conflicting passions, we were to see there Elis reproduced without its associations.

A detailed refutation of these visions appeared in the Augsburg Gazette, which subsequently was reproduced and still further commented on in the Moniteur Ottoman. The first of these works happily contrasts, in its refutation, as it says itself, not of the arguments of the statesman, but of the metaphors of the poet, the benevolence of the intentions of M. de la Martine with the bigotry of his opinions.

M. de la Martine, in his anxiety to invigorate the East, looks around to see if he can find elsewhere renovating materials. He sees that under "notre brillante civilisation le peuple souffre et se plaint." The philosopher is not arrested in his speculations by this astounding fact, which strikes him with such force when, coming from the East, he sets his foot on Europe. No! but the benevolent poet sees in this *mal-aise* motives to induce the most unhappy sufferers from European civilization to emigrate, and thus enlighten the barbarous East. "Is this, then," continues the writer in the Augsburg Gazette, "the result of all your charity, to cast the Dejanira robe of Western fiscality over the simplicity of Eastern institutions?" But that speech carried with it its own refutation; and, had the recollection of it not been revived by the publication of his "Souvenirs," it would have passed from our mind as the weakness of an amiable man of genius—"absorbé dans une contemplation mystique plus près au ciel qu'à la terre."

But we return to our original question: Is the problem not to be solved? How frequently and anxiously have we asked ourselves this question, while wandering over the East? We saw the danger that menaced Europe; we saw that, if the name of Turkey were blotted out of the map of Europe and Asia, Russia's would there be stamped in characters which must efface every other. We heard of several proposals. We had sufficient local knowledge to see that, the Ottoman supremacy once removed, no substitute but Russia could be found. The Ottoman government we considered in a state of rapid decline; Russia constantly encroaching. Is there no expedient to be hit on? Can Turkey be made to stand by herself? Is she not rotten at the core? Must she not always be propped up? To this doubt we opposed the extreme difficulty that Russia had ever experienced in dislodging her antagonist, though Russia really had so many, and seemed to have every advantage. What necessity, we reasoned, for those immense exertions, those enormous sacrifices, those extended ramifications of intrigue, which she carries into every cabinet in Europe, to subvert an empire tottering to its fall? Why not wait patiently until it falls, and then step in quietly, to reap the fruits of a conquest which would not cost either blood or treasure?

We could not explain the reason of the extraordinary contradiction. This very difficulty was a result of long observation. We did not even appreciate the facts as we should have done: we knew that the Ottoman dynasty was the oldest in Europe—we could not account for it. We saw populations so divergent held together for ages, and subject provinces lost with difficulty and retaken with ease by the Ottomans. We could not account for these historical facts; we had not possessed ourselves of the key. We put these questions to others—every one had his different theory—none was satisfactory to any but himself. We visited almost every province in Turkey—we examined every circumstance carefully. We stored up in our mind facts, opinions, conversations. We looked into books, we found nothing satisfactory.

In this state of gloomy foreboding were we, when a small unpretending volume fell in our way. It was no account of fearful accidents—it was no romance of which the author was the hero, and in which he recounted the perils he had gone through while roaming over the world in quest of adventures. In fact it was not "Travels in the Levant." It was "Turkey and its Resources; its Municipal Organization and Free Trade." The title startled us—It appeared as if it was rearing at once the standard for Turkey? We glanced at the advertisement. The first sentence

riveted our attention—"The lingering adhesion of the parts of Turkey to each other is far more surprising and less easily accounted for than the dismemberment of the empire." Here then was one who at length had addressed himself to the problem which so long perplexed us. We sat down to read the volume: at the first hasty glance we found that it bore the internal evidence of truth. It traced great effects to simple and natural causes. We then perused it with more serious attention; and we found here the key to the system which appeared before no system; that institutions did exist, although those who lived under them and enjoyed their advantages were totally unconscious of their existence. We tested the positions by the facts which we had been long collecting; we found that they solved them, that they completely reconciled all apparent discrepancies.

But we feared that we were under delusion, and became sceptical from the desire of finding it true. We examined its effect on others, and we found even the most deeply-rooted prejudice staggered. We heard men for the first time actually talk of the institutions* of Turkey; differences of opinion then for the first time arose. In discussion, the abuse began to be separated from the principle. We observed, even in the ambassadorial circles, from which such discussions had been banished by absurd mystery and pompous trifling, these questions mooted, attacked, and defended. But, what was much more important, we observed this influence over Turkish opinion. The government had formerly felt the necessity of reforms, of removing abuses. It had entered the career without a guide, without having reasoned on itself. Anxious to imitate Europe, that it might be admitted into the European family and enjoy its protection, the imitations were undertaken without system, consequently they were often injudicious, and opposed to the very organization to which the government owed its stability. It attempted to imitate the errors of Europe: the genius of the people formed by these unknown institutions prevented it from succeeding. Their pride was insulted by the necessity of change; the injudiciousness of the change often ennobled that pride. The nation, detached from its habitual moorings of cus-

* The Frank population and the merchants naturally pronounced at once their anathema against these doctrines. Their animosity has since subsided, as will appear from the following extract:—"If I could speak to you I could convince you that there is not a resident in Turkey, or an individual who had any transactions with the country, who is not under the greatest obligations to Mr. Urquhart. Should Turkey become alive to its own intrinsic value—should monopolies be done away with—should the iktisab be taken off—I say, should such things take place, whom will you have to thank but the man you are so violent against?"

tom and opinion, was exposed to every danger and every apprehension. They concurred in the mass to despise their own practice, to imitate foreign customs and manners, of which scarcely one individual knew even the external forms; or, on the other hand, they clung with a hopeless but pertinacious conviction to all that was old. They knew not where to stop or where to begin; they knew not what was European or what was not—pride and expediency stood opposed—yet pride, honest pride, was often uselessly sacrificed, and expediency disregarded in the means taken to secure it. At this moment the opinions of a European became known, and as immediately obtained favour and carried conviction—for that European commenced by reconciling them with themselves—pointed out excellencies they had neglected, and which were worthy of the admiration of that very Europe whose contumelious reproach had not less affected them than its untoward acts—while he urged them to hold fast by that which really was good, he pointed out to them that which really was bad, and thus again conciliated their self-esteem even in their self-condemnation. While they themselves despaired,—despaired of even arriving at the conditions required by civilized Europe,—he, a European, having examined them with the attention necessary to arrive at such results, did not despair; pointed out how the end was to be attained; and revived hope by directing opinion. One instance we quote, out of hundreds, as proving by a single expression the reality of the mental state which we have attempted to describe. One of the doctors of the law declared to us that he had no hope for his country until he understood the principles exposed in this work.

The Turks felt respect and awe for the power of Europe, and admiration for her institutions. From political circumstances they felt that their existence depended on its good opinion. Their feelings may well be conceived when they found themselves treated with respect. They received encouragement and confidence from feeling they had claims to that respect. Could they doubt that the European who had taken this view, who had rendered them this service, must be right? How many authors have reproached the Turks with intractability, because, though they received politely the suggestions of reforms offered by Europeans, in imitation of European models, they did not adopt them. How could they adopt suggestions offered in total ignorance of all that it was requisite to know, and which, consequently, generally injudicious, were often impracticable? Could these fail to produce a most unfavourable impression with respect to individual European sagacity and judgment? The Turks, too, were intractable while we were ignorant. This change of disposition, so contradictory

to all preconceived opinions, proves *that we have now arrived at the truth.*

The influence that the author of these views gained amongst them was of the most rapid growth. To enter into the reasons of this we must observe that he was the first European who had gained their confidence on account of his opinions. His position then had all the charms of novelty. Besides, it is further accounted for by that very absence, among the Turks, of analysis, and of those laborious habits of thought necessary to arrive at conclusions, which led them more readily to adopt conclusions formed for them, when these bore the characters of truth recognizable in their eyes; and oriental society is not split into a number of factions, with opposite opinions and interests. The confidence of one man thus gained implies the confidence of the million. There is a difference of creeds and races, but no difference of opinion. The unity of sentiments and principles is at once satisfactorily established by the fact, that the author of "Turkey and its Resources," while enjoying the confidence of the Turks, enjoyed equally that of the tributaries and rayahs.

The Turkish government had asked for encouragement from Europe by means of its official organ. "When the West confers on the East the benefit of enlightenment, may it also add that of opinion!" On the publication of this work the *Moniteur Ottoman* sees its aspirations realized. Reviewing "Turkey and its Resources," and putting the seal of its sanction on those principles as the authentic elements of Turkish institutions, as the directing spirit of future reforms, it prognosticates that the work will operate change in the sentiments both of the East and West towards each other; and time is beginning to show the truth of the prophecy.

"A fact occurs to-day, which has occurred once before in the history of Europe. The fact is, a violent animosity against Mahommedans, changing suddenly into contrary sentiments, and seeking, with all the good faith of real regret, to discover its errors.

"The early times of the crusades, that long *cauchemar* of the Christians, was a period of bitter hatred, of infuriated passions, rejecting all inquiry and exercising a despotical action over the masses of men that passed over to Asia. To hate and to fight, such was the only thought of the crusaders, during the eleventh century. But in the succeeding, opinion changes. The struggle between two systems, religious and social, loses its character of blind fury. It continues because begun; but the spirit of inquiry had taken the place of passion; fanatical prejudices are effaced. The crusaders study the character and habits of their enemies; sympathies arise; and from this moment commences that movement of civilization, which was the final result of that vast irruption of the West on the East.

"The crusade of civilization of the nineteenth century commenced precisely as the religious crusade of the eleventh—in prejudices, blind hate, and condemnation, without reason. It finishes, like that of the thirteenth, in inquiry, sympathy, and justice. Ten years have sufficed to operate this reaction, which in another age required two centuries. The diffusion of knowledge, facility of communication, and the immense power of the press, explain the difference. Thanks to those whose high intelligence raises them above the prejudices of their day, to whose investigations we owe this return to impartiality, fraternity; this return to the true spirit of civilization. Mr. Urquhart has caused his cotemporaries to make a gigantic stride in the path of honour, of social science, and of humanity. His laborious researches have thrown a new light on the question, so obscure before, of the institutions of the Ottoman empire, of the reason of its decay, and of the means of its regeneration."

After opening up the elements of Eastern society, and of the state of Turkey, the author turns round to the political question, for it is impossible not to attribute the Pamphlet that appeared at the close of last year, under the title of "England, France, Russia, and Turkey," to the same master-mind that created order where all before seemed confusion—that reduced to principle what appeared only "jarring elements,"—that, after having worked through the minute details of local administration, finance, and commercial intercourse, rose to all the imposing truths of political economy, social science, and moral philosophy. In both publications we find the same observation and appreciation of minute detail—the same searching analysis of facts—the same facility of combination, and what is still more striking, the same tracing of great and complicated effects to simple causes. So evident appears to us the connection between the discovery of the cause of resistance on the part of Turkey to Russia, and an understanding of the means that Russia takes to overcome that resistance—of the necessity for those immense exertions she makes, both in East and West, and of the simple means by which Russian progress may now be arrested—that we hesitate not to say, that if the author had not written on the Institutions of Turkey, his *exposé* of Russian policy for the last twenty years would never have appeared. He never could have made that policy intelligible even to himself. We refer not to that pamphlet for the purpose of pointing out its merits or supporting its positions. We merely point out the intimate connection between the administration of Turkey and the policy of Europe. The effect of this publication on opinion, in England, is perhaps unparalleled; the question interests now because it has been rendered intelligible.

But its action on the mind of the Turk is not so well known,

and yet more remarkable. It has attracted the attention of the Turkish government, and has been translated into Turkish, by order of the government. Turkey had been calumniated by Europe; from Europe she had learned that she did possess elements within herself of regeneration. By the errors of the European cabinets, particularly that of England, she had been prostrated; from England again proceed a dissection of those errors; an exposition of the means by which Russia was working her destruction; of the means of rectifying these errors. It is shown that, whilst she depended on England, England knew and felt the necessity of her existence. Thus, while the consideration of her dependence on foreign interference humbled her and rendered her docile, she rose in her own estimation, from feeling that her existence was necessary to the tranquillity of Europe.

It is wonderful to see a great nation perishing through ignorance of its own means of existence, abandoned and wounded by other powers through the same ignorance; one able power profiting doubly by this ignorance, to cause this nation to destroy itself, and to cause others to destroy it; and by such means proceeding uncontrolled to the erection of one universal dominion on the ruins of all existing powers; and to discover that it is owing probably to some trifling accidents of every-day occurrence, which led to the observation, establishment, and combination of these simple truths in the mind of one individual, that the means are pointed out of blasting the gigantic schemes of such insatiable ambition.

Art. XI.—*Tableau de la Dégénération de la France, et des Moyens de sa Grandeur.* Par A. M. Madrolle. (Picture of the Degeneracy of France; and the means of her greatness, and of a fundamental Reform in Literature, Philosophy, the Laws, and Government.) 8vo.

It may be taken for granted that the author of a work under such a title could not fail to discover abundant matter for severe censure, indignant reproof, and bitter sarcasm; that, if so disposed, he would find—

> " Ample room, and verge enough
> The characters of hell to trace;"

and this, were he merely to confine himself to the Dramatists and Novelists of the day. But his work appears to us to be a singular performance. While, on the one hand, it contains many evident truths clearly and forcibly stated, and supported by incontrovertible facts; it puts forth many notions which will be deemed literary heresies, and many bold assertions, chiefly remarkable for the dogmatical *naïveté*, (if the expression may be allowed) with which they are advanced. He dedicates his work *à la jeune France*. He says—

" The greatness of France is the hope of the world. France alone is great, gentlemen, and you are France.—You are France, and you know it; and you act accordingly. On whatever side we turn our eyes, in the lower, in the middle, in the higher classes, among all the factions which now divide society, among the citizens and the merchants, in the University and at the bar, even in the Academy, in the Chamber, in the Ministry, and above all at the Tuileries, it is *la jeune France* that is the most prominent, that gives the law."

He then compliments *la jeune France* as commanding public opinion by the Journals, the young editors of which, and not Messrs. Soult, Guizot, Thiers, &c. and Louis Philip, are now the true prime ministers of France, and its kings.

We fear that those who are acquainted with the French journals of the present day will hardly join our author in expecting from their conductors the religious and moral regeneration of France; for which, in fact, he does not seem to have any much more solid foundation than that his principle, which is exclusively religious, is proclaimed by the most independent of them; that one of them has said, that " the annihilation of religious faith has left a vacuum in the world, which it is difficult to fill up; that a religious tendency, a moral *reaction* are evident; that the journals hesitate less than ever to mention God." But, in another chapter, treating of the bad effect of the revolution in putting every thing out of its place, he says:—" Old age, so respected among the ancients, is now an object of contempt; it has every where given way to youth, which inundates (he says incumbers, *encombre*) the public functions, *the journals*, the schools, societies, the forum. In a word, we have children every where; all that we now want is one upon the throne, and all that we do, our passions, and even our virtues, are about to place him there."

We must leave it to the author to reconcile these sentiments with his

compliments to *la jeune France* in commanding public opinion by the journals.

"Modern literature is complex, obscure, hollow, unintelligible, untranslateable. I defy you to understand a single word of Messrs. Janin, Hugo, Villemain, Chateaubriand, Lamennais, as they themselves understood it. Only one of their thoughts is clear to every body; I mean the blank spaces, pages, and even leaves, which they interpose in their works; these are their real lucid intervals."

"There is nothing more systematic than genius; nothing more opposite to the sublime than literature; nothing more different from great men than men of letters. We are so blind, so simple, that we give the epithet of sublime only to *ignes fatui*, the name of genius to flagrant contradictions, of great men to dwarfs."

It would require a work much larger than that of the author to accompany him in the development of his opinions, either to show their truth or to expose their errors. There is scarcely a name of eminence in literature or science, from the remotest ages to the present time, that is not pressed into the service. While we agree with much that he alleges respecting the existing evils, we are by no means sure that we should be satisfied either with his remedies, or the results which he would obtain. From what he says of the reformation, of England, of its government and the spirit of the people, and from the whole tenor of his argument, we conclude that, while he would with reason make a religious principle the foundation and the strength of political institutions, he has the Roman Catholic religion alone in view. We apprehend that he misunderstands the signs of the times; and that there is perhaps more truth than he will allow in the assertion, which he quotes, of the *Globe*, the *Tribune*, and the *National*, that "Catholicism, Legitimacy, Nobility, all this is *dead, absolutely dead*, in France. You may give to it, as to a corpse, a convulsive semblance of life, but life itself is fled for ever."

M. Madrolle has composed a work called "Universal Legislation," of which he gives the heads, and which he seems to expect will produce the happy change to which he looks forward.

ART. XII.—*Pensées d'un Prisonnier, par le Comte de Peyronnet.* (Second Edition.) Paris. 1834.

THERE are many reasons why we should not give our own opinions concerning the above-mentioned work, of which we will state only one. There is a sacredness in the present situation of the author, that would prevent us from openly expressing ourselves, either to praise or to condemn; for we might be accused of being misled by our feelings of compassion, or admiration of the magnanimous bearing of the prisoner of state; or, on the other hand, we might be thought to insult an unfortunate minister, who has been punished for doing what he deemed his duty.

However all this may be, there can be no reason why we should not

tell the reader what is the nature of the Count de Peyronnet's work. It is prefaced by a zealous and admiring friend, Count Jules de Rességuier, who commences in the following manner: "Thoughts of a prisoner! . . . . Are these thoughts marked by the impress of fetters? narrowed by the want of space? discoloured by the absence of light? No; they are animated, they are lofty, they are free; because bolts cannot curb either the mind or the soul of the prisoner;" and who relates the following anecdote:—"The chapter concerning the punishment of death was written while the author was imprisoned at Vincennes, when the people were loudly demanding his execution." M. de Rességuier conjured him to lay more stress on several parts of his defence; but he, valuing his reputation more than his life, said, with the utmost tranquillity—"My friend, I have two causes in hand, that of the present, and that of the future. I should be sorry to lose the first, but I am anxious to gain the latter."

The book consists of a series of political reflections and essays, some written before the last revolution in France, others at Vincennes, during the Count's temporary imprisonment in that castle, and the rest at Ham. It is dedicated to his friends, and is divided into short chapters, treating of some of the great political questions which have, in all modern times, agitated mankind; such as, Liberty of the Press, Civil War, Capital Punishments, Amnesty, Oaths, Obedience, Factions, Perseverance in Opinions, and (which forms a very curious chapter) Women in Adversity; to which is added an imitation of Montaigne, entitled, "De la Solitude Forcé," a sort of *jeu d'esprit*, an ingenious defence of, or rather reconciliation with, the Count's present situation.

In order to give an example of the style in which the work is written, we make the following extracts:—

"Now, how are we to understand this? If the people are to command, who is there to obey? If the people are to obey, who shall command? Shall we have obedience without command, or command without obedience? Do you take it to mean that the people shall be their own masters, and at the same time their own subjects? that they shall obey themselves collectively, and command themselves in like manner? that there shall need a deliberation of this collective sovereign for each collective act of this subject, prince and people?" . . . . . .

"And where shall reside the sovereignty, one of whose principal attributes is command, while the people, reduced to obedience, shall have no other condition than that of subjects? Will you tell me that it shall be vested in the prince? Is it then an essential of your popular sovereignty to reside habitually elsewhere than in the people? Oh, the marvellous prerogative, which one possesses merely to be subject to it, and which one obtains only to let it be exercised by others! Do you tell me that it will not be in the prince? Shall it then be no where? Admirable sovereignty, whose character is that it exists scarcely for once, and but for a day during many ages!" . . . .

"Confess, then, that popular sovereignty is but the negative of sovereignty. You give the appearance of it to the people, to take its reality from the prince; you take the reality from the prince, without being able to give more than an empty and false appearance to the people."

Our female readers will thank us for giving the Count's opinion of them while labouring under misfortune:—

"What can be more beautiful, what can be greater, what less analogous to our miserable characters as men; in general so cold, so inattentive, to all that does not concern ourselves! Pure and true devotion, that is to say, the entire sacrifice of self for others, is incompatible with us, and out of our nature. This virtue, which brings with it so many others,—exquisite mixture of courage, perseverance, charity, and forgetfulness of self,—is the most perfect of perfect virtues.

"It is nevertheless to this that weak women raise themselves, where great calamities help and conduct them: it is in this that they excel, and ennoble and fortify their sex. Their soul is transformed, if I may so express myself, and the emotions which take possession of it far surpass the common limits of humanity."

Far otherwise does the noble Count speak of the weaker sex in prosperity; but we suspect that he will be forgiven when it is seen what he thinks of it in the hour of trial.

ART. XIII.—*Réponse de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino, aux Mémoires du Général Lamarque.* London, 1835.

THE object of this pamphlet is to justify the writer and his imperial brother from the accusations of General Lamarque, who, in his Memoirs, imputes to them the having been actuated, respectively, by self-interest and mental feebleness, in the course they adopted after the battle of Waterloo. The Prince of Canino is an acute and subtle dialectician, who reasons ingeniously and plausibly, even when he fails to convince. With respect to his own conduct and motives, however, we think he does more, and, although we can occasionally detect a fallacy, resting upon an ambiguous use of words, we think he may be fairly said to exonerate himself from the charge of having been then, or perhaps ever, influenced by views of personal aggrandizement.

With respect to Napoleon the case is different. Lucien Buonaparte himself allows that, at the time, he thought Napoleon's last abdication an act of weakness, a mean dereliction of his exalted post; and avers that his own advice was, not to abdicate, but to dissolve the refractory chambers, and appeal to the nation for support against the invaders. It is only twenty years of subsequent meditation that have converted him to his present opinion, which will probably startle our readers as much as ourselves. It is, that Napoleon never held himself to be more than the chief magistrate of the French nation; that their good, not his own glory or greatness, was ever his paramount consideration; that he knew he could effect his own personal objects by the help of the army, without the chambers, but thought he could not thus save the country, and, caring for nought else, abdicated. Now, as we before intimated, the prince has failed to convince us of Napoleon's noble and perfect disinterestedness, or indeed, to make it intelligible to our foggy insular capacity; for, though we readily conceive that the sacrifice of a sovereign and his dynasty may be the price of a country's independence, we

cannot make out how an emperor can preserve his empire without preserving the independence of the country which constitutes that empire: unless, indeed, it be meant that Napoleon might have bargained to be sent back to his empire of Elba, thence annually to invade France.

But we suspect that any question as to the political virtue of a great character who disappeared from the stage of active public life twenty years ago—a considerable period in the life of man—possesses but little interest for the English reading public of the present day; and to our own mind, the more important part of the pamphlet consists of the views entertained by the Prince of Canino—a professed and unflinching republican, be it remembered—of political liberty, the English constitution, and the late French revolution. This last he holds to be illegal; but why? Upon grounds thoroughly republican, but elsewhere conservatively qualified. He says—

"But this revolution is as yet a mere fact, because it has not received the *indispensable baptism of universal suffrage*, or votation. * * * Since the three general votings upon the consulship, the empire, and the *acte additionel*, the French people, whom you call sovereign, has not been consulted. Without such universal voting, there can be no popular legitimacy. You must acknowledge either the principle of absolute sovereignty, and so Henry V. is your king, or the principle of popular sovereignty, and then you are renegades from your political faith if you do not consult the people of to-day upon the authority that you have substituted to the authorities voted by the people of yesterday."

Respecting the forms of liberty, let us hear this stanch republican.

"From my childhood I was accustomed to regard the English government of balanced powers as the only species of monarchy compatible with public liberty. A witness of, an actor in, the French revolution, I could not be ignorant of the national antipathy of France for aristocratic power: or, knowing that, conceive how those who proscribed all intermediate bodies, could dream of constitutional royalty. Without a peerage, I cannot comprehend a limited monarchy; wherefore I thought, and still think, that France, if irreconcileable to an hereditary peerage, independent by fortune and position, cannot hope for English liberty; can establish herself only upon a republican basis."

* * * * *

"I am aware that such institutions are still as antipathetic to public opinion as they were thirty years ago; but all that can be argued from this antipathy is, that it must either be conquered by the influence of a monarchical and constitutional press, or the consulship with two chambers must be revived. Should there be a wish to know more of the opinions of a citizen who has vegetated in exile for so many years, I would say that, could a monarchy, like the English, be established in France, I think it preferable, for the interest of humanity, even to the consular republic; because it is better adapted to modify, by the force of example, the absolute monarchies of the continent, and thus to establish the constitutional system throughout Europe, without new revolutions, or with the fewest possible. But if, as it is asserted, the successive generations increase in their hatred for hereditary bodies, then I see no possible liberty for France except in a republic, the elective powers of which shall be so equipoised as to maintain us at an equal distance from despotism and anarchy."

* * * * *

"I write this in a country happy enough to have enjoyed these blessings (universal personal liberty, and civil equality before the law) for upwards of a century. Although the labouring class be here unrepresented, nowhere does human dignity breathe so freely; and this fortunate land, whose liberty I day by day more envy for my own country, does not slumber in the career of improvement, but advances with measured steps, in order to preserve the legislative equilibrium amongst influences that cannot be stationary."

* * * * *

"Large property governs through the House of Peers, hereditary, as is the transmission of the land, the greater part of which belongs to that house. Small property governs through the House of Commons. And, to balance these powers of great and small property, exercised by the two branches of the legislature, an immutable head, hereditary and powerful like the peerage, irresponsible, who reigns but does not govern (master-piece of human wisdom) forms the keystone of the social arch. Is not such a monarchy the best of governments, especially where large territorial estates exist?

* * * * *

"When can this political equilibrium be constituted in France? If it be true that our social condition repels the great hereditary patriciate, what is the use of an hereditary government?"

* * * * *

"You cut out of your constitution the power which monarchical hereditament is designed to repress, and leave your king as much power and money as though he had to balance the English aristocracy! Should this king err, where is the independent body, potent, irremoveable, hereditary as himself, that may stay him without insurrection, the natural and just counterpoise of powers which have no legal counterpoise? You seek it in vain, that intermediary, which might have held you back from the abyss; and after half a century of alleged political progress, you give the world the frightful spectacle of Lyons and Transnonain!"

We shall rejoice if the republican celebrity of Lucien Buonaparte tempts some of our headlong reformers to read and meditate on his political opinions here avowed.

ART. XIV.—*De la Démocratie en Amérique.* Par Alexis de Tocqueville. 2 vol. 8vo. 1835.

MUCH as has already been written respecting America, and especially the United States, the subject seems to be inexhaustible, if we may judge from the numerous publications which the press continues daily to send forth. The present work may be considered as the indispensable companion of that of M. de Beaumont, "*Marie, ou l'Esclavage aux Etats-Unis,*" who, in his preface to that afflicting, because too faithful picture, speaks of the work of M. de Tocqueville in terms of commendation, in which we are disposed to concur. Limited as is the space which we can devote to this work, we must content ourselves with giving some striking extracts, and withhold the observations which we might be tempted to make.

M. de Tocqueville conceives it to be an indisputable fact that the same democracy which rules in America is rapidly advancing to power in

Europe also. "A great democratic revolution," says he, "is taking place among us; all see it, but all do not judge of it in the same manner. Some consider it as a new thing, and, taking it to be an accident, hope they may still arrest its course; while others think it irresistible, because it seems to them to be the most continuous, the most ancient, and the most permanent fact that we know of in history." Supporting this opinion by a brief survey of the increase of the popular power, especially in France and England, he seems to hope that ultimately "the nation, as a whole, will be less brilliant, less glorious, less powerful perhaps; but the majority of the citizens will enjoy a greater degree of prosperity, and the people will be peaceable, not because they despair of improving their condition, but because they feel that it is already good." He, however, paints in striking and gloomy colours the actual result of this progress of democracy, as manifested in the present moral and intellectual state of France. "The whole book," he says, "was written under the influence of a kind of religious terror, produced in the author's mind by the sight of this irresistible revolution, which has been advancing for so many centuries, in spite of all obstacles, and which we still see advancing amidst the ruins of its own creation."

"It was not to satisfy curiosity," observes M. de Tocqueville, "that I examined America; I wished to find there instruction, by which we might profit. It will be evident to those who read my work, that it was not my intention to compose a panegyric, nor have I meant to extol any form of government in general. I have not even pretended to judge whether the social revolution, the progress of which seems to me to be irresistible, be advantageous or baneful to humanity. I have taken it for granted that this revolution is accomplished, or on the eve of being accomplished; and, from the nations who have witnessed its accomplishment among themselves, I have selected that nation in which it has attained the most complete and the most peaceful development, in order to study its natural character, and to discover, if possible, the means of rendering it beneficial to mankind. I have sought in America an image of democracy, of its predilections, of its character, of its prejudices, and of its passions; I wished to become acquainted with it, were it but to know what we have to hope or to fear from it."

Our author accordingly, beginning from the first settlement of the colonies, shows, in the spirit that animated the first emigrants to New England, the germ of the peculiarities, whether good or evil, which now distinguish the political and social condition of the American Union, the manners, the character, the virtues, and the vices of the people. Setting out on the incontrovertible assumption that "the social condition of the Americans is eminently democratical—that such was its character at the foundation of the colonies, and that it is so in a still higher degree in our times"—he treats successively of the principle of the sovereignty of the people, which, "in the United States, has attained all the practical development that the imagination can conceive;" of the government of the several states, and of the federal government;—he proves, we think, that the latter is admirably adapted to the American Union, where the people were prepared for it by their previous political education. He continues:—

"When we examine the constitution of the United States, the most perfect of all federal constitutions with which we are acquainted, we are confounded on considering the variety of knowledge and the discernment which it takes for granted in those who are to be subject to it. The government of the Union almost entirely rests upon legal fictions. The Union is an ideal nation, which exists, as it were, only in the mind; and the extent and limits of which are discernible only by the understanding. The general theory being understood, the difficulties of applying it remain: they are innumerable; for the sovereignty of the Union is so blended with that of the individual States, that it is impossible at the first view to distinguish their limits. Every thing is conventional and artificial in such a government, and it can suit only a people which has long been habituated to manage its own affairs, and in which the science of politics has been diffused, even among the lowest ranks of society. I have never more admired the good sense and the practical understanding of the Americans than in the manner in which they extricate themselves from the numberless difficulties that arise from their federal constitution. I have hardly ever met with one of the common people in America, who did not discern with surprising facility the obligations arising from the laws of the Congress, and those originating in the laws of his own state."

"The constitution of the United States resembles those beautiful creations of human skill, which give glory and wealth to their inventors, but are unproductive and useless in other hands. Of this truth, Mexico affords a striking example. It has adopted, almost literally, the federal constitution of the Anglo-American States, but it could not acquire the spirit which vivifies it."

But though the federal system of government has so well succeeded in the United States, notwithstanding its complex and artificial nature, and even in spite of the second and most fatal of all defects, which the author considers as inherent in the system itself, namely, the relative weakness of the government of the Union, he does not seem to think it adapted to nations in other circumstances, especially to those that are liable to be engaged in foreign wars, which the United States have at present no reason to apprehend; for "the nation which, in presence of the great military monarchies of Europe, should divide its sovereignty into fractions, would, in my opinion, resign, by that one act, its power, and perhaps its existence, and its name."

Having in his first volume examined the institutions, the written laws, the present forms of political society, in the United States, the author proceeds, in his second, "to treat of that sovereign power, the power of the people, which, above all institutions, is restrained by no forms, and destroys or modifies them at its own pleasure." He endeavours to show "the mode of its proceeding, its instincts, and its passions; the secret springs which impel, retard, or direct it in its resistless course,—the effects of its omnipotence, and its future destiny."

As, however, an English translation of this work has made its appearance during the preparation of our present Number, we shall refrain from further extract.

Absolute monarchies have rendered despotism odious; let us take care that democratic republics do not re-establish it; and that, in rendering it more heavy for some individuals, they do not take from it, in the eyes of the greater number, its baleful aspect and debasing character.

ART. XV.—*Du Duché de Savoie, ou Etat de ce Pays en* 1833. Par M. F. C. N. d'Héran, d'après les documens statistiques fournis par M. P. P. Darbier. 8vo. Paris, 1833.

THIS is a genuine French *mouvement* book. Professedly a statistical account of the duchy of Savoy, it is manifestly compiled and written for the express and sole purpose of proving that Savoy ought to be French, not Sardinian, partly for its own good, partly (and this second partly might be suspected of being the lion's share) so far to re-establish *la grande nation* in her natural boundaries of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. We took it for granted that this advocate of natural boundaries was himself one of the *grande nation*, for whose territorial enlargement he so zealously pleads; but some expressions towards the end of the volume seem to indicate that we were mistaken, and that M. d'Héran, like his supplier of facts, M. Darbier, is a malcontent absentee Savoyard; and here we discover a third "partly cause," probably the true lion's share, for the desire of annexation to France; to wit, that such Savoyard gentlemen as find the gaiety and excitement of the French capital more to their taste than the primitive rustic simplicity of their native mountains and valleys, may be enabled to combine the intoxicating pleasures of absenteeism with the moral self-satisfaction of conscientiously discharging their patriotic duties as Savoyards.

One portion of his case, supposing his facts to be correct, our author must be allowed to have made out; to wit, that Savoy and Piedmont are not well adapted, geographically or morally, to be united. Occupying the opposite sides of the Alps, the difficulty of crossing the ridge may so impede the intercourse of the two provinces as really to render their amalgamation into one people well nigh impossible; and if this be so, the national pride of the higher, the educated, classes of Savoyards must needs revolt at seeing their country—which was the original seat of government, which gave its name to the sovereigns until the ducal hat of Savoy was, at the peace of Utrecht, exchanged for the kingly crown of Sardinia—sunk into a dependent province of Piedmont and Sardinia, piecemeal acquisitions by marriage, by conquest, and by treaty, of the House of Savoy.

But if we are willing to be thus far convinced by our statist's arguments, still, supposing his data to be correct, we can concede to him no further. It by no means follows that if Savoy be ill governed by Italian officials, and therefore dissatisfied with her Sardinian connection, she must, according to M. d'Héran's plan, be forthwith transferred to France, the King of Sardinia indemnified by Italian provinces—taken from Austria we presume—and the defence of the Alpine barrier against France, which it will be recollected is this sovereign's especial business in the European Commonwealth, withdrawn to the summits, defiles, and actual passes of the mountains. We are aware that civilian judgment upon military questions is seldom allowed much weight; but as neither M. d'Héran nor M. Darbier is, we apprehend, more skilled in the science of the engineer than ourselves, we trust that our opinion may be as available as theirs; and we must say that to surrender all the

lower Alps, and one side of the Alps *par excellence*, to France, appears to us much such a scheme of defence as it would be to place all the outworks of a fortress in a besieger's hands, and, allowing him to make lodgments in the glacis, to limit the exertions of the garrison to endeavouring to maintain possession of its crest.

If, for the satisfaction of the laudable national pride, or even for the real advantage, of some half million of Savoyards (the full amount of their number, as estimated by the best and latest authorities we have at hand,) Europe must, partially at least, be re-constructed—and, in very truth, affairs in the East of Europe are not unlikely to render necessary a large re-modelling of the elements of the balance of power—we think Savoy might, more beneficially for herself and for all Europe, France excepted, be annexed to Switzerland, every possible addition to which seems desirable upon both political and philanthropic principles. This, however, is no proposal of our statist's,—haply, because Geneva, Berne, &c. seem to him scarcely preferable as residences to Chambery or Annecy. With him Sardinia or France are the only alternatives; and most pathetically does he deplore the cruel rupture of family ties, produced by intermarriages between the inhabitants of the two banks of the Rhone, which must ensue upon the breaking out of any future war between the courts of France and Sardinia. But this argument would equally hold good either against the restoration of any province once unjustly acquired, or generally against river boundaries; and, upon the latter hypothesis, what becomes of natural limits, for example, the Rhine? And how far eastward is France to extend?

But to return to Savoy. Annexation to France our author represents as the ardent desire of the whole population, thus substantiating his assertion.

"Throughout the whole duchy of Savoy, French only is, and time out of mind has been, spoken.* An idiom exists, nevertheless, which is the language of the populace of the towns and of the peasantry. This idiom, or dialect, reaches far into Switzerland, and into the adjacent French departments; a pretty strong proof that it was formerly the language of one and the same people." (A proof, if of any thing, that at least half of Switzerland, as well as Savoy, properly belongs to France.)

"The affection of the *Savoisians*"—a new denomination coined by M. d'Héran, to avoid, we conclude, the vulgarity of Savoyard to Parisian ears—"for France induces a large portion of the young generation to leave their country upon reaching the age of fifteen or twenty. Unable to endure at once the intolerance of the priests, indigence, want of liberty, indeed a sort of slavery, they leave their mountains, repair to France, chiefly to Paris, rather than to Piedmont or Austria. Since the restoration, the emigration increases from day to day; so that some districts, the inhabitants of which never before quitted their domestic hearths, now reckon their absentees by hundreds. There are in Paris from 350 to 400 persons, belonging to a single parish; and in France alone, upwards of 100,000 men are reckoned either native Savoisians, or of Savoisian descent."

Out of a population of half a million, these numbers sound rather appalling; otherwise we need hardly refer to mal-administration and

* Is Italian nowhere spoken in Savoy?

priestly intolerance, to explain the temporary emigration—for all return to enjoy their earnings at home—of young chimney-sweepers, shoe-blacks, and errand-boys, who cannot find occupation, or, consequently, food, upon their bleak native mountains, and whose fathers thus emigrated before them; especially as this seeker of deep political motives for the actions of hungry children afterwards remarks that—

"The ignorant Savoisian mountaineers can no more conceive limits to royal authority, than the possibility of lessening its extent. It would take them three centuries to overthrow a throne, a dynasty, a deceptive charter,—to destroy the old established order, which they hold sacred, and to create a new one which they cannot imagine."

For the preference given by the migratory Savoyard youth to Paris, over Turin or Vienna, we are quite content to see the causes in similarity, or rather approximation, of language, and facility of communication; the more so, as this preference equally prevailed, we believe, when France was as despotically governed as Sardinia or Austria.

But enough of our statistician's theories and projects of improvement; let us now look at the *data* upon which his schemes rest. In turning over the leaves to look for them, we meet sometimes with pieces of information, which it is surely a work of supererogation to repeat in these enlightened times, when the schoolmaster has so long been abroad; such as that—"at the epoch of the second kingdom of Burgundy," (which ceased, merging into the Holy Roman Empire, A. D. 1032,) "Savoy was not traversed in all directions, as now, by good high roads."

But think not, gentle reader, that all the information afforded by M. d'Héran is of this truismatical kind. He sometimes shakes the reliance which might thus have been induced upon his diligence and accuracy: as when he speaks of King Amadeus VIII. in the 15th century, when kings were not "as plenty as blackberries," and no Savoyard Amadeus aspired to a higher title than that of duke; adding that J. J. Rousseau, who lived, as we fancied, in the 18th century, wrote 200 years after the days of the said King Amadeus VIII. in the 15th; or calls Adam Smith, whose Wealth of Nations he cites, Schmit, as though the great Scotch political economist had been a German.

That he makes the Rhone *enter*, instead of *issue from*, the Lake of Geneva on the side of France, is, we may charitably conclude, a mere *lapsus pennæ*, analogous to the *lapsus linguæ* recorded by Mrs. Butler, whose American guide descanted upon the grand effect produced by the water falling from the *bottom to the top* of a cataract. And as M. d'Héran is a most unskilful writer—we apprehend a very tyro—often by the awkward construction of his sentences, and collocation of his matter, seeming to say the reverse of what he means, we conclude that he does not purpose to assert that the representative system of government was established amongst the Allobroges prior to their subjugation by the Romans, although such a chronological order of events might be inferred from the following passage:

"The States-General consisted of prelates representing the clergy, of military barons, castellans, governors, bannerets, representing the nobility, and of the syndic of all the corporations, representing the third estate.

"The Romans, once masters of the defiles of Maurienne, triumphed over the Allobroges and Centrones. After a long sanguinary struggle, the Allobroges were subjected to Rome, in the year of Rome 691. But the Roman Senate, appreciating the virtues, the character, and the courage of these dwellers of the Alps, left them their democratic form of government, respected their usages, &c. &c."

But want of method, or slips of the pen, will not explain all M. d'Héran's startling positions; amongst others, that the clergy, secular and regular, in Savoy and Piedmont, are as numerous as the working classes or proletaries of France and England; the assertion being positive, not relative. Nay, we confess ourselves somewhat posed by the following illustration of the tyrannical and bigoted form of jurisprudence imputed to the kings of Sardinia:—

"By the aid of affirmation on oath, they will some day or other succeed in practising the greatest iniquities, in destroying all those who disturb their measures, or impede their schemes,—all whose knowledge, intellect, or spirit of independence they dread. By following the tyrannical system of Richard III. and Edward IV., they will deliver up to the injustice of tribunals, consisting of their own creatures, such men as they suspect of being opposed to their doctrines; the magistrates will condemn through a religious spirit (*par esprit de religion,*) &c. &c."

Now, really, did history afford us any variety of Richard the Thirds and Edward the Fourths to choose from, we should suppose the author did not mean the English kings thus designated, partly on account of the order in which he places them, and partly because we are not aware either of anything that religion had to do with the executions or murders that disgraced their reigns, or of any peculiar system of tyranny that they devised or practised, beyond putting their enemies to death, like many other selfish and unprincipled rulers. We should have thought Louis XI. of France a far better pattern-tyrant.

But we have probably said enough of M. d'Héran, and the manner of his book, to satisfy our readers that we were more surprised than disappointed, when, upon seeking the statistical information furnished by M. Darbier's documents, we found—to say nothing of what we did not find—that the mensuration upon which the proportion which the cultivated bears to the uncultivated land in Savoy, is given in dates pretty nearly a hundred years back, to wit, between 1735 and 1738. The population is stated to amount to 550,000 or 560,000 souls; 50,000 or 60,000 higher than it is estimated by our Encyclopædia, a German one, just completed. But we confess that we feel too little confidence in our professed statistician's accuracy, to be disposed to pick out his facts, which, we presume, might almost be termed his *postulata;* and think that, if M. Darbier, *ex-procureur* in the province of Haute-Savoie, really has collected any important statistical documents, he would do well to publish them in a simpler, or at least in a different, form.

Art. XVI—1. *Die wahre und die scheinbare Bahn des Halleyschen Kometen bei seiner Wiederkunft im Jahr 1835, anschaulich dargestellt und allgemein fasslich erklärt.* Von Möbius, Professor der Astronomie zu Leipzig. (The true and the apparent Path of Halley's Comet, on its Return in 1835, represented and explained in a popular manner, by Möbius, Professor of Astronomy at Leipzig.) 8vo. Leipzig. Göschen. 1834.

2. *Beiträge zu einer Monographie des Halleyschen Kometen.* (Materials for a Monography of Halley's Comet.) Von Littrow. 8vo. Vienna. Müller. 1835.

3. *Neue Erfahrungen und Ansichten über die Kometen, insbesondere über den 1835, wiederkommenden Appianschen [Apian] Kometen, und über dessen Einfluss auf die Witterung.* (New Observations and Views respecting Comets, particularly the Apian Comet, which will reappear in 1835, and on its Influence upon the Weather.) Von Dr. J. W. Fischer in Kornenburg. Vienna. Lollinger. 1834.

We shall endeavour to compress into as small a compass as possible the most important particulars furnished by these works respecting the comet which is to make its appearance towards the end of the present year.

Our countryman Halley, who observed it in the year 1682, was the first who demonstrated its identity with the comets observed in 1607 and 1531, and, from a calculation of the perturbations of Jupiter and Saturn, predicted its re-appearance about the end of 1768 or the beginning of the following year. Clairaut, a distinguished French mathematician of the same period, subjected Halley's calculation to a rigorous scrutiny, and after a most laborious investigation, embracing the three revolutions of the comet, he decided the time of its nearest approach to the sun to be the 4th of April, 1759. It took place a little earlier, namely, on the 13th of March; and this calculation, which reflects honour on astronomical science, would have been more exact, if Clairaut had been as well acquainted with the mass of Saturn as we are, and had been able to take into account the planet Uranus or Georgium Sidus, which was not then discovered.

Two French mathematicians, Pontécoulant and Damoiseau, have distinguished themselves by their calculations of the next appearance of Halley's comet. Pontécoulant has gone through this labour several times, and fixes the 31st of Oct. 1835, for the day of its nearest transit through the point of the perihelion (*Théorie Analytique du Système du Monde*, tom. ii. 147), but afterwards (p. 500 of the same volume of his work) the 2d of November, and finally, in the "Connaissance des Tems" for 1833, (p. 112,) the 7th of November. Damoiseau, on the other hand, in the "Connaissance des Tems" for 1832, (p. 33,) fixes the 4th of November as the day. The differences are small: they arise chiefly from the difficulty of taking into the strictest account the earth's power of attraction on the comet approaching it within twenty-four millions of miles; on which subject, Pontécoulant, in the passage already quoted,

remarks *que cette détermination est fort délicate et que l'on doit s'attendre à plusieurs jours d'incertitude.*" We have thought it right to insist with such emphasis on this circumstance that, in case the comet should not appear punctually at the specified time, our readers may of themselves be able to account for the deviation and not conceive a distrust of the most sublime of sciences, Astronomy. *

In August, 1835, the comet will advance towards us from about 230 to 130 millions of miles, and during the latter half of that month it will rise about midnight in the north-east, and be visible till the dawn of morning in the eastern quarter of the heavens.

In September it will proceed with augmented velocity towards the well-known constellation, the Great Bear. Its apparent magnitude will increase considerably, in proportion as it approaches nearer to us; and towards the end of the month, it will be but about 28 millions of miles distant from us. It will rise earlier every evening and more northwardly; and, towards the end of the month, it will be so near to the north-pole that it will cease to set, and of course be visible the whole night in the vicinity of the Great Bear.

During the first days of October, the comet will approach nearest to us in its present revolution; it will then be no more than 23 million miles distant from us. If the weather should be favourable, its appearance will then be the most brilliant: it will still be in the northern heavens, but at no great height above the horizon, and of course it will not set. It will then recede rapidly to the south, and towards the conclusion of the month, it will be visible only in the south-west, where it will set earlier every succeeding evening.

In the month of November, at the beginning of which the comet, as we have already mentioned, approaches nearest to the sun, it will cease to be visible, being concealed from our view by the sun's rays.

In the last days of December, however, about six in the morning, it will again be discernible in the eastern horizon. Its distance from us then will be nearly 190 millions of miles.

In January 1836, it will again approach us and be visible, after three in the morning, in the southern sky. It will rise earlier and earlier, and, in February, soon after midnight. In March it will again be visible all

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* It is frequently the case that persons who have not penetrated into the mysteries of astronomical calculation, raise doubts of the possibility of the most accurate determination of the result of the motions of the heavenly bodies, and have alleged the difficulty of calculating precisely the movement of bodies so much nearer to us on the surface of the earth, for example, the course of a projected ball. None has given a more triumphant answer to this objection than Pontécoulant, in the excellent work quoted above (tom. ii. 167): "The motions of bodies which we observe on the surface of the earth," says he, "are thwarted by so many obstacles, and affected by so many secondary causes, that the simplest frequently surpass the powers of analysis; but this is not the case in the heavens. One general law, which it is easy to subject to calculation, governs the motions of the celestial bodies. One principal power animates them, and the action of the secondary powers is so small in comparison with that of the primary one, that it produces in their course slight irregularities only, the effects of which may be comprehended in general formulæ." This explanation, brief as it is, is yet perfectly satisfactory.

night in the southern heavens; it will then rapidly recede from us, and in April we shall lose sight of it entirely.

Its nearest approach to the earth therefore, as it takes place in October, will precede the transit through the point of the perihelion, which, as we have seen, will not occur till the beginning of November—a circumstance that is to be regretted, because it is not till after the latter that comets assume their most brilliant appearance, and that phenomenon therefore will not be coincident with its greatest proximity to us. Had these two circumstances occurred together—that is to say, had the comet *after* acquiring its greatest brilliancy approached us within 23 millions of miles, as it will do in October, we should probably have enjoyed a more magnificent spectacle than will now be presented. In December, on the other hand, when the comet, after acquiring its greatest brilliancy, will again become visible, it will unluckily be 190 millions of miles distant from us, as we have already observed.

We may here take occasion to observe that the history of astronomy makes mention of many comets, the appearance of which, with their luminous tails, was not less beautiful than terrible. Thus Justin, for example, relates of a comet which appeared at the time of the birth of Mithridates (130 years before Christ), that its brightness seemed to illumine the whole sky, and the length of which occupied a fourth part of the visible heavens.* Another comet (135 years before Christ) covered, according to Seneca's account (Quæst. Natural. vii. 15), the whole milky way; and in modern times, a comet that appeared about two years before Halley's, in 1680, excited notice and apprehension by the extraordinary magnitude of its tail. "La comète de 1680 était une des plus étonnantes qui eut jamais paru, par l'étendue de sa queue" (*Astronomie*, par M. de Lalande, iii. 382.) The magnitude of these tails seems in many cases to depend on the proximity of the comets to the sun at their transit through the perihelion. This was particularly observable in the above-mentioned comet of 1680, whose tail appeared so unusually large and brilliant on its approach to the sun, to which, on the 18th of December in that year, it was 166 times nearer than the earth at its mean distance. Newton, who adverts to this circumstance (*Principia*, p. 640, edit. 1742), is of opinion that this comet, when so near to the sun, must have acquired a temperature far surpassing that of red-hot iron, and retained it for thousands of years; on which perhaps may depend the possibility of keeping a certain temperature at the immense distances to which comets afterwards move from the sun. He also considers the extension of the tail as depending solely on the vapours exhaled by the sun's heat from the nucleus or body of the comet. Later experience, however, seems to impugn this assumption; and the comet of 1811, for instance, which must still be fresh in the memory of many of our readers,

* "Hujus (Mithridatis) futuram magnitudinem etiam cœlestia ostenta prædixerant. Nam et eo quo genitus est anno, et eo quo regnare primum cœpit, stella cometes per utrumque tempus septuaginta diebus ita luxit, ut cœlum omne flagrare videretur. Nam et magnitudine sua quartam partem cœli occupaverat, et fulgore sui solis nitorem vicerat; et cum oriretur occumberetque, quatuor spatium horarum consumebat."—*Just. lib.* xxxvii. *cap.* 2.

had a magnificent tail, though it did not approach so near to the sun in its perihelion as the earth.

Without attempting to follow Dr. Fischer, the author of No. 3, in his theory of the generation of light, and its application to comets, which would require the coinage of new terms, we shall merely protest against his connecting with the subject certain pre-suppositions, which have nothing in their favour but their triteness. How happens it that mathematical minds, which do not suffer themselves to be easily led astray by the fancy, nevertheless scruple not, pretty generally, to maintain that comets travel through two, perhaps more, solar systems, which they visit by turns? Not a single fact can be adduced in support of this hypothesis: it is a pure fiction. Equally unfounded is the assumption that "comets are planets in a state of transformation." Not only is there no evidence to this effect, but the conjecture is, on the contrary, most improbable; because there is such a striking difference between comets and planets, and because comets are so innumerable that all of them, in process of time, could not possibly find a place as planets in our solar system, without overturning those laws of harmony by which it is governed. If, in order to escape this objection, you thrust out all these supposed new planets beyond the Georgium Sidus, and adopt the notion that new comets are continually forming, and that these again are transformed into planets, you do away with all limits to the solar systems, and multiply their spheres to such a degree, that they could not find places without disturbing one another. In fact, you might as well insist that falling stars are transformed into hills, as that comets change into planets.

Respecting the great comet which is expected to appear in the present year Dr. Fischer thus expresses himself:—

"This comet is usually called Halley's comet, after the celebrated astronomer of that name, because in the year 1682 he turned his particular attention to it, determined its course more precisely, and predicted its re-appearance in the year 1759. Edmund Halley was appointed astronomer royal at Greenwich in 1720; he was born in 1656, and lived till 1742. But it was by the assistance of the earlier observations and conjectures made by Apian, the German astronomer, in 1531, that Halley was enabled to arrive at his conclusions. Peter Apian or Bienewitz, born in 1495 at Leisnig, near Meissen in Saxony, and afterwards professor at Ingoldstadt, where he died in 1552, deduced from his observations on the comet of 1531 the probability that it was the same which had appeared in 1305, 1380, and 1456."

Dr. Fischer next presents us with the substance of all the recorded observations of this comet since the year 1005, and a statement of the weather which attended each of its appearances—an interesting analysis, the results of which we shall subjoin as briefly as possible. In 1005 the appearance of this comet was attended by a great famine; in 1080 by an earthquake; in 1155 by a cold winter and failure of crops; in 1230 by rain and inundations (part of Friesland was overwhelmed, with 100,000 inhabitants); in 1304 by great drought, and intense cold in the following winter, succeeded by a pestilence; in 1380 by a still more destructive contagion; in 1456 by wet weather, inundations, and earthquakes; again, in 1531, by great floods; in 1607 by extreme drought,

followed by a most severe winter; in 1682 by floods and earthquakes; in 1759 by some wet, and slight earthquakes. Hence it appears that this comet has brought with it sometimes heat and drought, at others wet and cold, but the latter oftener than the former: if, however, these meteorological phenomena were not wholly independent of its appearance.

The author concludes with some particulars respecting its next appearance, which differ, more especially in regard to distances, from those given in the preceding part of this article. His report of its course and motions is as follows:—

"Towards the end of August, 1835, the comet will make its first appearance in the eastern quarter of the heavens, in the sign Taurus. Its light will then be very faint, partly on account of the length of the days, and partly on account of its distance at this time from the earth, amounting to 190 millions of miles.

"As the motion of the comet will be at first directed towards the earth, its position in the heavens will not be much changed till the middle of September, though its light will rapidly increase in intensity. On the 13th of September its distance from the earth will be 95 millions of miles; from this time its magnificent tail will increase in magnitude and brilliancy; the comet will rise gradually earlier; and its motion will appear to be more and more rapid. In the latter half of September it will enter the sign Gemini.

"On the 1st of October the comet will be only 27 million miles distant from the earth, and it will then enter the fore-foot of the Great Bear, in which it will cease to set, so that about this time it will have attained its highest degree of brilliancy and its greatest apparent magnitude. On the 6th of October its distance from the earth will be only about 16¼ millions of miles, being the nearest point to which it approaches. Its magnificent tail will now extend from the hair of Berenice to the principal stars in the constellation of the Great Bear. The head of the comet will set about nine in the evening, whilst the inner visible tail will be visible the whole night in the northern heavens, till the head re-appears in the morning red. From this period it will continue to approach perceptibly nearer to the sun, setting earlier in the evening, and at the same time receding from the earth.

"On the 17th of November the comet will be in its perihelion, consequently it will be no longer visible to us, either during the rest of that month or in December.

"In the beginning of January, 1836, it will issue from the sun's rays, again become visible, and be 190 millions of miles distant from the earth, as it was at the end of August. Meanwhile it will approach the earth a second time, and remain visible to us during the month of February.

"On the 1st of March it will be about 120 millions of miles distant, and will be visible to us in the morning in the constellations of Corvus and Crater. Thence it will continue to recede more and more from the earth and the sun, attain its greatest distance from the latter in 1873, and again arrive at its perihelion in 1912."

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXIX.

BELGIUM.

The Royal Commission for collecting the Chronicles and History of Belgium held a meeting on the 3d of April, at which Mr. Gachard read a very interesting account relative to the Bollandists, and to their great work, the *Acta Sanctorum*, which was left incomplete. The printing of the Chronicles of Belgium, which are to be divided into three series, will immediately commence. Three volumes of each series are to be printed at the same time.

Mr. Serrure has just made a discovery which is highly interesting to the lovers of the Flemish language. He has found, on the parchment cover of a book, about seventy verses of the Nibelungenlied in Flemish. The importance of this famous poem, which has for the last twenty years engaged the attention of the German literati, renders the discovery both interesting and honourable, since it proves how far advanced the Netherlands were in literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The celebrated Mr. Micali, author of the History of Italy before the Times of the Romans, is now at Brussels, collecting materials for a history of the commercial intercourse between Flanders and the Italian Republics in the middle ages.

FINLAND.

A translation of the Odes of Anacreon and Sappho has appeared in the Finland language, by Erich-Alex. Ingmann;—also a translation of the Goldmacherdorf, by Zschokke.

The first tragedy ever written in the Finland language has been published by Fr. Lagerwall, by the title of "Bunulinus Murhe Kurwans." It is a decided imitation of Macbeth, adapted to the manners and scenery of Finland.

The Finland Literary Society at Helsingfors intends publishing a very large collection of ancient Finland songs and ballads, made by Dr. Löurot, physician at Kajana, during many pedestrian excursions, which extended into the government of Archangel.

FRANCE.

There never was at any former period such ardour in France for the publication of the sources of the national history as at this moment. The government has successively taken up again the collections commenced before the Revolution, by the Benedictines, and the Academy of Inscriptions, the Cartularia of Brequigny, the writers of the Crusades, the *Historiens des Gaules et de la France*, and the Literary History of France. To these are to be added the colossal enterprize of publishing the Documents of French History,

which the two commissions, appointed within a few years, have commenced; the foundation of the Society for French History, which has begun two series, and lastly, many private speculations, the object of which is to publish inedited MSS. Should this zeal continue for twenty or thirty years, the only difficulty of the historian will be to read this immense mass of documents. It is to be regretted that, all these plans being independent of each other, there will be numerous repetitions of the same documents; the collection of the *Historiens des Gaules et de la France* will frequently come into contact with the other collections, and the *Histoire Littéraire*, with the two last collections. So long ago as 1762 the French government conceived the idea of a work similar to Rymer's Fœdera. Three volumes, in folio, of a catalogue by Brequigny, were printed in 1769, 1775, 1782, and four-fifths of the fourth volume was printed before the commencement of the French Revolution. But a decree of the 14th August, 1791, suspended all the literary undertakings commenced by the government, and confiscated the sum in the funds, producing 45,000 francs per annum, which had been allotted to the publication. The Directory, indeed, ordered in the year iv., and the Consulate in the year xi., that the publication should be renewed, but as no money was granted nothing was done. However, in 1832, funds were assigned to complete Brequigny's Catalogue. All that portion of the fourth volume which was printed had been lost or destroyed during the Revolution, so that it was necessary to do it over again. The fourth volume is nearly ready for publication, and the fifth is in great forwardness. This, however, is but a preliminary work, and the great work, which is to contain the documents themselves, is scarcely begun. The Academy, however, has now resolved to proceed in earnest, and by the advice of M. Pardessus, in a report on the subject to the Academy of Inscriptions, has made some judicious alterations in the original plan. But still, as is above remarked, the want of concert in the direction of the several collections will cause numerous repetitions.

At the end of February last there were in Paris 81 printing-offices, 155 lithographic-printers, 32 copper-plate printers, 25 letter-founders, 8 press-makers, 9 printing-ink manufacturers, and 95 engravers and punch-cutters.

In the 84 departments of the kingdom, including Corsica, there are 258 newspapers, consequently on an average three to each department. But three departments,—the Upper Alps, the Lower Alps, and the Upper Pyrenees,—have no newspaper at all. Out of these 258 papers, 101 are exclusively devoted to local intelligence, and 4 are confined to literary matters; so that the number of political journals is no more than 153.

The French papers have announced a singular speculation. They say that several booksellers, in concert with the proprietors of "Œuvres complètes de M. Chateaubriand," are preparing a new edition of the works of that eminent writer. Each subscriber will be furnished with a ticket which will entitle him to a chance of obtaining one of 70 prizes, representing the value of 180,000 francs. One of these prizes will consist of one third of the property of the complete works of Chateaubriand—a property which is known to have cost more than half a million (of francs.)

M. Fontanier has published a new volume of Travels in the East, undertaken by command of the French government from 1830 to 1833. It contains the narrative of a second tour made by the author in Anatolia. The account of the first appeared at Paris in two volumes, 1829.

The commission appointed for superintending the publication of the works of M. Champollion, junior, composed of Messrs. Silvestre de Sacy, Letronne, Champollion-Figeac, Lenormant, and some others, presented on the 26th of April the first *livraison* of the "Monuments of Egypt and Nubia" to the minister of the interior. The designs are admirably executed by M. Dubois; and the price will be so moderate as to render this important work accessible to artists and literary men.

The property of the immense work by Piranesi, representing the most remarkable edifices of ancient and modern Rome, has been lately sold at Paris. Independently of the skill displayed in the designs and the merit of the execution which have given celebrity to the name of Piranesi, senior and junior, these plates possess the advantage of representing a considerable number of monuments which no longer exist, or which were much less injured when the views were taken than at present.

John Baptist Piranesi, whose work formed sixteen volumes, atlas folio, died at Rome in 1778. His son, Francis, continued this work. The Pope conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and Gustavus III. of Sweden appointed him his *chargé-d'affaires* at the court of Rome. In 1798 he was sent as minister of the Roman republic to Paris. Some years afterwards, as he deemed himself unsafe at Rome, he sought refuge, with his collection, at Naples, was there apprehended, and owed his liberation to the interference of the First Consul, who gave him an invitation to settle in France, which Piranesi accepted without hesitation. His collection of engraved plates, which had fallen into the hands of the English, was restored to him, out of respect for the talents and reputation of the engraver. Napoleon granted to him his especial protection, assigned to him the College des Grassins for an *atelier*, and one of the lower rooms of the Palais Royal, opposite to the Café Valois, for the sale of his works. It was in this his new country that Piranesi published his "Roman Antiquities." But, though supported by Napoleon, he was obliged, by the magnitude of the undertaking, to dispose of his establishment. By an ordinance of the government it was decreed that it should be purchased at the cost of the state, and that the sum of 300,000 francs and an annual pension of 12,000 should be paid to the artist. But the disastrous Russian campaign prevented the execution of this decree. Messrs. Firmin Didot, brothers, have now become proprietors of this magnificent work, the most extensive monument of engraving produced during the last century. It comprehends 2000 plates, almost all of atlas size, the engraving alone of which cost upwards of a million of francs. Several of them are yet unpublished, and will enhance the value of the new edition which Messrs. Didot are about to prepare.

It is stated as a fact that 20,000 copies of the "Histoire de la Revolution Française," by M. Thiers, published by Messrs Firmin Didot, and now completed, have been sold in the course of one year.

GERMANY.

The Leipzig Easter Fair Catalogue comprehends in the whole 4193 articles. Among these are 426 works in the press, and 3767 ready for delivery; and among the latter are 103 atlasses or single maps of the earth or heavens. There are consequently 3664 printed works ready for delivery: 320 of these are in living foreign languages, 202 in the ancient languages, and 3142 German

books, of which 146 are novels, and 49 plays, leaving 2947 books and pamphlets of a scientific or miscellaneous nature. The 3767 articles ready for publication have been produced by 487 houses, which gives an average of scarcely eight to each. Those whose publications amount to twenty or more are the following:—Basse, 74; Reimer, 71; Manz, 50; Levrault, 44; Metzler, 42; Cotta, 41; Brockhaus, 39; Reitzel, 36; Hoffmann and Campe, 35; Haase, 35; Hahn, 34; Schlosser, 31; Arnold and Steinkopf, each 29; Gödsche, 28; Perthes and Besser, 27; Duncker and Humblot, and Franz, each 27; Friedrich Fleischer, and Gerold and Mayer, each 26; Barth, 25; Baumgärtner, Hinrichs, Leske, and Voigt, each 24; Bädeker and Schubothe, each 23; Vetter and Rostosky, and Weidmann, each 22; Brodhag, Herold, Kollmann in Leipzig, and Max and Co., each 21; Voss, Friese, Hammerich, Kollmann in Augsburg, and Löflund, each 20.

The total number of articles produced since 1831 have amounted as follows:—in 1831 to 5508; in 1832 to 6122; in 1833 to 5653; and in 1834 to 6074 articles. The publications of the last year, under their different classes, exhibit the following proportions:—

1. Belles-Lettres and Fine Arts, 1327 articles, among which there are 358 novels, 173 plays, and 109 relating to music. 2. Divinity, 1141 articles, including 550 sermons and books of devotion. 3. History, 880 articles, including 212 biographies and 87 on antiquities. 4. Politics and Political Economy, 777 articles. 5. Medicine, 639 articles, including 81 on chemistry and pharmacy, 78 on the homöeopathic system, and 42 on veterinary medicine. 6. Philology, 597 articles. 7. The Natural Sciences, 400 articles. 8. Geography and Travels, 385 articles. 9. Technology, 338 articles. 10. Works for Youth, among which the 126th edition of Wilmsen's Kinderfreund. 11. Jurisprudence, 285 articles. 12. Philosophy and Literature, 269 articles. 13. Domestic and Rural Economy, 237 articles. 14. Education, 217 articles. 15. Mathematical Sciences, 212 articles. 16. Military Science and Equitation, 187 articles. 17. Commerce and Mining, 175 articles. 18. Forests and the Chace, 55 articles. 19. Miscellaneous Works, 200.

M. Deiters of Münster has announced the speedy publication of a History of the Anabaptists, from their origin to their suppression, by Mr. J. Hast, in an 8vo. volume.

The same bookseller has ready:—"Travels through Italy and Sicily, from 1828 to 1830," by J. B. Hegemann, which professes to furnish an accurate guide to travellers in those countries.

Duncker and Humblot of Berlin have announced a German translation of "Baines's History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain."

The announcement of a collection of the German classic-writers by the booksellers of Paris, has induced Brockhaus of Leipzig to issue a circular containing proposals for supplying the trade of Germany with a similar collection. He proposes that each author should be sold separately; that the size of the work should be medium duodecimo; and that there should be no graphic embellishments, in order that the volumes may be afforded at a reasonable price. He also intimates his readiness to treat with the proprietors of copyrights for the use of such books as it may be thought desirable to introduce into this collection.

Chevalier Bander, well known for his efforts for the improvement of rail-roads, has just produced a little work on the impossibility of employing steam-carriages on ordinary roads with advantage as general means of conveyance, and on the absurdity of all the plans for dispensing with rail-roads by means of them.

The second part of the second volume of the "Description of the City of Rome," by Platner, Bunsen, Gerhard, and Röstell, has just made its appearance, together with thirteen quarto plates in a portfolio. This portion treats exclusively of the rich treasures of art deposited in the Vatican. It gives a complete catalogue of the antiques preserved there, a history and description of the Vatican library and archives, and copious accounts of the principal manuscripts and miniatures, and also of the ancient Christian monuments and antique vases attached to the library. An important division is devoted to Raphael's Cartoons, and the Vatican collection of pictures.

The "First Tour in North America, in the years 1822—1824, by Paul William Duke of Würtemberg," with a map of Louisiana, has just been published in an 8vo. volume.

The approach of the expected comet has caused a second edition of the work "On the true and apparent Path of Halley's Comet, on its re-appearance in 1835," by Aug. Ferd. Möbius, professor of astronomy at Leipzig, to be required in the space of four months from its first publication.

Wilmans of Frankfort has announced:—"Observations and Remarks on Bessarabia, made during a Residence of many years in that country," by Dr. Zucker, in one volume, 8vo.

The second and third volumes of Dr. Ungewitter's translation from the Swedish of "Berggren's Travels in Europe and the East," have been published.

Mr. Cotta is about to publish a complete and splendid edition of the works of Schiller. In the supplement to his works, published by Döring, there is an interesting medico-psychological essay, in which the great writer paints with much delicacy and feeling his sister-in-law, Madame de Wollzogen. A lady residing near Stuttgard is in possession of many valuable papers, among which are the letters to Laura.

Mr. Cotta has lately published:—"Reise auf dem Caspischen Meere und in den Caucasus," by Dr. Edward Eichwald, in the years 1825 and 1826, with plates and maps. Only the first volume is yet published, under the title of "Periplus of the Caspian Sea," containing the narrative of the voyage on the Caspian.

A bookseller at Munich has published a work, in a royal quarto volume, entitled, "*Skereins Alvuggêljôns thairh Jôhannên*," (Explanation of the Gospel of St. John,) in the Gothic language, from Roman and Milanese MSS., with a Latin translation, illustrative remarks, and historical inquiry, a Gothic-Latin vocabulary, and specimens of the writing, by Dr. H. J. Mussman,

Professor of the ancient German language and literature in the University of Munich. This volume furnishes entirely new, and hitherto unpublished monuments of the Gothic language, which are more valuable, as they not only afford ample contributions to grammar and lexicography, but also confirm and *complete* the translation of the Bible by Ulphilas, but more especially because they supply absolutely new information respecting the Arianism of the Goths. The discussions which have taken place on this subject induced the Editor to engage in a most laborious, but successful inquiry, concerning the author, and the original language, &c. of the old Gothic translation, by which much light is thrown on that very obscure part of the history of the Church,—the Christianity of the Goths, and other German tribes.

Hoffmann of Stuttgart has announced a popular System of Mineralogy and Geology, by Dr. E. F. Glocker, director of the mineralogical cabinet of the University of Breslau.

A Mythological Dictionary, by Dr. Edward Jacobi, in two volumes, 8vo., has just been published by the house of Sinner, at Coburg.

On the 1st of July, Baumgärtner of Leipzig will commence publishing a popular "Bible," with 532 plates and cuts. The ideas for the historical subjects are taken from the works of the most eminent masters, ancient and modern, and M. Leo de Laborde, who has lately explored Arabia, has observed the most scrupulous accuracy in the landscapes, and particularly in those connected with the peregrinations of the Israelites after leaving Egypt. The work will appear in parts at short intervals.

Rieger and Co. of Stuttgart are preparing "The Select Works of Victor Hugo," translated by Friedrich Seybold, in about twenty small volumes.

The publication of Retzsch's Sketches to Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet, has been delayed owing to an ailment of the eyes, which has prevented the artist from transferring them to the copper. They will appear about the end of the present year.

The Chevalier Wiebeking, well known by his important publications on Hydraulic Architecture, the History of Civil Architecture. &c., has commenced a work, in two quarto volumes, relative to what is most curious and useful in Hydraulic Architecture, with thirty-six large topographic-hydrographic charts, and seventeen copper-plates. The first volume will be published in the course of the present year.

The Bavarian architect, M. L. von Klenze, has just published a highly interesting work under the following title: "Anweisung zur Architektur des Christlichen Cultus," with thirty-nine copper-plates, in folio.

NAPLES.

The Neapolitan journals give a very favourable account of the recently published "Grammatica Italiana," by Dominico Pandullo.

At Palermo there has appeared the second volume of a new work, entitled—"Le Antichità della Sicilia esposte ed illustrate per Domen. Le Paso Pietra-

santa Duca de Serradifalco"—with thirty-seven engravings on copper and lithographs. A curious circumstance attending this splendid work is, that the second volume has been published before the first. It embraces the ruins of the ancient Selinus; the first will comprise the grottoes of Segeste.

PORTUGAL.

Accounts from Portugal state that, with the books found in the suppressed convents, a library of 300,000 volumes had been formed in the convent of San Francisco.

PRUSSIA.

The late learned Baron William von Humboldt has ordered in his last will, dated January 20, 1832, that all the ample philological materials which he had collected, and which at present are not in a fit state for the press, shall be the property of the Royal Library; on condition that men of learning, who devote themselves to any branch of the study of philology, shall be at full liberty to make use of them in their literary labours. He has also bequeathed to the Royal Library all his books and writings, many of which are very rare, relative to foreign languages. These works are enumerated in a separate catalogue. As the deceased Baron had long intended to leave this part of his ample collections to the Royal Library, he had taken especial care to add to it everything upon the subject which the Library did not already possess.

Among the Manuscripts left by this eminent scholar are two important works designed for publication; the one, "On the Languages of the Indian Archipelago derived from the Sanskrit;" and the other, "On the Origin and the Philosophy of Languages in general." This interesting intelligence has been communicated in a letter from Alexander von Humboldt to M. Arago at Paris.

Professor Preuss, in his life of Frederick II., speaks of the following literary treasure without being able to state where it was to be found. Mr. Polchau, of Berlin, who possesses an invaluable collection of MS. music, has obtained, by the intervention of his royal highness the crown prince, permission to make a search in the royal palaces for early musical compositions, and in particular those of Frederick II. He has had the good fortune to discover in the palace at Berlin and the New Palace 120 musical compositions by his majesty, consisting of concertos, solos for the flute, with bass, &c.

The Berlin Military Journal of May 16, published the hitherto inedited introduction of Frederick II. to his "General Principles of the Art of War, applied to the tactics and discipline of the Prussian troops," 1752. It was a confidential communication to the chief officers of his army, which has been, at length, brought to light after a lapse of eighty-two years.

A splendid work, entitled "Der Dom zu Königsberg in Preussen," being a history and description of the cathedral of Königsberg, has just appeared in two parts. The first contains the history of the cathedral, by August Rudolph Gebser; and the second the description of the edifice, and of the works of art which it contains, by Dr. Ernst August Hagen, with eight large lithographic views of the cathedral. The work owes its origin to the celebration of the

five-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the cathedral in 1833, on which occasion it was resolved to build a school-house, and in order to increase the funds for this purpose, the authors undertook this work, which gives much information on many points of local history hitherto imperfectly known.

RUSSIA.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences at Petersburg, has awarded the first Demidoff prize for 1834 to a work of Mr. Sidonski, entitled "Introduction to the Science of Philosophy," in which the author shows himself thoroughly acquainted with the German Philosophical Schools. The second prize was adjudged to the well-known Father Hyacinthe, for his "Historical Account of the Calmucks, from the thirteenth century to the present time."

SWEDEN.

This country may now boast of possessing a history worthy of itself. This is the "History of the Swedish Nation, from the most ancient times to the present period," by Strinnholm. This work is calculated to interest not only the historian or antiquary, but the lovers of history in general, as well as those who take an interest in adventures, and in the manners and customs of ancient times. A young writer, named Cronholm, has furnished valuable contributions to the early history of Sweden, in detached Essays, such as the "Wäringer and Ancient Northern Reminiscences." These compositions, which are the result of long and assiduous investigation, are written in an elevated and singularly pleasing style, and bear indisputable marks of great ability. The collections of Swedish documents and records are of much importance to the history of Sweden, especially the "*Scriptores rerum Suecicarum*;" the "Memoirs appertaining to the History of Scandinavia;" the Swedish Diplomatarium of Liljegren;" and the "Documents collected from the Archives of the Family of La Gardie," edited by Wieselgren.

Considerable additions have been made to the statistics of Sweden, especially by "Carl af Forsell's Statistics of Sweden," (Statistik öfver Sveringe, grundad pä offentliga Handlingar), which is an invaluable addition to Swedish literature. The author makes comparisons not only between the former and the present state of Sweden, but also that of other countries, and points out some improvements which might be made.

Professor Geyer, who is still proceeding in the composition of his History of Sweden, has meanwhile published Reminiscences of a Journey in England and Germany, under the title of "*Minnen Utdrag ur Bref och Dagböcker.*"

The total number of periodical works in this kingdom is 103; 16 of which commenced during the last year, and 6 in the present. Of these 27 are published in Stockholm, 7 at Gottenburg, and 5 at Upsal. Among the new works published since June 1, 1835, are: Atterbom's Works, vol. i.; The Scandinavian Fauna, by S. Nilsson, 2 vols., with plates; Travels in North America, by Gosselman, and several pamphlets on the approaching Comet.

TURKEY.

A young architect, M. Texier, after finishing his studies in Italy, has been sent by the French government to Constantinople and Asia Minor, to examine the antique monuments of that nearly unknown country. He has lately written from Phrygia, and communicated an interesting account of the town of Azan, of the antique monuments of which we have hitherto had neither description nor drawing. He has discovered there a magnificent temple surrounded by an Ionic colonnade, which, he says, surpasses every thing of the kind that either Greece or Italy can boast, in regard to purity of style and preservation. Upon the outer walls there are still eight Greek and Latin inscriptions relating to Panhellenic festivals and magisterial ordinances. Almost all the other public buildings of this ancient town are still extant---marble bridges and sepulchral monuments, quays, the theatre, and the circus. The theatre is in the highest state of preservation. The stage is yet entire, but the Ionic columns have been overthrown by an earthquake, and the orchestra is covered with rubbish. In the proscenium is a frieze with relievos, representing hunting scenes: among the animals may be distinguished the Zebu, or humped ox, (an animal now found no where but in India,) torn by a lion; stags and boars caught by dogs, horse-races, &c. The doors are still standing, with all their decorations. Opposite to the theatre is the circus, built of white marble. Near the temple is seen a large portico, probably the gymnasium, with columns of the Grecian-Doric order. Amidst these remains are scattered the houses of a small village. M. Texier has caused several excavations to be made, and taken measurements and drawings of the buildings.

A late number of the Turkish Gazette announces that the fourth volume of "Ishak Efendi's Manual of the Mathematical Sciences" is published, and may be had at the Imperial Printing-office.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A Description of the Gold Mines of the United States is published at New York, in numbers; each number has a map of the district containing the gold mines described. No. I. North Carolina, with an Essay on the Gold Region of the United States, for the Transactions of the Geological Society of Pensylvania. No. II. Virginia and Maryland. No. III. Pensylvania, New Jersey, and New York.

WALLACHIA.

(Extract from a letter.)

In a literary point of view our country can hardly be said to exist; we have no national history, and very few works in the national language. The higher classes speak modern Greek, French, or German; the latter is spoken, in particular, by the female sex, because they are, for the most part, brought up by German governesses. We have, however, some good translations of foreign classical works. Thus, for instance, M. Eliade, Editor of the Wallachian Courier at Bucharest, has translated the Meditations of Lamartine, and the Phædra of Racine. He is now writing a National Epic Poem, the hero of which is Michai Woda Witeczlia, (Prince Michael the Brave,) who lived in the seventeenth century. Among our poets John Vakoresko may be mentioned, who has written some songs, and translated some cantos of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. We are now endeavouring every where to form public libraries with the books that have been long buried in the monasteries. I shall acquaint you, from time to time, with the progress that we make. . . .

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

From March to June, 1835, inclusive.

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